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THE
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS
IN
PROSE and VERSE
OF

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

THE
Greater Part now first published, by her Order,
from her ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS,

By Mr. THEOPHILUS ROWE.

To which are added,

POEMS on SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
By Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

And to the whole is prefix'd,
An Account of the LIVES and WRITINGS
of the AUTHORS.

In Two VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON,

Printed for R. HETT, at the *Bible and Crown* in the *Poultry*; and
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THE
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS
IN
PROSE AND POETRY
OF
MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE



POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS
By MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE
An Account of the Life and Writings
of the AUTHOR
In Two Volumes
VOL. I.
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Printed for E. Smith, in Pall Mall, near the Theatre Royal, and
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ERRATA in the First Volume.

IN the Life, p. iii. l. 11. for *diminutive* read *diminutive*.
P. ix. l. 4. for *account* read *account*. P. xxii. l. 2. for *his* read *this*. P. xxvi. in the note, l. penult. for *esclaves* r. *esclaves*. P. xxx. l. 1. f. *doconte* r. *docente*. P. xxxvii. in the note, l. ult. after *day*, add *of the week*. P. lix. l. penult. f. *not* r. *no*. P. lxi. in the note, l. penult. f. *novetur* r. *novetur*. P. lxx. l. ult. f. *twbo* r. *two* (for *p. ci. l. 9. f. muse* r. *muse*. In the Poems, p. 5. l. 10. f. *destructive* r. *destructive*. P. 23. l. 13. f. *suprised* r. *surprised*. P. 30. l. 20. f. *their* r. *its*. P. 90. l. 17. f. *unmow'd* r. *unmow'd*. P. 116. l. 21. f. *harmonius* r. *harmonious*. P. 121. l. 1. f. *unmure* r. *unmure*. l. 4. f. *were* r. *where*. P. 148. l. 7. f. *herdsmen* r. *herdsman*. P. 178. l. 8. f. *thy* r. *my*. P. 199. l. 19. f. *sinks* r. *sink*. P. 202. l. 9. f. *Redeember* r. *Redeemer*. P. 221. l. 4. f. *presented* r. *presented*.

ERRATA in the Second Volume.

PAGE 5. l. 18. after *teach*, add *you*. P. 54. l. 8. f. *qu'ile* r. *qui le*. P. 78 l. penult. f. *unexperient* r. *unexperient*. P. 83. l. 23. f. *penetration* r. *penetration*. P. 108. l. ult. f. *grateful* r. *graceful*. P. 140. l. 11. after *to*, add *the*. P. 232. l. 22 f. *thought* r. *thoughts*. P. 267. l. penult. f. *griefs* r. *grief*. P. 269. l. 28. f. *lov'd* r. *lov'd*. P. 273. l. 14. f. *ther* r. *there*. P. 319. l. 25. f. *there* r. *thee*.

THE



THE LIFE

OF
Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.



AMONG other illustrations of that vanity to which all things under the sun are made subject, Solomon mentions this as one, *That the wise man dieth as the fool, and that there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall all be forgotten:* And in another place, *The living know that they shall die; but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward, (as to this world) for the memory of them is forgotten.* I believe it will be allow'd, that this is the usual way in which the
a
present

present generation of men treat those that are past. But the question is, *How far it is right?*

THE *sluggish*, the *indolent* part of mankind, whose *life* it self differs little from *death*, being but one degree above the *animal*, are justly condemn'd to oblivion : They come in with vanity, and depart in darkness, and their names are cover'd with darkness. As to the *vitious*, the kindest thing we can do, is never to speak or think of them more ; since, if they are remember'd, it must be to their disadvantage, with contempt and infamy affix'd to their characters. Nor is it of much importance to the public whether the *worldly-wise* are deliver'd over to *fame*, or sunk in *silence* ; unless for a warning to others not to imitate their egregious folly, in spending the whole of a short life in things which cannot profit them in the next and longest stage of their existence. But, surely, the *truly-wise*, the *virtuous*, persons equally eminent for *great* and *good* qualities, for their extraordinary accomplishments, and the use they made of them, to the honour of the supreme Being, and the benefit of mankind, *these* ought not to be swept away into forgetfulness with the *common rubbish* of the species. While their reward is with God in the regions of immortality, the world is concern'd, not more out of gratitude to those that have been such benefactors to it, than for its own sake, to perpetuate their memory, if possible, to all posterity, for the service of the example, which hath a strangely animating and
attractive

attractive force, where it meets with any latent seeds of goodness and ingenuity in the tempers of men. The care with which they shunn'd the applause they merited, is an *additional reason* why they should be drawn out of their lov'd obscurity, after they have left our world; especially, as there is no danger now of offending their *modesty*, or awakening their *pride*; who, if they know ought of what is done here below, are too well satisfied with the honour that cometh from God to need the concurring suffrage of such diminutive beings as we are to complete their happiness. All that they can be suppos'd to rejoice in is, that their *usefulness*, not that their *fame*, survives them.

BUT is there no ill consequence to be apprehended as to the living, lest the prospect of the respect and veneration that will be paid to their memory should corrupt their virtue, undermine their humility it self, and, by having too much influence in the performance of actions, which ought to be entirely deriv'd from higher motives, lessen the value of them. Whatever weight there be in this objection, it cannot countervail the reasons before given for consecrating *deceased merit*; but tis really of little or no force. A common goodness *cannot* expect to be taken notice of in this public manner, and an eminent one *will not*. The persons most deserving this distinction, will be the least apt to think so of themselves, and most above the fond desire of it, being secur'd by the

iv *The* L I F E *of*

superior pleasure they immediately perceive in the steady practice of virtue and piety, and the glorious hopes from hence arising of future everlasting rewards. The *following* life will furnish an example that very much confirms this reasoning.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE, not more admired for her fine writings by the ingenious that did not know her, than esteemed and lov'd by all her acquaintance, for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at *Ilchester* in *Somersetshire*, Sept. 11. 1674. being the eldest of three daughters of Mr. *Walter Singer*, a gentleman of a good family, and Mrs. *Elizabeth Portnell*, both of them persons of very great worth and piety. Mr. *Singer* was not a *native* of the town now-mentioned, nor an *inhabitant*, before his imprisonment there for his non-conformity in the reign of King *Charles II.* Mrs. *Portnell* thinking herself oblig'd to visit those that suffer'd for the sake of a good conscience, as a testimony of her regard, not to them only, but also to our *common* Lord, agreeably to the representation he himself makes of such kind and christian offices: It was from hence that acquaintance first commenc'd between these two virtuous and well-pair'd minds, which afterwards proceeded to a union that death alone could dissolve. And this it did too soon for the mournful survivor, if the tenderest affection might be judge, and for the world, which can badly bear to lose any, and much more such eminent examples of
virtue

virtue and religion in the several scenes and relations of life. Till her death Mr. *Singer* resided at *Ilchester*, but not long after removed into the neighbourhood of *Frome* in the same county, where he became so well known and distinguish'd for his good sense, primitive integrity, simplicity of manners, uncommon prudence, activity and faithfulness in discharging the duties of his station, inflexible adherence to his principles, and at the same time truly catholic spirit, as to be held in high esteem, even by persons of superior rank: My Lord *Weymouth*, who was reckon'd a very good judge of men, not only writing to him, but honouring him with his visits; as did the devout Bishop *Kenn* very frequently, sometimes once a week; such a charm is there in unaffected goodness, and so naturally do kindred souls, warm'd and actuated by the same heavenly passion, and pursuing the same glorious end, run and mingle together with the greatest pleasure, after they are once acquainted, notwithstanding any accidental diversity of sentiments in some smaller things. I mention this to the honour of that venerable Bishop as well as of Mr. *Singer*. But the public will be best pleas'd with the character of this good man, as drawn by his daughter, after her beautiful and easy manner, in one of her familiar letters to a friend. " I have ease and plenty to the extent
" of my wishes, and can form desires of nothing
" but what my father's indulgence would procure;
" and I ask nothing of Heaven but the good old

“ man’s life. The perfect sanctity of his life, and
“ the benevolence of his temper, make him a
“ refuge to all in distress, to the widow and
“ fatherless : The people load him with blessings
“ and prayers when ever he goes abroad ; which
“ he never does but to reconcile his neighbours,
“ or to right the injur’d and oppressed ; the rest
“ of his hours are entirely devoted to his private
“ devotions, and to books, which are his per-
“ petual entertainment.”

He was religiously inclin’d, as he said himself, when about ten years old, and never from that time neglected prayer ; and, as far as he knew his own heart, had sincerely endeavour’d to keep a good conscience ; and he dy’d as he had liv’d, April 18. 1719. full of that blessed calm and peace of mind, and humble confidence in the mercy of God, through a Redeemer (for there was his trust) which a long course of active virtue, and constant lively devotion, join’d with the most generous and exalted ideas of the divine goodness, free from all mixtures of a gloomy, sullen superstition, may be expected to produce : For he was not of those who confine that infinite benignity which loves to diffuse itself abroad, unrestrain’d in its salutary influences by every thing else but the wilful opposition of reasonable and free beings, to the methods used for their recovery and happiness. And this it was that help’d, no less than a happy natural temper, to make him so chearful a christian.

A worthy

A worthy and intimate friend of his, and witness to the heroic and christian manner in which he finish'd life, observes, that he settled his affairs, and took leave of the world with the same freedom and composure, as if he had been setting out on a journey ; was peculiarly careful that the widows and orphans, with whose concerns he was entrusted, might not be injur'd after he was gone ; convers'd, tho' under great bodily disorders, with those that came to see him, who were not a few, in the easiest, freest manner ; spent his time in praising and blessing God, and praying to him, and giving good counsel to those about him ; shew'd an uncommon sweetness and patience in his behaviour ; and was exceeding thankful to those who did the least thing for him, tho' they ow'd him a great deal more. In a memorandum, relating to her father's last sickness and death, Mrs. Rowe herself hath these words, *My father often felt his pulse, and complain'd that 'twas still regular, and smil'd at every symptom of approaching death : He would be often crying out, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ; Come, ye holy angels, that rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, come and conduct my soul to the skies, ye propitious spirits ; and then would add, But thy time, Lord, not mine, is best. When shall I awake, and be satisfy'd with thy likeness ? What is death ? I never made the experiment, and no body about me knows when persons are dying. I have heard of jaws falling, and eye-strings cracking, but where are the tokens ? And yet nature fails, and I am dying. I have*

seen people die without half so much ado, just lean back, and, having fetch'd a calm sigh, expire. If I may use the expression, how lovely and tempting is such a death! What an instance of the power of religion, and the true dignity of human nature, when rais'd and supported by the grace of God, and the hope of immortality! The sight was so affecting, that a person list'd among the *free-thinkers* of the age, as they are pleas'd to compliment themselves, being present, was exceedingly struck with it, and ready to say, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian*; as every one who rightly considers such examples, and how naturally they arise out of the principles of the gospel, firmly believed, and steadily practis'd upon, must be *entirely persuaded* by them; persuaded to embrace it, not merely as a pleasing imagination, but a most sacred truth, which all that allow it to be the former, have reason to wish it may prove; and which no man that wishes it to be true, so far as to examine the evidences of it with candor and sincerity, can pronounce to be false. And thus the suppos'd confession of the infidel, on a like occasion, * “ That, tho’ he thought religion a
 “ delusion, yet it was the most agreeable delusion
 “ in the world; and the men who flattered them-
 “ selves with those gay visions, had much the ad-
 “ vantage of those that saw nothing before them
 “ but a gloomy uncertainty, or the dreadful hope

* *Friendship in death*, Letter 1.

“ of annihilation : ” This confession, I say, if he be true to himself, must end in his being a thorough convert to Christianity.

I HAVE been the larger in this account of Mr. *Singer*, not only in justice to so deserving a character, but because of the singular veneration which the person who is the chief subject of these papers, had for it ; which was such that she frequently pleads her relation to it, and, as it were, glories in it, in her private devotions. A single instance may serve for a specimen, † *I humbly hope I have a rightful claim. Thou art my God, and the God of my religious ancestors, the God of my mother, the God of my pious father : Dying and breathing out his soul, he gave me to thy care ; he put me into thy gracious arms, and delivered me up to thy protection : He told me thou wouldst never leave nor forsake me ; he triumph'd in thy long-experienc'd faithfulness and truth, and gave his testimony for thee with his latest breath.*

OF Mrs. Rowe's two sisters, one died in childhood ; the other survived to her twentieth year, a lovely concurrent in the race of virtue and glory. She had the same extreme passion for books, chiefly those of *medicine*, in which art she arriv'd to a considerable insight ; and if it could not be said of them in the *letter*, as of the virtuous

† Vid. *Devout Exercises of the Heart*, published by Dr. Watts, pag. 129.

woman in the *Proverbs*, that *their candle went not out by night*, yet it frequently burnt till after the middle of it ; so great was their thirst of knowledge, and the pleasure they had in gratifying it ! What from a laudable emulation, from the ties of blood and friendship, and the advantage of perpetually conversing together, the improvements which two such minds received from each other, could not be little ; and, had Heaven seen fit to spare both, would have been still growing. But the sovereign Disposer of human affairs, who hath so ordered it, doubtless in infinite wisdom, that few of our blessings in the present life should be enjoy'd without some abatement, was pleas'd to determine otherwise ; yet we have no reason to repine, but with grateful joy should own that goodness which, while it summon'd one of these *seraphic spirits* to the skies, continued the other for so many years after, as a *ministring angel* here below.

THOSE who were acquainted with this extraordinary person in her childish years, could not but have observed a great many things not common in that age of life, which promis'd the bright day that afterwards ensued ; and it must have been with peculiar satisfaction that Mr. *Singer*, in whom parental affection, conspir'd with a penetrating discernment to heighten the pleasure, beheld the early dawns of a great and good mind in his charming daughter.

WHEN

WHEN she receiv'd the first serious impressions of religion, does not appear ; not unlikely it might be as soon as she was capable of it, at once *perceiving* her obligations to the author of her *being* ; and, in the same measure, as her opening reason discover'd these to her, *feeling* the force of them. A lady of character for good sense and piety, who began her life with her, thinks so ; and in one of her pious addresses she herself thus speaks to God :

* *My infant-bands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers.* To this, with a prudent and pious education, the felicity of her natural disposition, under the heavenly influence, conspir'd ; for though she had an unusual sprightliness in her temper, which held out to the last, yet she was at the same time blest with a turn of mind to noble and elevated subjects, that gave her a high relish for the pleasures of devotion. It would be exceeding unjust to draw a contrary conclusion from the severity of some expressions concerning her self, that occur in her *Devout Exercises* ; for, besides that, this sort of language was dictated by her profound humility, it might partly be owing to a notion of *conversion* (by which is meant religion's becoming a reigning principle in the mind) not so well grounded as 'tis common, as if it always consisted in a sensible, and sort of instantaneous revolution in the soul, attended with an over-turning of what-

* *Devout Exercises*, pag. 36.

ever

ever favourable sentiments persons had of themselves, and their condition before ; a notion which, for ought I know, might take its rise from not distinguishing between the change which the first converts to christianity underwent, or which passes on those who having led a vicious life, enter at length into quite a new way of thinking and acting, which hath something of the violence of a storm in it ; and that sense of piety which often silently steals upon tender and uncorrupted minds, like the light of the morning, hardly perceivable when it breaks, or in its gradual encrease, and yet shining more and more unto the perfect day ; and which, I doubt, is not very properly expressed by the word *conversion*. Nor, while the duties of religion are regularly perform'd, and every thing plainly criminal in the conduct of life is avoided, and this from a principle of conscience, and an inward approbation of what is good ; will some little sallies, supposing such occasion'd by the vivacity of youth and those passions, which though weaker in elder persons, they find it no easy matter, with all their reason to govern, prove any more than the imperfection of the good principle, which, notwithstanding this, may by many degrees have the superiority in the soul.

THERE'S a story, which, because it hath been confidently reported by some, and credited by a great many others, I shall mention for the sake of the reflection it will afford me, and the opportunity

tunity of assuring the world, after enquiring of persons best able to inform me, that it is entirely without foundation ; though, were it ever so true, it could not be made an argument against *Mrs. Rowe's* early piety, as it hath been thought by some to be. The story is this : *Mrs. Rowe*, then *Miss Singer*, being dangerously ill, and under visible distress at the apprehension of her approaching change, her sister, who observed it, ask'd her tenderly, whether she was not willing to die ? and *Mrs. Rowe* frankly confessing she was not, the other said she would retire then, and pray to God that she might be taken in her room, being as willing to leave the world as the other could be to continue in it, which accordingly she did ; and the consequence was, that *Mrs. Rowe* recovered, and her sister sickned and died. Now, supposing the truth of the story, what is there so very wonderful in a young person's being desirous to live longer, if it pleases God, when, with the natural love of life every thing concurs that can render life agreeable, easy circumstances, a good constitution, chearfulness of temper, the love and esteem of friends, and a rising reputation ? Or is a modest diffidence of one's self such a crime, as to prove our not being prepared for death, because we doubt whether we are or no ? When will persons learn to judge in a more rational way, and by other marks than the uncertain appearances of such mechanical and variable things as the passions, of
their

their own moral state and character, and that of others!

THERE is so great a similitude between *painting* and *poetry*, as being each of them a pleasing and judicious imitation of nature, and depending upon the beauty and strength of the imagination, that 'tis no way surprizing, one who possessed this faculty in so high a degree of perfection, did very early discover an inclination to these two sister arts; which have often the same *followers*, perhaps always the same *admirers*, it having been, I believe, seldom known that those who have excell'd in one of these arts, have not at least had a taste for the charms of the other, and been qualified to judge of its beauties, whether they have made any attempts in it or no.

SHE lov'd the *pencil* when she had hardly strength and steadiness of hand sufficient to guide it; and in her infancy (one may almost venture to say so) would squeeze out the juices of herbs to serve her instead of colours. Mr. *Singer* perceiving her fondness for this art, was at the expence of a master to instruct her in it; and it never ceas'd to be her amusement at times, and a very innocent one it was, till her death. Perhaps (saith an ingenious gentleman, who knew her perfectly well) she liked it the better for the opportunities it yielded her of pleasuring her friends with

with presents of the best of her *drawings*, and therein gratifying her beneficent disposition; for she kept very few of them her self, and these only such as she judg'd unworthy the acceptance of any one else.

SHE was also, what every one acquainted with her writings will suppose of such a well-tun'd soul, very much delighted with *music*; chiefly of the grave and solemn kind, as best suited to the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion.

BUT her strongest bent was to *poetry* and *writing*. Poetry indeed was her favourite employment, in youth, her most distinguishing excellence. So prevalent was her genius this way, that her very *prose* hath all the *charms* of *verse* without the *fetters*, the same fire and elevation, the same bright images, bold figures, rich and flowing diction. She could hardly write a familiar letter but it bore the stamp of the poet. One of her acquaintance remembers to have heard her say, she began to write verses at twelve years old, which was almost as soon as she could write at all. In the year 1696, the 22d of her age, a collection of her poems on various occasions was publish'd at the desire of two of her friends *, which we may suppose did not contain all that she had by her, since the ingenious prefacer gives the reader to hope that the author

* *Vid.* Preface to the genuine edition of that collection.

might in a little while be prevail'd with to oblige the world with a *second part*, no way inferior to the former.

THE occasion of her poetical name, *Philomela*, which from this time she was known by to the world, and whether she assum'd it her self, or was complimented with it by her friends, I have not been able to learn. The latter is most probable, and that it was given her at the publication of her poems, before which her modesty not consenting that her own name should appear, this was substituted in the room of it, as bearing a very easy allusion to it, and happily expressing the softness and harmony of her verses, not less soothing and melodious than the strains of the nightingale, when from some leafy shade she fills the woods with her melancholy plaints. *

THO' many of these poems are of the religious kind, and all of them consistent with the strictest regard to the rules of virtue; yet some things in them gave her no little uneasiness in advanced life. To a mind that had so entirely subdued its passions, or devoted them to the honour of its maker, and endued with the tenderest *moral sense*, what she could not absolutely approve, appear'd unpardon-

Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra. VIRG.

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly
Most musical, most melancholy.

MILTON.

able;

able ; and, not satisfied to have done nothing that injur'd the sacred cause of virtue, she was displeas'd with her self for having writ any thing that did not directly promote it. How were it to be wish'd, that none of our celebrated poets had any thing worse to answer for than the harmless gayeties of a youthful muse, for which too they had aton'd by more serious and instructive compositions ; or, that after all the guilt they had contracted, by corrupting the manners of the age with their loose productions, they were conscious but of half the remorse the virtuous *Philomela* felt, for what no ingenuous reader will impute as a reproach to her memory.

WHAT first introduced her into the notice of the noble family at *Longleat*, was a little copy of verses of her's, with which they were so highly delighted as to express a curiosity to see her ; and the friendship that commenc'd from that time, subsisted ever after ; not more to her honour, who was the favourite of persons so much superior to her in the outward distinctions of life, than to the praise of their judgment and taste who knew how to prize, and took a pleasure to cherish such blooming worth. She was not then twenty. Her paraphrase of the 38th Chapter of *Job* was writ at the request of Bishop *Kenn*, who was entertain'd in that family, and gain'd her a great deal of reputation.

SHE had no other tutor for the *French* and *Italian* languages, than the honourable Mr. *Thynne*, son to the Lord Viscount *Weymouth*, who willingly took that task upon himself, and had the pleasure to see his fair scholar improve so fast under his lessons, that in a few months she was able to read *Tasso's Jerusalem* with great ease.

HER shining merit, with the charms of her person and conversation, had procur'd her a great many admirers. Among others, 'tis said, the famous Mr. *Prior* would have been glad to share the pleasures and cares of life with her; so that, allowing for the double license of the *Poet* and *Lover* in the manner of expression, the concluding lines in his answer to the pastoral on *Love and Friendship*, by Mrs. *Singer*, were not without all foundation in truth*. She was the nameless lady to whom the following copy of verses in the same author is inscribed. But Mr. *Thomas Rowe* was the person reserved by Heaven to be the happy man; both to be made, and to make happy.

THIS gentleman was born at *London*, April 25, 1687. the eldest son of the Rev. Mr. *Benoni Rowe*, who, with a very accurate judgment, and a considerable stock of useful learning, join'd the talents of preaching, and a most lively and engaging manner in conversation. By both his parents he

* Vid. *Prior's Poems*, pag. 32. Edit. in 12mo.

was creditably descended *; but, as he had too much personal worth to be under a necessity of borrowing from such foreign aids, so he thought too justly to pride himself upon it, being able to say with the *Satirist*,

Et genus & proavos, & quae non fecimus ipsi,

Vix ea nostra voco. JUV.

His superior genius, and insatiable thirst after knowledge, made themselves taken notice of at an age when the generality of mankind have scarcely out-grown the merely sensitive life. He was able to read as soon almost as he could speak; had such a pleasure in books, as to take none at all in the diversions which children are usually so fond of; and, when he was prevail'd on by his companions, which was but seldom, to make one in their little parties at play, his unreadiness and inattention plainly shew'd it was not out of choice he engaged, but purely from his good-nature and complaisance, to which he should offer too much violence, always to deny their importunity.

* He was the grandson of *William Rowe, Esq;* a gentleman of worth and considerable estate, and *Alice* (a lady of distinguish'd sense, beauty and virtue) daughter of *Thomas Scro, Esq;* member of parliament for *Aylesbury*, in the county of *Bucks*; And by the maternal side he was descended from the *Rowes* of *Devon*; some account of which ancient family is given by *Dr. Welwood*, in his preface to the translation of *Lucan*, by *N. Rowe, Esq;* Folio edit. pag. 18.

HE commenc'd his acquaintance with the *Classics* at *Epsom*, while his father resided there; and by his swift advances in this part of learning, quickly became the delight of his master, a man very able in his profession, and was treated by him with a very particular indulgence, in spite of the natural ruggedness and severity of his temper. When Mr. *B. Rowe* remov'd to *London*, he plac'd his son under the care of Dr. *Walker*, the eminently learned master of the *Charter-house* school, justly famed for the great numbers of excellent linguists that have receiv'd their education in that ancient nursery of polite literature. He was one of those who, the Doctor could easily foresee, would do him honour when they should appear abroad in the world, and, we may suppose, did not please him the less on that account. His exercises never fail'd of being distinguish'd even among those that had the approbation of the master, who, when he had finish'd his pupil in the *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew* tongues, would fain have persuaded his father to send him to one of our *English* universities. But how honourably soever Mr. *Rowe* might think of the *learning* of those noble seats of the muses, not having the same advantageous notion of the *principles* in too much credit there, he would by no means trust a son of his hopes in such hands; but enter'd him first at a private academy in *London*, and, some time before his death, that he might not want any advantages which the most liberal

liberal education could give him, he had determin'd his going to *Leyden*, for the last hand of the great masters there. And well did the fruit reward the expence of the culture. For, after having studied *Jewish Antiquities* under *Wissius*, *Civil Law* under *Vitriarius*, the *Belles Lettres* under *Perizonius*, and *Experimental Philosophy* under *Senguerdius*, and established a reputation for capacity, application, and an obliging deportment both among the professors and students; he return'd from that celebrated mart of learning with a vast accession of treasure, in books he had purchas'd, and knowledge he had amass'd, and no loss in his *morals*, which he had preserv'd as uncorrupt as he could have done under the most vigilant eye and strictest hand, though left without all other restraints but those of his own virtue and prudence.

THE love of liberty had been always one of Mr. Rowe's most darling passions. 'Twas a kind of *ideal mistress*, to whose charms no one ever had a soul more sensible than his; the generous inclination beat strong in his breast, and was not to be extinguish'd but with the vital flame. In these sentiments, so natural to him, he was not a little confirm'd by his familiar acquaintance with the history, and the noble authors of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*, whose very spirit was transfus'd into him, and residing so long in a *republic*, where he had examples continually before him, of the inestimable value of freedom, as the parent of industry,

dustry, the nurse of arts and sciences, and universal source of social happiness; his made him, with so much anxiety for his native country, not very long after his return thither in the year 1708, observe, that a set of wretched principles, destructive of its liberties and welfare, were growing in fashion under the countenance of some in power. To these he oppos'd himself with a zeal which might have had more influence indeed in a higher sphere, but could not have been more honest and open. Tyranny of all sorts he most sincerely detested, but most of all ecclesiastical, in every shape; deeming the slavery of the mind, as the most abject and ignominious, so, in its consequences, more pernicious than any other. His *Eyes* will be a glorious monument of his love of liberty and public good; to which may be added his *Poems*, now first publish'd, and in both which this commendable ardor is very visible. From the same cause proceeded his attachment to the illustrious house of *Hanover*, in which he had the satisfaction to see the protestant succession to the *British* throne take place before he died, leaving the world more willingly after having been witness to this happy event.

It was with Mr. *Rowe*, in respect of his learned avarice, as with those that love money; his desires after knowledge enlarg'd with his acquisitions, instead of abating. All his morning hours, and a large part of the afternoon, were devoted to

study

study, till the time of his being seiz'd with the distemper of which he died. His library, in collecting which he was assisted by his great knowledge of the best editions of books, consisted of a great number of the most valuable authors; and as he was making continual additions to it, amounted at his death to above five thousand volumes.

HE was a perfect master of the *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* languages, and, which is seldom known to happen, had at once such a prodigious strength of memory, and inexhaustible fund of wit, the effect of a lively imagination, as would singly have afforded a stock of reputation for any man to trade upon, and much more united. This, with an easy fluency of words, the frankness and benevolence of his temper, a readiness to communicate of his learned store, and a life and spirit which nature must bestow, since it can be but poorly imitated, made his company universally coveted and prized by those that knew him. It was impossible there should be a drowsy soul where Mr. Rowe was present; he animated the conversation, every one was awake, and every one pleas'd. He had a penetration, and quickness of thought, hardly to be imagin'd, so as upon just glancing over an author, to see to the bottom of his sentiments. None of the politer kinds of learning were neglected by him. He was a good judge in poetry, and had it in his power to have been himself an eminent poet; for he had actually the

most essential parts belonging to that character, the *vivid fire*, the *rich vein*, the *copious diction*; but, as poetry was not his predominant inclination, his genius had not all the polishing which art and constant practice might have added to nature. History was his favourite study, for which his talents of a vast memory, before taken notice of, and an exquisite judgment, for one of his years, peculiarly qualified him.

He had form'd a design to compile the lives of all the illustrious persons in antiquity, omitted by *Plutarch*, and for this purpose read the ancient historians with great care. This design he in part executed. Eight lives were publish'd since his decease, by way of supplement to that admired Biographer; in which, tho' so young a guide, he strikes out his way like one well acquainted with the dark and intricate paths of antiquity. The style is perfectly easy, yet concise and nervous, the reflections just, and such as might be expected from a lover of truth and mankind; and the facts interesting in themselves, or made so by the skill used in relating them. There's a preface by the reverend and learned Mr. *Candler*, writ after the usual manner of that agreeable and lively author, with great spirit and elegance, and worthy of the excellent person for whose memory he expresses so high an esteem. *He must be insensible to true merit* (saith the ingenious prefacer) *and to all just regards to the public good, that can look over these valuable*
remains,

remains, without finding in himself a due respect and esteem rais'd for the author, and his own heart inspir'd with an encreasing love to the liberties and welfare of his country. Besides these *Lives*, the author had finished and fitted for the press the life of *Thrasylulus*, which being put into the hands of Sir Richard Steele, for his revision, was, some how or other, unhappily lost, and could never since be recover'd. Should this manuscript be yet in being, Mr. *Theophilus Rowe*, the author's brother, will acknowledge it as a very great favour, if the person into whose hands it is fallen, will be so good as to return it him, in order to its being communicated to the public. The famous Mr. *Dacier* having translated *Plutarch's Lives* into *French*, with remarks historical and critical; the *Abbé Bellenger*, already known (saith the *Journal des Sçavans*) in the Republic of Letters, by some works that do him honour, added in 1734. a ninth tome to the other eight, consisting of the life of *Hannibal*, and Mr. *Rowe's Lives*, made *French* by that learned *Abbé*; in the preface to which version he transcribes from the preface to the *English* edition, the character of the author, with visible approbation; and saith, the *Lives* were written with taste, tho' being a posthumous work, the author had not put his last hand to it. We may presume, from the fidelity with which the *French* translator follows his original, not omitting the freest passages, and boldest strokes against tyranny, or any way qualifying or correcting, and expressing his dissent from

from them, that he had no aversion to the author's notions of the unalienable rights and liberties of mankind. And I must own, it added not a little to the pleasure this gave me, to find an approbation in form under the hand of the person appointed by the *Keeper of the seals*, to read that work. It looks as if there were some true *Frenchmen* still in being, the remains of a generous race (to use a warm phrase of Mr. Rowe's *) *undebauch'd by slavish sophistry, and justly ignorant of any power not guided by the laws, and accountable to them.* May Mr. Rowe's being made to speak *French* be one means of encreasing the number, and re-kindling their zeal in the glorious cause.

ON occasion of the honour done the memory of his dear brother, by this learned foreigner, Mr. *Theophilus Rowe* compos'd the following lines:

O FRIEND! O brother! can thy dear-lov'd name
Rise to my view, nor pious sorrows claim?
O early fled to thy congenial skies,
E'er I could know thy matchless worth to prize!
Now ripen'd judgment gives that worth to see,
And, next a father lost, I mourn for thee;

* The life of *Aristomenes* thus faithfully translated in the French, *Tels étoient les principes d'un peuple généreux, qui ne s'étoit point laissé corrompre par de fausses subtilités, qui n'obéissoit point en esclave, & qui ignoroit toute autre puissance que celle qui étoit dirigée & limitée par les loix.*

For thee, whose friendship had that loss supply'd,
In youth my guardian, and in age my guide.
Thy voice had taught to bend my stubborn
will
Lur'd me to good, and warn'd my wish from
ill.

While virtue in thy life to fight confest,
With heav'nly charms had vanquish'd all my
breast,
With borrow'd vigour I had learn'd to tread
The path she points, by thy example led:
Now, my guide lost, I trace the arduous way
With feeble step, and scarce forbear to stray!
O friend! O brother! — but why thus again
Will these dear names my tortur'd mem'ry pain?
For ever gone, thou wilt not leave the skies
For friendship's wild complaints, or nature's
cries.

Ah! what avail'd with studious toil t' explore
What ancient wit had taught, or modern lore,
Since not the treasur'd stores of wisdom save
The laurel'd head from the devouring grave!
Yet if, blest spirit, minds celestial know
To joy at honour paid their names below,
Hear *Philomela's* strains rehearse thy praise,
While every muse inspires the moving lays;
Lays that shall last while virtue boasts to warm
The generous breast, or sacred verse can charm:
And see thy works thro' foreign nations known;
France views their worth, and makes thy *Lives* her
own,

And conscious of their right to equal fame,
The rival volume joins to *Plutarch's* name.

*Nunquam ego te vita frater amabilior
Aspiciam posthac? ac certe semper amabo,
Semper moesta tua carmina morte legam.*

CATULL.

BEING at *Bath* in the year 1709, Mr. *Rowe* was introduced by a gentleman of her acquaintance, into Mrs. *Singer's* company, who liv'd in a retirement not far distant from that city. The idea he conceiv'd of her from report, and from her writings, charm'd him; but when he had seen and convers'd with her, he felt another kind of impression from the presence of so much beauty, wit and virtue; and the esteem of the *Theorist* was converted into the rapture of a *Lover*. During the courtship, he writ a poetical epistle to a friend that was a neighbour of Mrs. *Singer*, and intimate in the family. I shall take the liberty to quote a few lines out of it, not so much for a specimen of Mr. *Rowe's* poetical genius (though that appears in them too) as his passionate veneration for Mrs. *Singer*.

Youth's liveliest bloom, a never fading grace,
And more than beauty sparkles in her face;
Yet the bright form creates no loose desires,
At once she gives, and purifies our fires,
And passions chaste as her own soul inspires;

Her

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Her soul, heaven's noblest workmanship, de-
sign'd
To bless the ruin'd age, and succour lost man-
kind ;
To prop abandon'd virtue's sinking cause,
And snatch from vice its undeserv'd applause *.

Mrs. Elizabeth Singer was married to Mr. Thomas Rowe in the year 1710, on which occasion a † learned friend of Mr. Rowe's wrote the following beautiful *Latin* epigram :

In nuptias Thomae Rowe & Elizabethae Singer.

*Quid doctum par usque tuum, sociosque labores
Fabrae & Dacerii, Gallia vana crepas ?
Par majus gens Angla dedit, juvenem atque puellam,
Quos hodie sacro foedere junxit amor.*

* Thus far was wrote by the late Mr. Grove, whose beautiful manner of writing, and long acquaintance with Mrs. Rowe, peculiarly fitted him to compose the history of her life. Since the sudden death of this learned and ingenious gentleman deprived the world of the pleasure of seeing this work completed by the same excellent hand which begun it, the editor found himself, by a most unhappy kind of necessity, obliged to attempt the finishing these memoirs ; a task, which thro' decent respect to the public, and just regard to the memory of Mrs. Rowe, he undertook with inexpressible reluctance, and for which he cannot be insensible a constant ill state of health is the smallest part of his incapacity.

Et veniam pro laude peto : contentus abunde,

Non fastiditus si tibi lector ero.

OVID.

† Mr. John Russell.

Nam-

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*Namque ea quae nostri Phoebus cecidere deonte,
Explicuisse tuis gloria summa foret.*

Thus translated by a young gentleman :

*On the marriage of Mr. THOMAS ROWE and
Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.*

No more, proud Gallia, bid the world revere
Thy learned pair, *Le Fevre* and *Dacier* ;
Britain may boast this happy day unites
Two nobler minds in *Hymen's* sacred rites :
What *these* have sung, while all th' inspiring *Nine*
Exalt the beauties of the verse divine ;
Those (humble critics of th' immortal strain)
Shall bound their fame, to comment and explain.

Mrs. Rowe's exalted merit and amiable qualities could not fail to inspire the most generous and lasting passion. Mr. Rowe knew how to value that treasure of wit, softness and virtue, which the divine providence had given to his arms in the most lovely of women, and made it his study to repay the felicity with which she crown'd his life. The esteem and tenderness he had for her is inexpressible, and possession seemed scarce to have abated the fondness and admiration of the lover. 'Twas some considerable time after his marriage, that he wrote to her a very tender ode, under the name of *Delia*, full of the warmest sentiments of connubial friendship and affection ; in which the following

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following lines may appear remarkable, as it pleased heaven to dispose events in a manner so agreeable to the wishes expressed in them.

So long may thy inspiring page,
And great example bless the rising age !
Long in thy charming prison may'st thou stay,
Late, very late, ascend the well-known way,
And add new glories to the realms of day !
At least heav'n will not, sure, this pray'r deny

Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier far than thine the destin'd hour of fate !

Whene'er it comes, may'st thou be by,
Support my sinking frame, and teach me how to die ;

Banish desponding nature's gloom,
Make me to hope a gentle doom,
And fix me all on joys to come !

With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And clasp thee dying in my fainting arms :

Then gently leaning on thy breast,
Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest.

The ghastly form shall have a pleasing air,
And all things smile, while heav'n and thou art there.

As *Mr. Rowe* had not a robust natural constitution, so an intense application to study beyond what the delicacy of his frame would bear, might, perhaps, contribute to that ill-state of health, which

which allayed the happiness of his marriage-life, during the greater part of it. In the latter end of the year 1714, his weakness encreased, and he appeared to labour under all the symptoms of a consumption. This fatal distemper, after it had confined him some months, cut off the fairest hopes of his doing great honour and service to his country, and put a period to his life, *May 13, 1715*, when he was but just past the twenty-eighth year of his age. He died at *Hampstead*, near *London*, where he had resided some time for the benefit of the air; and was buried in the vault belonging to his family, in the coemetery in *Bunhill-fields*; where on his tomb are only mark'd his name, and the date of his birth and death. But an inscription of greater pomp is rendered unnecessary by the honour Mrs. *Rowe* did his memory in the Elegy she wrote on his death, which is deservedly ranked among the most admirable of her poetical works.

THE exquisite grief and affliction Mrs. *Rowe* felt for his loss, is described with such beautiful and unaffected eloquence in the poem I have just mentioned, and several of the letters inserted in the following collection, that I shall only add on this subject, that she continued to the last moments of her life to express the highest veneration and affection to his memory, and a particular regard and esteem for his relations, several of whom she honour'd with a long and most intimate friendship.

'Twas

'Twas also but a short time before her death, she shewed how incapable she was of forgetting him, by shedding fresh tears on occasion of the mention of his name.

'Twas only out of regard to Mr. Rowe, that with his society she was willing to bear London during the winter season; and as soon after his decease as her affairs would permit, she indulged her unconquerable inclinations to solitude, by retiring to *Frome* in *Somersetshire*, in the neighbourhood of which place the greater part of her estate lay. When she forsook the town, she determined to return to it no more, but to conceal the remainder of her life in an absolute retirement; yet on some few occasions she thought it her duty to violate this resolution. In compliance with the importunate requests of the honourable Mrs. *Thynne*, she pass'd some months with her at London, after the death of her daughter the Lady *Brooke*; and on the melancholy occasion of the decease of Mrs. *Thynne* herself, she could not dispute the commands of the Countess of *Hertford*, who earnestly desired her to reside some time with her at *Marlborough*, to soften, by her conversation and friendship, the severe affliction of the loss of so excellent a mother: And I think, once or twice more, the power this last illustrious Lady had over Mrs. Rowe, drew her, by an obliging kind of violence, to spend a few months with her at some of the Earl of *Hertford's* seats in the country. Yet even

on these occasions she never quitted her retreat without very sincere regret; and always returned to it again as soon as ever she could, with decency, disengage herself from the importunity of her noble friends.

'Twas in this recess that she composed the most celebrated of her works, * *Friendship in Death*, and the several parts of the *Letters Moral and Entertaining*. The drift of the Letters from the dead is (as the ingenious author of the preface expresses it) to impress the notion of the soul's immortality, without which all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good consequences, must fall to the ground; and to make the mind familiar with the thoughts of our future existence, and contract, as it were, an habitual persuasion of it, by writings built on that foundation, and addressed to the affections and imagination. It may also be added, that the design both of these, and the *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, is, by fictitious examples of the most generous benevolence and heroic virtue, to allure the reader to the practice of every thing that ennobles human nature, and benefits the world; and by just and lively images of the sharp remorse and real misery

* The dates of these several pieces are as follow:

Friendship in Death, in twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living, 1728.

Letters Moral and Entertaining in Prose and Verse, PART I.

1729,

PART II. 1731.

PART III. 1733.

that

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that attend the false and unworthy satisfactions of vice, to warn the young and unthinking from being seduced by the enchanting name of pleasure, to inevitable ruin ; the piety of which design is the more worthy of the highest panegyrics, as it is so uncommon. The greater part of the poets of our country have apparently employed all their wit and art to disguise the native deformity of vice, and strew flowers on the paths to perdition. But this excellent lady (as was observed of an * eminent genius of the last age) *possessed so much strength and firmness of mind, and such a perfect natural goodness, as could not be perverted by the largeness of her wit, and was proof against the art of poetry it self.* The elegant *Letters* which gave occasion to remark this distinction in Mrs. Rowe's character as a polite writer, are not only chaste and innocent, but greatly subservient to the interest of heaven, and evidently designed, by representing virtue in all her genuine beauty, to recommend her to the choice and admiration of mankind.

IN the year 1736, the importunity of some of Mrs. Rowe's acquaintance, who had seen the *History of Joseph* in manuscript, prevailed on her (though not without real reluctance) to suffer it to be made public. She wrote this piece in her younger years, and when first printed, had carried it on no farther than the marriage of the hero of the poem ; but at the request of her friends (particu-

* Mr. Cowley.

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larly of an * illustrious lady, to whom she could scarce refuse any thing) that the relation might include *Joseph's* discovery of himself to his brethren; she added two other books, the composing of which, I am inform'd, was no more than the labour of three or four days. This additional part, which was her last work, was published but a few weeks before her death.

THIS grand event, to prepare for which she had made so much the business of her life, beset her, according to her wish, in her beloved recess. She was favoured with an uncommon strength of constitution, and had pass'd a long series of years with scarce any indisposition severe enough to confine her to her bed. But about half a year before her decease, she was attacked with a distemper, which seemed to herself as well as others, attended with danger: Tho' this disorder (as she expressed herself to one of her most intimate friends) found her mind not quite so serene, and prepared to meet death, as usual; yet when, by devout contemplations on the atonement and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, she had fortified herself against that fear and diffidence, from which the most exalted piety does not always secure in such an awful hour, she experienced such divine satisfaction and transport, that she said, with tears of joy, *she knew not that she had ever felt the like in*

* The Countess of Hertford.

all her life; and she repeated, on this occasion, Mr. Pope's verses, entitled, *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, with an air of such intense pleasure, as evidenced that she really felt all the elevated sentiments of pious ecstasy and triumph, which breathe in that exquisite piece of sacred poetry. After this threatening illness, Mrs. Rowe recovered her usual good state of health; and tho' at the time of her decease she was pretty far advanced in age, yet her exact temperance, and the calmness of her mind, undisturb'd with uneasy cares and passions, encouraged her friends to flatter themselves with a much longer enjoyment of so valuable a life, than it pleased heaven to allow them. * On the day in which she was seized with that distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal, she seemed, to those about her, to be in perfect health and vigour. In the evening of it, at about eight of the clock, she conversed with a friend with all her wonted vivacity, and not without laughter; after which she retired to her chamber. At about ten, her servant hearing some noise in her mistress's room, ran instantly into it, and found her fallen off the chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. She had the immediate assistance of a physician and surgeon, but all the means used were without success; and after having given one groan, she expired a few minutes before two

* Saturday, Feb. 19, a day which she had set apart, to employ a large portion of it in extraordinary devotion.

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of the clock, on *Sunday* morning, *Feb.* 20, 1736-7. Her disease was judg'd to be an apoplexy. A pious * book was found lying open by her, as also some loose papers, on which she had wrote the following unconnected sentences † ;

O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!

O speak, and let me know thy heav'nly will,

Speak evidently to my list'ning soul!

O fill my soul with love, and light, and peace,

And whisper heav'nly comfort to my soul!

O speak, celestial Spirit, in the strain

Of love and heav'nly pleasure to my soul!

THUS it appeared, that in reading pious meditations, or forming devout ejaculations for the divine favour and assistance, Mrs. *Rowe* made the last use of the powers of reason below the skies.

As she was greatly apprehensive that the violence of pain, or languors of a sick-bed, might occasion some depression of spirits, and melancholy fears, unsuitable to the character and expectations of a Christian, her manuscript book of devotions

* It contained some meditations on religious subjects, but the book is lost, and the title of it cannot be exactly remembred by those who were about Mrs. *Rowe* at the time of her death.

† These papers contain a few more lines which I have not transcribed, because they are so ill written (occasioned, perhaps, by the trembling of her hand at the approach of death) that it was not possible for me to make any consistent sense of them.

contains

contains frequent petitions to heaven, that she might not, in this manner, dishonour her profession; and to her friends she often express'd herself desirous of a sudden removal to the skies, as it must necessarily prevent any such indecent behaviour in her last moments: So that the suddenness of Mrs. Rowe's death may be interpreted as a reward of her singular piety, and a mark of the divine favour in answer to her prayers. Indeed (to borrow Mr. Grove's expressions in a letter wrote to a friend, soon after this lady's decease) *though her death be universally lamented, yet the manner of it is rather to be esteemed a part of her happiness. One moment to enjoy this life, the next, or after a pause we are not sensible of, to find our selves got beyond not only the fears of death, but death itself; and in possession of everlasting life, and health, and pleasure: This moment to be devoutly addressing ourselves to God, or employed in delightful meditations on his perfections; the next in his presence, and surrounded with scenes of bliss perfectly new, and unspeakably joyous; is a way of departing out of life to be desired, not dreaded by our selves, and felicitated, not condoled by our surviving friends. When all things are in a readiness for our removal out of the world, 'tis a privilege to be spared the sad ceremony of parting, and all the pains and struggles of feeble nature.*

Mrs. Rowe seemed, by the gaiety and cheerfulness of her temper, to be peculiarly fitted to enjoy life, and all its innocent satisfactions; yet,

instead of any excessive fondness for things present and visible, her contempt for what she used to term a low state of existence, and a dull round of insipid pleasures, and the ardor with which she breathed after the divine enjoyments of a future world, were inconceivably great. When her acquaintance expressed to her the joy they felt at seeing her look so well, and possessed of so much health as promised many years to come, she was wont to reply, *That it was the same as telling a slave his fetters were like to be lasting; or complimenting him on the strength of the walls of his dungeon.* And the fervor of her wishes to commence the life of angels, irresistibly broke from her lips in numberless other instances. This satiety of all things beneath the skies, and impatience after the perfect fruition of God, might, perhaps, be the occasion, that in several periods of her life she had flattered herself that she was near that blessed state on which she had fixed all her hopes. And in particular, a little time before her death, she expressed to several of her friends, her firm persuasion that her continuance on earth would be very short; but without assigning any peculiar reason for this opinion. I would not presume to lay any stress on such supposed presages; but as they have already been related to the public, I thought not proper to omit all mention of them.

SHE was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father in the meeting-place

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place at *Frome*; on which occasion her funeral sermon was preached to a very crowded auditory, by the reverend and worthy Mr. *Bowden*. Her death was lamented with very uncommon and remarkable sorrow, by all who had heard of her virtue and merit; but particularly by those of the town where she had so long resided, and her most intimate acquaintance. Above all, the news of her death touched the poor and distressed with an expressible affliction; and at her doors, and over her grave, they bewailed the loss of their benefactor, poured blessings on her memory, and recounted to each other the gentle and condescending manner with which she heard their requests, and the numerous instances in which they had experienced her unexampled goodness and bounty.

In Mrs. *Rowe's* cabinet were found the following letters to several of her friends, for whom she had an high esteem and affection, which she had ordered to be delivered to the persons to whom they were directed, immediately after her decease; and by their obliging permission I communicate them to the public.*

* Besides the letters which I have here inserted, Mrs. *Rowe* wrote one to Dr. *Watts*, which is already printed before her *Devotions*; and another to the author of these memoirs, which seemed of too private a nature to accompany the rest.

*To the Countess of HERTFORD.**Madam,*

THIS is the last letter you will ever receive from me; the last assurance I shall give you, on earth, of a sincere and stedfast friendship. But when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and ecstacy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is: Thither I have sent my ardent wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering delusions of the world; and after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy.

I AM now taking my farewel of you here, but 'tis a short adieu; for I die with full persuasion that we shall soon meet again. But oh! in what elevation of happiness! in what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty! What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall find ourselves eternally possess'd! To him that lov'd, and wash'd us in his blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion and praise for ever.

THIS

THIS is all my salvation, and all my hope ! That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the family on earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence ; in his merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes, if I depended on those works which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good ; and which, examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious sins ! The best actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the test of that unblemish'd holiness, in whose sight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement ! how desperate, how undone my condition ! With the utmost advantages I can boast, I should start back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemish'd majesty. — O Jesus, what harmony dwells in thy name ! Celestial joy and immortal life is in the sound ! Let angels set thee to their golden harps ! let the ransom'd nations for ever magnify thee !

WHAT a dream is mortal life ! what shadows are the objects of sense ! All the glories of mortality, my much-lov'd friend, will be nothing in your view, at the awful hour of death ; when you must be separated from the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

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SOMETHING persuades me this will be my last
farewel in this world: Heaven forbid that it should
be an everlasting parting! May that divine pro-
tection, whose care I implore, keep you steadfast
in the faith of Christianity, and guide your steps
in the strictest paths of virtue!

ADIEU, my most dear friend, till we meet in
the paradise of God.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To the Earl of ORRERY.

My LORD,

THERE seems to be something presaging
in the message you order'd me to deliver
to your charming *Henrietta*, when I met her gentle
spirit in the blissful regions, which I believe will
be very soon. I am now acting the last part of
life, and composing my self to meet the universal
terror with a fortitude becoming the principles of
Christianity. 'Tis only thro' the great Redeemer's
merits and atonement, that I hope to pass un-
daunted thro' the fatal darkness.

*Before him death, the grisly tyrant, flies;
He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.*

ALL human greatness makes no figure to my present apprehension; every distinction vanishes but those of virtue and real merit. 'Tis this which gives a peculiar regard for such a character as yours, and gives me hopes your example will not fall short of those of your illustrious ancestors. The approaches of death set the world in a true light; its brightest advantages appear no more than a dream, in that solemn period. The immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a cottage with less regret than it would leave the splendor of a palace; and the breathless dust sleep as quietly beneath the grassy turf, as under the parade of a costly monument. These are insignificant circumstances to a spirit doom'd to an endless duration of misery, or bliss. 'Tis this important concern, my Lord, that has induced me to spend my time in a peaceful retirement, rather than to waste it in a train of thoughtless amusements. My thoughts are grown familiar with the solemnity of dying, and death seems to advance, not as an inflexible tyrant, but as the peaceful messenger of liberty and happiness. May I make my exit in that elate manner, those charming lines of Mr. Pope describe.

The world recedes, it disappears;

Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O grave! where is thy victory?

O death! where is thy sting?

THE nearer I am approaching to immortality, the more extensive and enlarg'd I find the principles of amity and good-will in my soul: From hence arise the most sincere wishes for your happiness, and of the charming pledges your lovely *Henrietta* left. Oh! my Lord, if you would discharge the sacred trust, keep them under your own inspection.

THIS will not reach you, my Lord, till I am past the ceremony of subscribing

Your humble servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

To Mr. JAMES THEOBALD.

S I R,

THE converse I have had with you has been very short, but I hope the friendship begun by it will be transmitted to the regions of perfect amity and bliss. It would not be worth the while to cherish the impressions of a virtuous friendship, if the generous engagement was to be dissolv'd with mortal life: Such a thought would give the grave a deeper gloom, and add new horrors to the fatal darkness.

BUT

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BUT I confess, I have brighter expectations, and am fully persuaded, those noble attachments that are founded on real merit, are of an immortal date. That benignity, that divine charity, which just warms the soul in these cold regions, will shine with new lustre, and burn with an eternal ardor in the happy seats of peace and love.

My present experience confirms me in this truth; the powers of nature are drooping, the vital spark grows languid and faint; while my affection for my surviving friends was never more warm, my concern for their happiness was never more ardent and sincere.

THIS makes me employ some of the last part of my time in writing to three or four persons, whose merit requires my esteem, in hopes this solemn farewell will leave a serious impression on their minds.

I AM going to act the last and most important part of human life; in a little time I shall land on the immortal coasts, where all is new, amazing, and unknown. But however gloomy the passage appears

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood

Stand dress'd in living green:

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,

While Jordan roll'd between.

Dr. WATTS.

NATURE cannot but shiver on the fatal brink,
unwilling to try the grand experiment, whilst
the hopes of Christianity can alone support the
soul in this solemn crisis. In this exigence the
eternal Spirit whispers peace and pardon to the
dying sinner, thro' the atonement, and brightens
the shadow of death, with some glimmering of
immortal light.

TELL Mrs. Theobald, I hope to meet her in the
shining realms of love and unmingled bliss;

*Where crown'd with joy, and ever-blooming youth,
The jocund hours dance on their endless round.*

ELIZ. ROWE.

To Mrs. SARAH ROWE.

My dear Mother,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this
world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the
next. I carry to my grave my affection and gra-
titude to your family, and leave you with the
sincere concern for your own happiness, and the
welfare of your family. May my prayers be an-
swered, when I am sleeping in the dust! O may
the angels of God conduct you in the paths of
immortal glory and pleasure! I would collect the
powers

powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bless you!

'Tis but a short space I have to measure, the shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining. That goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life; that name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation. To meet death with a becoming fortitude, is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holiness of my own; for oh! in my best estate I am altogether vanity; a wretched, helpless sinner: But in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judg'd.

E. ROWE.

SINCE Mrs. Rowe's death, agreeable to her request, the reverend Dr. Watts has revised and published her devotions, under the title of *Devout Exercises of the Heart, &c.* In which, if some expressions (as the ingenious editor observes, and † Mrs. Rowe herself was not insensible) may seem

VOL. I. d a little

† In a letter to a lady to whom she sent one of these sacred meditations, she thus expresses herself: *You will find by the*

a little too rapturous; a just regard to the sex, and particular genius of the author, will, I hope, prevail for a gentle censure. It could scarce be expected that a lady should be vers'd in the arts of strict reasoning; and it ought to be easily forgiven, if she wrote on religious subjects, even in prose, rather with the fire and bold license of a poet, than the accuracy of a divine and a philosopher. It may also be added, that many of these exercises of piety were the productions of youth; and at least part of them at first composed only to assist her own private devotion, and improvement in virtue though she afterwards thought fit to order them for public view after her decease, in pursuance of the following vow

April 20. 1735.

MY father's God, if thou wilt now speedily deliver me, and send me an answer of peace, then I will record thy several mercies, and leave the catalogue as a testimony of thy truth, and a seal to the veracity of the scripture promises; and leave it with a charge to be published to thy honour at my death, that ages yet unborn may rise up and bless thee, and trust in thy word.

THE miscellaneous pieces that compose the following collection, were written in various periods of

enclos'd, how my thoughts were employ'd in the little fit of sickness which lately confin'd me. There is, I confess, something so glittering and romantic in this description of a future state, that I am afraid you will think I have been reading the Alcoran, and am become a proselyte to the Turkish religion.

Mrs.

Mrs. Rowe's life, and are communicated to the world, in obedience to her commands, delivered to me since her decease. *She had no other view in their publication* (to use the words of the letter in which she entrusted them to my care) *but the profit, or innocent entertainment of the reader.* I hope, (continues she) *all my present design is abstractly the interest of virtue; for a reputation among mortals is a very insignificant thing to one who hopes, before these papers are published, to be above their censure or applause, and to receive the approbation of the supreme Judge: But if they may be any advantage to the cause of virtue, it will be a great satisfaction to me.* To the papers now first printed from the author's manuscripts, I have judged it proper to prefix the poems that she permitted, in her life-time, to be inserted in the *Miscellanies*: So that these two volumes, with her *Letters* formerly published, the *History of Joseph*, and her *Devotions*, may be reckoned to complete her works. For the small collection in verse, written in her youth when she was at a boarding-school in the country, or soon after leaving it, appeared rather such as might be expected from this early season, and disadvantageous situation in life, than fit to accompany the productions of her maturer years: nor could I, without violating the respect due to Mrs. Rowe, endeavour to revive the memory of her first attempts in poetry, which, as juvenile follies, she thought only worthy of perpetual oblivion.

'Tis also, by Mrs. Rowe's order, that this edition of her remains is enlarged with some select poems on several occasions, by Mr. Thomas Rowe; of which no more than two small translations from the *French* of Madam Des Houlières, were printed in his life-time. These essays in poetry, may be looked on only as the elegant amusement of some hours of relaxation from severer studies: They do not appear to have been fitted for the press; and, as by the immature death of the author they were deprived of the advantage of his last corrections, it would be scarce reasonable to expect they should be above all need of that candor which is eminently due to posthumous pieces. Yet (if I may presume to give my opinion) they shew so much strength of genius, and true poetic fire, as will easily atone for any slight inaccuracies, which the severity of malignant criticism may be able to discover.

ON occasion of this present collection, it is fit to acquaint the public, that a large debt of gratitude is due from them to Mrs. Rowe's friends, for the elegant and instructive entertainment they cannot fail to receive from her *familiar letters*; and in justice to the writer's memory, it is necessary to add, that if some of these letters seem abrupt and imperfect, it is owing to the delicacy of the persons to whom they were wrote, who have obliged the editor to sacrifice several passages in them,

them, to that modesty which is so usually attendant on merit.

As Mrs. Rowe pass'd her days in almost perpetual retirement, the fewness of the facts related in the former part of these memoirs, will not, I hope, appear surprising. Her * *life was not varied with accidents to divert the reader: 'Twas more pleasant for herself to live, than for an historian to describe.* So that being an uniform course of devotion, benevolence, and indifference to the separate interests and pleasures of the animal life, and of ardor in pursuing the perfect and divine felicity of heaven and immortality; when you have the history of one week, you have the history of the whole. This occasions her character being so much longer than the historical part; her character, which only represents what she was every day, and which could not be shortned without injustice to her and the world.

I SHALL not attempt to give a character of Mrs. Rowe's works, since the number of their editions, and the approbation and applause they have received from some of the best judges, and most celebrated writers of the age, may seem to render any farther panegyric superfluous. I will only add, that her exquisite wit, and delicate ima-

* Mr. Dryden's expressions concerning *Plutarch*.

gination, were scarce any thing indebted to the assistance of art or labour; and Mr. Prior, who in the preface to his poems has done justice to the *fineness of her genius*, might, with equal truth, have applied to her what he has so beautifully said of an [†] eminent wit of the last age. *Such were the natural faculties and strength of her mind, that she had occasion to borrow very little from education; and she owed those advantages to her own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation.* Wit, in most writers, is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams, brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: But Mrs. Rowe's was a source arising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and enriched the country thro' which it passed. She read no critics, nor could her genius brook the discipline of rules: And as the pains of correcting appeared to her some kind of drudgery, she seldom made any great alterations in her compositions from what they were when she first gave copies of them to her friends. For she did not set so high a value on her works, as to employ much labour in finishing them with the utmost accuracy; and she wrote verses thro' inclination, and rather as an amusement, than as a study and profession, to excel in which she should make the business of her life.

† The Earl of Dorset. See Prior's dedication of his Poems.

Mrs. Rowe was not a regular beauty, yet she possessed a large measure of the charms of her sex. She was of a moderate stature, her hair of a fine auburn colour, and her eyes of a darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was very fair, and a natural rosy blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully, and her voice was exceeding sweet and harmonious, and perfectly suited to that gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect is beyond all description: It inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration which distinguish'd sense and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create.

HER acquaintance with the great, had taught her all the accomplishments of good breeding, and complacency of behaviour; and without formality or affectation, she practised, in a distant solitude, all the address and politeness of a court; but she learned no more than the real elegancies of grandeur. She was very remote from extravagance in habit, and seemed to have perfectly subdued the love of the vain shew of life; in which she may be thought to discover an elevation of soul superior to the natural inclinations of her sex, and great strength of virtue in resisting the general example of the age in which she lived. The labours of the toilette consumed very little of her time:

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She justly despised the arts of dress and ornament, and endeavoured to infuse the same contempt of them into all her acquaintance; yet without falling into the other extreme of indecent negligence.

THE love of solitude, which seems almost inseparable from a * poetic genius, discovered itself very early in Mrs. Rowe, and never forsook her but with life itself. Before her marriage, tho' it cannot be doubted that she was often solicited to quit her beloved obscurity, yet she had only made a short visit to the town of a few weeks. After Mr. Rowe's decease, as a decent retreat seemed to her alone suited to a state of widowhood, her aversion to a public appearance in the world increased; and the approach of the decline of life determined her more strongly to devote the remainder of her days to retirement; nor could any arguments, or persuasions of her friends, prevail with Mrs. Rowe to alter her sentiments and conduct in this instance. This resolution was unhappy for the world, as it deprived them of the knowledge of so fair a pattern of piety and goodness, and ought not to be proposed to the imitation of the virtuous part of mankind. For, as a † celebrated writer says, *the good ought not to be allowed to forsake the world, unless the bad had the*

* *Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes.*

HOR. lib. 2. ep. 2.

† Dr. Sprat, Life of Cowley, pag. 38.

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same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. Nor did Mrs. Rowe recommend such a conduct to others; for she thus expresses her sentiments on this subject, in a letter to a friend, which she wrote about three weeks before her death. 'Tis an injury to mankind, to wish you had been born to a life of repose and leisure: There are too few examples of generosity and justice in the world, to wish any person of good character conceal'd. There are, indeed, a set of insignificant and profligate mortals, who, if they should take it into their heads to elope from mankind, and run wild in the woods, the public would be so far from being detrimented, that they would be highly obliged by it; that so those only who are a grace to human nature, might appear in active and public stations. I do not, says she, in a letter to another friend, affect any recluse notions of religion; my thoughts of that are just the reverse, and all easy and sociable. Upon the whole, it may be said with the greatest truth, in defence of Mrs. Rowe's retreat, that she did not fly to desarts that she might wholly resign herself to sloth, and a monastic kind of devotion, unprofitable to the world; but amidst the silence and quiet of solitude, she employed no small part of her time in actions of munificence and charity; or, in composing those works with which she has obliged the public, which, as they inspire the noblest sentiments of benevolence and piety, may be of the most lasting and extensive benefit to mankind.

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IT has been imputed to persons of recluse and ascetic lives, that though their austere virtue may preserve them from sensual indulgencies, against which they are wont to express the utmost severity; yet they are too frequently apt to sooth themselves in pride, ill-nature, censoriousness, and the like hateful dispositions of the mind. The lustre of Mrs. Rowe's character was not sullied by so great a blemish. She was as exemplary for every social and good-natur'd virtue, as for the exact sanctity of her manners; and justly thought the sins to which the soul is tempted by its union with the body, attended with less degrees of guilt than those other *vices of a graver sort*, which she believed, debased human nature into a nearer resemblance to that most evil and malevolent spirit, who is represented, in the sacred writings, as perfectly opposite to the benignity of the supreme Being.

SHE had the happiest command over her passions, and maintained a constant calmness of temper, and sweetness of disposition, that could not be ruffled with adverse accidents, nor soured by the approach of old age it self. It has been questioned whether she was ever angry in her whole life; at least with regard to those little misfortunes, and displeasing incidents, that occur in common life, which, tho' really of a trivial nature, frequently prove too strong temptations to indecencies of passion; she was only wont to turn these into subjects

subjects of mirth, and agreeable raillery. And as persons are apt to be least on their guard against excesses of this kind towards inferiors and domestics, it ought to be observed, that her servant who lived with her near twenty years, scarce ever discovered in her mistress, any tendency to anger towards herself, or any warmth of resentment against others, except in the cause of heaven, against great impiety, and flagrant crimes; on which occasions, some degree of indignation is not only irreproachable, but truly deserves the name of commendable and virtuous zeal.

THE uncommon praise that is given to Mr. Cowley, by the author of his life, *that no one had reason to wish his wit less*, is equally due to Mrs. Rowe: For, together with the most manly genius, she possessed all that gentleness and softness of disposition, which gives her own lovely sex such irresistible charms; and was entirely free from that severity of temper which has made the character of a wit unamiable, if not quite infamous*. Next to lewd and profane writings, she expressed the strongest aversion to satire, as it is usually so replete with personal malice and invective. No strokes of this kind can be found in her works; and her conversation was not less innocent of every appearance of ill-nature, than her writings. She

* As much detested as a wit; Dr. Young's *Universal Passion*,

fortified her resolutions against evil-speaking, by particular and solemn vows, as appears by the following sacred engagement transcribed from her manuscript.

Oct. 6. 1726.

O let me once again bind my self to the Lord, never (by his grace) to speak evil of any person. O help me to govern my tongue by the strictest rules of charity and truth, and never to utter any evil surmises, or make the least reflection on the honour of my neighbour. Let me, in the minutest circumstance, do to others as I would they should act to me. Let me hope, let me believe all things to the advantage of others. Give me thy divine assistance to perform this great duty, and set thou a watch on my words; and keep, O strictly keep the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Now let thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be manifest in my weakness. In thy strength, in the name of the Lord my Redeemer, let me engage with all my future temptations. Look graciously on this petition, and remember me when I am in any suspense, any exigence, or am ready to forget my engagements. In the moment that I shall waver, strengthen me; restrain me when the malignant thought arises; and while the yet unuttered words are ready to issue from my lips, set thou thy bridle there, and govern my rebellious faculty.

MRS. ROWE strictly regulated her conduct by this solemn vow, and could hardly think any occasion would justify the reporting what was prejudicial

judicial to the reputation of another. *I can appeal to you* (says she, in a letter to a lady who had been long and intimately acquainted with her) *if you ever knew me make an envious, or an ill-natur'd reflection on any person upon earth. Indeed, the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various scene; but charity would draw a veil of darkness here, and chuse to be for ever silent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme.* Scandal and detraction appeared to her extreme inhumanity, which no charms of wit and politeness could make tolerable. If she was forced to be present at such kind of conversation, she had sometimes (when the freedom might be decently used) the courage openly to condemn it; and, I think, always the generosity to undertake the defence of the absent, when unjustly accused, and to extenuate even their real faults and errors.

SHE was as unacquainted with envy, as if it had been impossible for so base a passion to enter into the human mind; and was always forward to do justice to every fine writer, and illustrious character of the age. She exceedingly loved to praise, and never failed to observe and applaud every appearance of merit in those with whom she was acquainted; but over-looked all their frailties with more than even the usual partiality of friendship. Yet, tho' she could have wished to have made no other use of speech than to commend worth and virtue, on some occasions a sense of duty compelled her to reprove; but the seeming severity of this virtue,

virtue, was tempered by the softest arts of gentleness and goodness. In proof of which, it may not be improper to add the following instance of the honest artifices she used to disguise her admonitions. She has been frequently observed to commend persons of distinguish'd eminence for one kind of moral worth, before some of her friends, who were deficient in that particular virtue, in hopes they might be struck with the beauty of the example, which she proposed to their imitation, in a manner so little apt to give offence.

SHE had few equals in her excellent turn for conversation. Her wit was inexhaustible, and she expressed her thoughts in the most beautiful and flowing eloquence; and as these uncommon advantages were accompanied with an easy goodness, and unaffected openness of behaviour, she infinitely charm'd all who knew her. A peculiar elevation of understanding, made her despise those trifles which usually dwell on the lips of the fair sex, and she would always have chosen to talk on important and instructive themes; yet, lest constant discourse of a serious kind should prove distasteful and wearisome, she sometimes entertained her friends on more gay and indifferent subjects. But as soon as it could be done without the appearance of affectation, she returned to her favourite topics, on which she exerted all her exquisite talents, to recommend the most exact morality and sublime piety; so that it seemed impossible

to be in her company without growing wiser and better, or to leave it without regret.

Mrs. Rowe's wit, beauty and merit, had even from her youth, conciliated to her much compliment and praise, and from such judges of worth as might have made some degree of vanity seem almost pardonable in a lady and an author. Yet, amidst these temptations to pride, she retained all the humility of the meanest and most obscure person of the human race. She rarely mentioned any of her writings, even to her most intimate friends; nor ever discover'd the least elation of mind at their great success, and the approbation they received from some of the finest writers of the age. The praises with which her works were honoured, only led her to ascribe the glory to the original of all perfection, on whose power she maintained a constant sense of her dependance, and with the most grateful piety owned her obligations to his goodness. *It is but for heaven, said she, to give a turn to one of my nerves, and I should be an idiot.* She was exquisitely sensible of her own defects, and the frailty inseparable from our nature. *How small a part, she was wont to say, is there in human actions, that merits the name of goodness, when they are separated from the selfishness, pride, and vanity that attend them.—The bare levity of our spirits in devotion, is enough to condemn us, when we consider what an holy being God is, how spotless in his perfections, and how infinite in his majesty.* She
assumed

assumed no indecent share in conversation, and has been frequently known to be silent on subjects she well understood, and on which she could have displayed her wit to great advantage. Her friends could not fail to observe the modest care she used in avoiding the mention of any thing that might tend to her own honour: Nor can I, during the long intimacy with which she favoured me, remember one expression of vanity, or sense of her own worth, that might seem to stain her humility. She never dictated to others, nor arrogated any respect and deference to her own sentiments; but in conversing with persons of parts and abilities, far beneath her own, seemed to study to make the superiority of her genius easy to them, by the most obliging goodness and condescension of behaviour. Nor were her affability and readiness of access, to those of the lowest rank, less remarkable and exemplary. 'Twas impossible for her to treat any one with insolence and contempt. On the contrary, as she infinitely loved and revered true goodness, I have been witness of the real and peculiar respect she paid to sincere piety, when great degrees of ignorance, and extremely mean circumstances, might have quite obscured it to less humble and generous minds.

SHE was perfectly untainted with that love of pleasure which has so universally corrupted the present age; and is justly thought to have the
most

most unfriendly influence on the noblest kinds of virtue *. She was ignorant of every polite and fashionable game. Play, she believed, at best, was but an art of losing time, and forgetting to think; but when she reflected on the fatal consequences that attend a fond attachment to this diversion, she had even an horror for it. Her taste was too refin'd and delicate to relish those insipid trifles, call'd *Novels* and *Romances*; usually as defective in wit, and true imitation of nature, as replete with indecent images, which pollute the imagination, and shock every chaste mind. She would have esteemed the diversions of the *English* theatre (especially those of the tragic kind) capable of affording the most noble and rational pleasure, if she could have believed them innocent; but so few of them appeared to her inoffensive to virtue, that she thought fit to abstain from those entertainments, which, in her opinion, generally tended to promote impurity of manners, and expose piety to scorn and ridicule. The native grandeur of her soul, preserved her from a fondness for any kind of luxury; judging it much beneath the dignity of a being possess'd of reason, and born for immortality. She was always pleased with whatever she found on her table; and neither the

* *Admiratione efficiuntur ii, qui anteire cæteros in virtute putantur; & cum omni carere dedecore, tum vero iis vitiis, quibus alii non facile possunt obistere. Nam voluptates, blandissimæ dominæ, majores partes animi a virtute detrahunt.*

Cic. de Off. lib. 11. cap. 10.

nature of her food, nor the manner of dressing it, gave her any uneasiness: For if in either of these respects it was not perfectly agreeable, it only afforded her a subject of wit and pleasantry, instead of occasioning any disgust, or serious resentment. She mix'd in no parties of pleasure, and extremely despised the trivial and uninformative conversation of formal visits, which she avoided; at least, as much as decency would allow; and, indeed, (except *drawing*) she had almost an equal contempt for every thing that bears the name of diversion and amusement, even of the most innocent kind. But, I confess, this part of the character of this excellent lady may not be so fit for general imitation. For tho' the constant vivacity and cheerfulness of Mrs. Rowe's natural temper might possibly seem to set her above the necessity of allowing herself proper intervals of amusement to relax the mind, yet such great abstinence from every kind of recreation, might, in most persons, tend to sour the mind with austere and unamiable dispositions; or, at least, to depress the spirits to such a degree of melancholy, as would unfit them for the necessary duties and offices of life.

SHE had a contempt of riches that has been rarely equal'd, and which, I believe, may be look'd upon as a certain mark of a truly great mind.

Maxime admittuntur eum, qui pecunia non movetur: quod in quo viro perfectum sit, hunc igni spectatum arbitrantur.

Cic. de Off. lib. 2. cap. 11.

I JO As

As she expressed herself much pleased with the moderate fortune, allotted her by the divine providence, which afforded her ease and plenty to the extent of her wishes; so she never pursued any designs to advance her circumstances in life. She could not be persuaded to publish her works by subscription, or even to accept the advantageous terms offered by the bookseller, if she would permit her scattered pieces to be collected and published together. She wrote no dedications to the great, and the name of no minister of state is to be found in her works. She never saw a court; and if she has mentioned, with honour, some of the princes under whose reigns she lived, 'twas only from a sincere veneration for the saviours of liberty (which inestimable blessing she highly valued) and without the least expectation of any reward, beyond the pleasure of discovering her gratitude to those, who appeared to her, public benefactors to their country. The high esteem she expressed for some of her friends of distinguished rank, was equally free from the suspicion of interested views; for as she gained nothing by their friendship but the happiness of their conversation, and an acquaintance with their virtues; the praises she gave them, ought, in justice, to be looked on as the incense due to merit. The love of money she thought the most sordid and ignoble of passions, and frequently lamented its general prevalence over the human mind. She did not know her own estates from others, till some motives of prudence

obliged her to inform herself, when she apprehended she was soon to leave them; and was so far from that rigor in exacting her due, which approaches to inhumanity, that her neglect of her interest may rather be censured as excessive: She let her estates beneath their intrinsic value, as appears by the considerable advance of the rents since her decease; and was so gentle to her tenants, that she not only had no law-suit with any of them, but would not so much as suffer them to be threatned with the seizure of their goods, on the neglect of the payment of their rents. When one of them, who owed her an hundred pounds, carried off all his stock in the night, she could not be prevailed on to embrace an opportunity in her power of seizing it afterwards; and if he had not, in this manner quitted the estate upon receiving some just menaces without her knowledge, 'tis more than probable that her excess of goodness would have always prevented her from having recourse to rigorous methods to eject him, and compel him to do her justice. 'Twould be easy to add several other instances highly prejudicial to her interest, in which she voluntarily departed from her right, when she had the highest claim of equity*. She could scarce bear the mention

* *Conveniet cum in dando munificum esse, tum in exigendo non acerbum, in omni re contrahenda, vendendo, emendo, conducendo, locando, vicinitatibus, & consiniis, aequum, & facilem: multa multis de jure suo concedentem; a litibus vero, quantum liceat, & nescio an paullo plus etiam, quam liceat, abhorrentem.*
Cic. de Off. lib. 2. cap. 18.

of injustice, without trembling; and the tenderness and delicacy of her conscience, with regard to this sin, was so great, that she hardly thought she could keep far enough from it. *I can appeal to thee,* says she in an address to God, *how scrupulously I have acted in matters of equity, and how willingly I have injured my self to right others.* She spoke with much warmth of the extreme danger of any dishonest and fraudulent practice, and expressed her wonder, how persons could die with any repose of mind, under the least degree of such kind of guilt.

HER indifference to glory was scarce less remarkable. As she seemed to shun fame by concealing herself, during almost the whole of her life, in an obscure solitude, so she practised no arts to promote her reputation. She wrote no preface to any of her works to prepossess the public in their favour*, nor suffered them to be accompanied with panegyrics of her friends. She would not, indeed, so much as allow her name to be prefixed to any of them, except some few poems in the earlier part of her life†. And tho' this was the occasion that a beautiful || pastoral of her's was

* Dr. Young was the author of the preface to *Friendship in Death*.

† The last of her writings, which, by her consent, appeared in public under her own name, were some copies of verses printed in the *Miscellanies*, in the year 1704.

|| Sir Richard Steele, when he published this pastoral in his *Poetical Miscellanies*, ascribed it to the author of the anonymous verses before the tragedy of *Cato*: A mistake, I suppose, only owing to some fancied resemblance in the hand-writing.

ascribed to another hand, she would not alter the modesty of her conduct. When she intended to communicate to the world *Friendship in Death*, the most celebrated of her works, she shewed the manuscript to no more than one person, on whose secrecy she could rely; and after he had, by her order, copied it in his own hand, she sent it to Dr. Young, only knowing him by his works, and inscribed his name to the dedication, in hopes that being published by him, and appearing under the patronage of his name, all her acquaintance would imagine this piece to be written by some friend of of that eminent poet. And when the inimitable beauties of Mrs. Rowe's manner of writing discovered the true author, and this performance began to be universally admired, she still continued to avoid owning it, as far as was consistent with a strict regard to truth: She even declined the honour due to her ashes and memory after death; for when she selected from her manuscript volume of devotions some exercises of piety, with a view to their publication after her decease, she studiously omitted those parts that would have discovered her unexampled charity, and other virtues which conciliate the esteem and veneration of the world: Nor could any thing, perhaps, but the suddenness of her death, have prevented her committing to the flames the book I have just mentioned, which has so often assisted me in my attempt to do justice to her character. And as she entrusted the care of her posthumous pieces to one, (who she could not be insensible) had never entertained

tained a thought of being an author, and whose incurable want of health must render him peculiarly unfit to compose any thing for public view; there is the highest probability, that 'twas her intention that this collection of her remains should be communicated to the world without any account of her life and character; which, thro' extreme humility, she judged unworthy the knowledge and imitation of posterity. The same modest disposition of mind appears in the orders that she left in writing to her servant, in which, after having desired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a small number of friends, she adds, *charge Mr. Bowden not to say one word of me in the sermon. I would lie in my father's grave, and have no stone nor inscription over my vile dust, which I gladly leave to oblivion and corruption, till it rise to a glorious immortality.*

Mrs. Rowe was exemplary for every relative duty. Filial piety was a remarkable part of her character. She loved the best of fathers, as she ought, and repaid his uncommon care and tenderness by all just returns of duty and affection. She has been heard to say, *That she could die rather than displease him*; and the anguish she felt at seeing him in pain in his last sickness was so great, that it occasioned some kind of convulsion, a disorder from which she was wholly free in every other part of her life.

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WHEN she was entred into a marriage state, the highest esteem and most tender affection appeared in all her conduct to Mr. Rowe; and by the most gentle and obliging manners, and the exercise of every social and good-natur'd virtue, she confirmed the empire she had gained over his heart. She complied with his inclinations in several instances, to which she was naturally averse; and made it her study to soften the anxieties, and heighten all the satisfactions of his life. Her capacity for superior things did not tempt her to neglect the less honourable cares which the laws of decency impose on the softer sex in the connubial relation: Much less was she led by a sense of her own merit to assume any thing to herself inconsistent with that duty and submission which the precepts of Christian piety so strictly enjoin. Mr. Rowe had some mixture of natural warmth in his temper, of which he had not always a perfect command. If at any time this broke out into some little excesses of anger, it never awaked any passion of the like kind in Mrs. Rowe; but, on the contrary, she always remained mistress of herself, and studied by the gentlest language and most soothing endearments, to restore Mr. Rowe's mind to that calmness which reason approves. And she equally endeavoured, in every other instance, by the softest arts of persuasion, and in a manner remote from all airs of superiority, to lead Mr. Rowe on towards that perfection of virtue, to which she herself aspired.

aspired with the truest Christian zeal. During his long illness, she scarce ever stirred from him a moment, and alleviated his severe affliction by performing, with inconceivable tenderness and assiduity, all the offices of compassion suited to that melancholy season. She partook his sleepless nights, and never quitted his bed, unless to serve him, or watch by him. And as she could scarce be persuaded to forsake even his breathless clay, so she consecrated her future years to his memory, by honouring his ashes with resolutions of perpetual widowhood, which with more than female constancy she inviolably maintained. Her conduct, in this last instance, on the review of it after an interval of several years, afforded her great satisfaction; for she thus expresses herself in a letter intended, after her own decease, to be delivered to Mrs. Marrow, if that lady had survived her: *Whatever such distinguished sense and merit could claim, I have endeavoured to pay my much-lov'd husband's memory. I reflect with pleasure on my conduct on this occasion; not only from a principle of justice and gratitude to him, but from a conscious sense of honour and love of a virtuous reputation after death.——But if the soul, in a separate state, should be insensible of human censure or applause, yet there is a disinterested homage due to the sacred name of virtue.*

SHE mourned over the death of her husband and father, with all that becoming tenderness and sensibility which ought to touch every humane
and

and generous heart, at the loss of the dearest persons on earth; yet her submission to the determination of divine providence was exemplary, and she never presumed to breathe any indecent murmurs against the will of heaven, which is ever just and good; or behaved, in this hour of temptation, in a manner unsuitable to that eminent piety which appeared in every other part of her life.

SHE was a gentle and kind mistress; treating her servants with great condescension and goodness, and almost with the affability of a friend and equal. She caused due care to be taken of them when they were ill; and did not think it misbecame her to sit by the bed of a sick servant to read to her books of piety. Her great humanity would not suffer her to be offended with light faults; and as she never dismissed any one from her family, so, I think, none of her servants ever left her, but with a view to the changing their condition by marriage. She knew when she was well served, and reposed so much trust in those whose fidelity she had experienced, that it might seem to verge towards excess; yet, even such great confidence was hardly more than was due to that servant who was with Mrs. Rowe at the time of her death; whose long and faithful duty to her mistress, and remarkable sorrow for her loss, deserve to be mentioned with honour.

SHE was a warm and generous friend; just, if not partial, to the merit of those whom she loved, and most gentle and candid to their errors. She was always forward to do them good offices; but in a distinguish'd manner she studied, with infinite art and zeal, to insinuate the love of virtue into all her acquaintance, and to promote their most important interest, by inciting them to the practice of every thing that would recommend them to higher degrees of the divine favour. This she proposed as the best end of friendship.

MRS. Rowe was not entirely free from the attacks of malice, that she might not be without opportunity to exercise the divine virtue of forgiveness; yet one could scarce have learned from her discourse that she had an enemy; for she was not wont to complain of any indecent conduct or injuries done to herself: So that it was apparent, such things made light impressions on her mind; or that she had endeavoured to efface them with the happiest success.

'Tis a celebrated thought of the Emperor * *Julian*, which he makes *Anonine* express, when he represents him, with other *Roman* Emperors, undergoing the scrutiny of *Jupiter*: When he was asked what he had done to merit an *Apotheosis*, he

* *Juliani Caesaris*, Edit. Par. p. 91.

replied,

replied, *He had always studied to resemble the Gods: And being asked again in what he had endeavoured to be like them, he answered, In having as few wants as possible of my own, and doing good most extensively to others.* This is certainly a just account of a divine temper; and this was, in a great degree, the temper of Mrs. Rowe: For scarce any of the human race was more sensible of the truth of that saying of the sacred Founder of our religion, IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE. *There is, says she in a letter to a lady, written in the year 1697, an eternal propensity in my soul to love and beneficence. I received the generous principle with the breath of life, and find it inseparable from my existence.* The exercise of this god-like virtue was half the pleasure of her life*; so she once expressed herself to another of her friends. Nor was this only the peculiar softness of her sex, or, a natural felicity of temper, but the most virtuous desire to diffuse happiness. Her zeal to do generous actions is inexpressible; it broke out on all possible occasions; and there was not, I believe, one of her friends in any rank of life, who did not experience her beneficent disposition, by receiving from her presents of books, pictures, &c. if not gifts of higher value.

HER charities were so great (if we consider the mediocrity of her fortune) that they can scarce be

* *Caritate, benevolentiaque sublata, omnis est e vita sublata jucunditas. Cic. de Am. c. ult.*

parallel'd, except in the histories of better times, when Christianity had all its due power over the hearts of those who professed it : They were, indeed, only limited by the utmost extent of her power ; for she devoted the whole of her income, besides what was barely sufficient for the necessities of life, to the relief of the indigent and distressed. This her manuscript acquaints us with in the following vow ; which, as it evidences a heart glowing with the love of God and mankind, is worthy of the highest praise ; but as this solemn engagement involved Mrs. Rowe in some perplexities, it seems peculiarly fit to add, that her example ought not to influence pious minds thus to fetter themselves in things not absolutely commanded ; since the observation of such vows may be attended with unforeseen difficulties injurious to the peace of their future lives.

I consecrate half of my yearly income to charitable uses. And tho', by this, according to human appearances, I have reduced myself to some necessity, I cast all my care on that gracious God to whom I am devoted, and to whose truth I subscribe with my hand. I attest his faithfulness, and bring in my testimony to the veracity of his word ; I set to my seal, that God is true ; and oh ! by the God of truth, I swear to perform this, and beyond this. For if thou wilt, indeed, bless me, and enlarge my coast, all that I have beyond the bare convenience and necessity of life, shall surely be the Lord's. And oh ! grant me sufficiency, that I may
abound

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abound in every good work. O let me be the messenger of consolation to the poor. Here I am, Lord, send me. Let me have the honour to administer to the necessities of my brethren. I am, indeed, unworthy to wipe the feet of the least of the servants of my Lord, much more unworthy of this glorious commission; and yet, oh! send me, for thy goodness is free. Send whom thou wilt on embassies to the kings and rulers of the earth; but let me be a servant to the servants of my Lord. Let me administer consolation and relief to the afflicted members of my exalted and glorious Redeemer. Let this be my lot, and I give the glories of the world to the wind.

PURSUANT to this sacred vow, which (as she expresses herself in another place of her manuscript) *was not made in an hour of fear and distress, but in the joy and gratitude of her soul, she not only avoided all superfluous expences in dress and luxury, but thro' an excess of benevolence (if there can be any excess in such a god-like disposition) to enlarge her abilities of doing good to her fellow creatures, she denied herself what might, in some sense, be called the real necessities of life.*

MISERY and indigence were a sufficient recommendation to her compassionate regard and assistance; yet she shewed a distinguish'd readiness to alleviate the afflictions of persons of merit and virtue: And one who had the best opportunities of making this observation, assures me, that she never knew any such apply to Mrs. Rowe, without success,

success, when she had it in her power to relieve their wants. The first time she accepted of a gratification from the bookseller for any of her works, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress; and there is great reason to believe that she employed all the money that she ever received on such an account in as generous a manner. And once, when she had not by her a sum of money large enough to supply the like necessities of another family, she readily sold a piece of plate for this purpose. She was accustomed, on going abroad, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value, that she might relieve any objects of compassion who should fall in her way, according to their several degrees of indigence. She contributed to some designs that had the appearance of charity, tho' she could not approve of them in every respect: For she said, *It was fit, sometimes, to give for the credit of religion, when other inducements were wanting, that the professors of Christianity might not be charged with covetousness.* A vice which she abhorred so much, that scarce any grosser kind of immorality could more effectually exclude from her friendship. *I never, said she, grudge any money, but when it is laid out on my self; for I consider how much it would buy for the poor.* Besides the sums of money which she gave away, and the distribution of practical books on religious subjects, she employed her own hands in labours of charity to cloath the necessitous. This she did, not only for the natives of the lower Palatinate, when they were

were driven from their country by the rage of war, which appeared a calamity peculiarly worthy of compassion; but it was her frequent employment to make garments of almost every kind, and bestow them on those who wanted them. She discovered a strong sense of humanity, and often shewed her exquisite concern for the unhappy, by weeping over their misfortunes. These were the generous tears of virtue, and not any feminine weakness; for she was rarely observ'd to weep at afflictions that beset herself. She was, indeed, so sensibly touch'd with the miseries of the poor, as not only to send her servant to examine what they stood in need of when they were sick, but often visited them in person, when they were so wretched that their houses were not fit for her to enter into; and even when they were ill of malignant and contagious distempers. One kind of munificence, in which she greatly delighted, was causing children to be taught to read and work: These she furnished with supplies of cloathing, as well as *Bibles*, and other necessary books of instruction. This she did not only at *Frome*, but also at a neighbouring village, where part of her estate lay. And when she met in the streets with children of promising countenances, who were perfectly unknown to her, if upon enquiry, it appeared, that thro' the poverty of their parents they were not put to school, she added them to the number of those who were taught at her own expence. She condescended, herself, to instruct them

them in the plain and necessary principles and duties of religion; and the grief she felt when any of them did not answer the hopes she had entertained, was equal to the great satisfaction she received, when it appeared that her care and bounty had been well-placed. She was also a contributor to a charitable institution of this kind at *Frome* of a more public nature; though, according to the general custom of such schools, all who were educated in it were compelled to worship God in that one particular form, from which she herself took the liberty to dissent. But Mrs. Rowe was not corrupted by this example of contracted goodness, which can scarce be reconciled to that universal benevolence the gospel enjoins: Her charities were not confined to those of her own party or sentiments, but bestowed on indigent persons of almost all the sects into which Christianity is divided; and even those whose religious opinions seemed to her of the most dangerous consequence, partook largely of her bounty. Nor was her beneficence limited only to those who in strict terms might be called poor; for as she was wont to say, *'twas one of the greatest benefits that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attend a narrow fortune*; in pursuance of these generous sentiments, she has been often known to make large presents to persons who were not oppressed with the last extremes of indigence. She possessed, in an eminent degree, the *art of giving*, a nobler accomplishment than

the art of enjoying, on which one great poet of antiquity compliments another*. She knew how to heighten every favour, by the ready and obliging manner in which she conferred it. With regard to those whose circumstances were such, that the accepting alms might have put their modesty to some pain, she studied to spare their blushes while she softened their adversity. When one such person of her acquaintance was in some distress, she contrived to lose at play a sum of money sufficient to supply the necessity of the case. This was, perhaps, the only time she touched a card in her life. To the poor she seemed a ministering angel: Her goodness prevented their requests; and smiles, gentle language, and the warmest expressions of good-will, always accompanied her actions of mercy. The distressed were encouraged to disclose all their wants, by the kindest assurances of relief; and she treated them with the sweetness and easy goodness of a friend, rather than the superiority of a benefactor; nor was she enclined to take offence at the appearance of ingratitude in her dependants. When she chanced to overhear some unthankful poor, entertained at her servant's table, murmur at their food, though she had fed on the same herself, she only put this gentle construction on their behaviour, *That they expected something better than ordinary from her table.*

* *Di sibi divitias dederint, artemque fructi.*

Hor. lib. 1. ep. 4. ad Tibull.

And

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And she was so far from relenting this indecent delicacy of appetite, that she did not, even at that time, omit the alms she usually gave when any indigent persons were entertained at her house.

It is astonishing how the moderate estate Mrs. Rowe was possessed of, could supply such various and expensive benefactions; and her own sense of this once broke out to an intimate friend, *I am surpriz'd, said she to her, how it is possible my estate should answer all these things! and yet I never want money.* This she only spoke to give honour to the divine blessing, which, as she was wont to acknowledge with great piety, apparently protected her from losses, and prospered all her affairs. It would be extreme injustice, to interpret her expressions of gratitude to the goodness of providence in a different manner; for her great care to conceal her charities from the observation of mortals, gives the highest evidence that no love of human applause tainted the purity of her benevolent dispositions. Indeed, her modesty and aversion to the appearance of shew and ostentation, caused her to cast such a veil of secrecy over all her beneficent actions, that I fear many of them, highly worthy to be known and imitated by posterity, must remain concealed from the world till *that day* when they shall be rewarded in the sight of the whole universe, by that almighty Judge who was alone witness to them.

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SUCH an assemblage of virtues as united in Mrs. Rowe's character, could only be the offspring of piety. This divine principle discovered itself very early in her mind; and since Mr. Grove wrote the former part of these memoirs, I have received fresh evidence to confirm his observation, that 'tis not improbable the first dawnings of reason guided her to acknowledge and adore the author of her being, and commence that uniform and exemplary course of obedience to his laws, which, by the assistance of heaven, she maintained in every part of her life.

Her writings give a faithful picture of her soul. Her profound humility, and supreme affection to God; her faith in his promises, and dependance on his providence; her zeal for his glory, and love to the holiness of his laws, appear in the strongest light in her works, and particularly in her *Devotions*, published since her death by the reverend Dr. Watts. But as it would too much swell these memoirs to transcribe her sentiments on these heads, I shall only relate the means she made use of to cultivate these excellent dispositions, with the addition of some passages from her manuscripts, that have not yet been communicated to the public.

She devoted herself to the service of heaven in a solemn covenant*. In this she imitated the

* See *Devout Exercises*, pag. 25.

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example of her pious mother, to whose sacred engagement of this kind Mrs. Rowe has made this addition, which evidently appears by the hand to be written in her younger years.

MY God, and my father's God, who keepst covenant and mercy to a thousand generations, I call thee to witness, that with all the sincerity of my soul I consent to this covenant, and stand to the solemn dedication made of me in my baptism: And to this

I God's big name my awful witness make. And thus, with the utmost willingness and joy, I subscribe with my hand to the Lord.

E. SINGER.

AND beneath, in the same paper, she writes thus: *Renew'd Sept. 1728. When I am standing before the Judge of all the earth, to be sentenced for all eternity, let this contract be an evidence that I renounce the world, and take the supreme God for my portion and happiness.*

HER manuscript also affords the following larger renewal of this sacred covenant.

LET me renew my vows to thee, let me repeat the sacred obligation; let me, if possible, make ties more strong — more entirely devote my self to thee. With what pleasure do I reflect on the obligations I have

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to be thine! I bless the sacred engagement, and would not be free for ten thousand worlds. I never knew a happy moment till I was thine; all my joys are dated from that happy period; from thence they took their spring, and from thence they will for ever flow. Oh! therefore let me joyfully renew my vows to thee; let angels instruct me how to confirm them; let them teach me their forms, and give me their flames; let all be noble, and pathetic, and solemn as their immortal vows. I would bind my self beyond the ties that mortals know— But I cannot speak with the ardor I wish; I cannot find words to express the vehemence of my soul: But oh! thou who canst understand these desires which language fails me to utter, accept the sincerity of my heart, regard and accept my vows; and oh! let them be confirm'd for ever.

ATTEND, ye angels! let heaven and earth hear me! the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, himself be my witness! for even to him I dare appeal, from whom no disguise can veil my thoughts; even thy sacred name I dare attest, whose favour is my only hope, and whose frown is the only thing I can fear: Yet my words are not the effect of terror and distress, but of reason and of love. No action of my life was ever more deliberate and voluntary. My soul gives its entire assent, and offers up all its powers; I make no reserve, thou hast my whole, my undivided heart.

O THOU that lookest down from the exaltations of thy majesty, that ridest upon the heavens in thy excellency;

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE. lxxxvii

excellency; and from thence dost not disdain to be a father to the fatherless, and the judge of the widow; I come to thee destitute, and forlorn, and abandon'd of every name of joy or confidence upon earth. I have found all the specious titles and relations among men, to be vanity and a lye: But I rejoyce in the conviction, I bless the happy circumstance that has thrown a reproach on all human trust; that has broke my engagements with every thing below, and forced me, friendless and defenceless, to fly to thee. Oh! receive me with the affection of a father; take me into thy tenderest care and protection. Oh! remember thy covenant with my pious ancestors, to be a God to them, and their God after them, by an everlasting covenant. Thy compassions exceed those of the tenderest relation on earth; thou dost delight to exercise loving-kindness and truth in the earth; thou art the God of all grace and consolation: These are thy free, thy natural operations. Fury is not in thee; thy name, thy boasted name is LOVE; and thou dost never deviate from its gentle dictates; 'tis the beginning and end of all thy works, the glorious end thou hadst from all eternity in view: Thou dost not withdraw thy eyes from this design, but hast set thy heart upon it from everlasting to everlasting: Goodness and compassion for ever flow from thee. Thou canst not restrain those glorious emanations; they will, and must for ever stream from thee, the infinite abyss, the spring of goodness, the fount, the plenitude of joy, its never-failing source.

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O H, thou hast purchased my soul with thy own blood; before God and angels I put it into thy custody; with thee I solemnly deposite the sacred pledge; into thy hand I commit the precious treasure; 'tis my all, my very being: Oh, form it after thy pleasure, and secure it from the stratagems of hell. I am surrounded with danger, and a thousand snares attend me; I have but one cast for eternity. Look with eyes of pity on my impotence and distress; I fly to thee, let me find a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest.

I AM not, I cannot be my own keeper; flesh and blood is too weak to struggle with principalities, and powers, and the rulers of darkness in high places; the combination is too strong for unassisted nature to conquer. Thou knowest my strength is weakness, my wisdom folly, my natural light all darkness. I know not the next step before me, and if I stumble, 'twill bring reproach on thy holy ways.

I AM of the Lord's side; I am in league with thee against the confederacy of hell: I list my self under thy banners, to oppose the kingdom of darkness; give me strength and wisdom to encounter all opposition; let me never be left to my own conduct, or dishonour thy cause by any weakness or inadvertency; O thou that dost not slumber nor sleep, watch my goings, and let none of my foot-steps slide. O fountain of love and grace, let me feel thy present influences. There is no relation in all nature, so near as that between God and a
virtuous

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE. LXXXIX

virtuous mind: And wilt thou not adorn it with those graces which are capable of being improved for ever?

IN the name of the Lord God of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, let me conquer the principalities and powers of darkness. I have taken thy word for my defence, I have fled to the name of the Lord for safety; let me rejoice, let me triumph in that sanctuary, nor know a thought of diffidence or fear. Let me hope against hope, believe above belief, with confidence worthy of that power on which I trust, and of that veracity which is engaged to protect me. Be the powers of hell confounded, while I make my boast in the Lord, and rejoice in thy salvation!

I CAN, I must, I dare set to my seal, that God is true. I need not scruple to affirm what thou hast attested; I may, without hesitation, give my assent to the words of the living God. Let not my feet-slip slide, for thou art my only counsellor. Leave me not to chuse for my self; give me no advantage but what I may employ for thy glory; cancel every prayer that has not been agreeable to thy will. I retract every petition, whose success will not centre in thy interest; 'tis thee, not my self, I would honour; 'tis thee I would live and die for: Make thy own terms, let them be what they will, I take thee for my only portion for this life, and to all eternity: And with full consent I subscribe with my hand to the Lord.

* Sept. 11. 1735.

E. ROWE.

* Mrs. Rowe's birth-day.

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SHE practised secret prayer three times a day, as appears by this resolution taken from her manuscript: *At morning, at noon, and at night, I will praise thee, and pay my constant homage to the supreme and independent Being.* And as she was wont to say, *That we ought to consecrate our brightest intervals to the service of heaven;* agreeably to these just sentiments, she employed those parts of the day in which she believed the powers of the mind most free and active, as seasons of holy retirement: But (as far as I could judge) her devotions were rather frequent, than protracted to such an undue length, as might tend to distract the attention, and fatigue and exhaust the spirits.

SHE had an high veneration and love to the Lord's-day, which (excepting offices of goodness and compassion) she wholly consecrated to piety and devotion. No slight indisposition, or any severity of weather, prevented her constant attendance on public worship, at which her attentive and reverent behaviour shewed the utmost composure and elevation of soul. She also, in imitation of our blessed Saviour's example of doing good on the Sabbath, sanctified the Lord's-day, by entertaining a set of poor people at her house, and by an abundant distribution of charity. But her devout regard to the public worship of God will best appear by the following passage extracted from the manuscript volume of her devotions, which I have so often cited,

I SOLEMNLY set apart one day in the week (if possible Saturday) to prepare my self for the noble employment of public worship: and then let all the powers of my soul be exercised in love and humble adoration. Let me make more sensible approaches to the propitious Being, whom unseen, I love: and let him fill me with the ineffable delights that his presence affords, and make me joyful in the house of prayer: Let me be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of his house, and drink of the rivers of his pleasure.

SHE never neglected any opportunity of partaking of the holy communion, for which she had the highest affection and reverence, and the same manuscript will shew what virtuous resolutions she made at such sacred seasons.

WITH every sacrament let me renew my strength, and with the bread of life receive immortal vigour. Let me remember the vows of God, and at my return to the world, let me commit my ways to thee. Let me be absolutely resign'd to thy providence, nor once distrust thy goodness and fidelity. Let me be careful for nothing, but with prayer and supplication make my wants known to thee. Let the most awful sense of thy presence dwell on my heart, and always keep me in a serious disposition. Let me be merciful and just in my actions, calm and regular in my thoughts. And oh! do thou set a watch on my mouth, and keep the door of my lips. Let me speak evil of no man, let me advance the reputation of the virtuous, and never be silent in the praise of merit.

Let

Let my tongue speak the language of my heart, and be guided by exact truth and perfect sincerity. Let me open my hands wide to the wants of the poor, in full confidence that my heavenly Father will supply mine; and that the high possessor of heaven and earth will not fail to restore, in the hour of my distress, what I have parted with for his sake.

O LET thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be manifest in my weakness. Be present with me in the hour of temptation, and confirm the pious resolutions thou hast enabled me to form.

SHE had an inexpressible love and veneration for the *Holy Scriptures*, and was assiduous in the reading of them, particularly the *New Testament*, the *Psalms*, and those parts of the prophetic writings which relate to our blessed Saviour. For some time before her death she scarce read any thing but these sacred books, and practical treatises on religious subjects. She was also wont to assist her improvement in virtue and the Christian life, by frequent meditations on the blessedness of a future state, the perfections of God, particularly his infinite goodness and mercy in the redemption of the world by *Jesus Christ*; and on other important parts of religion, which appeared best suited to promote devout and holy dispositions. And besides these her usual exercises of piety, in the latter part of her life, she observed some stated seasons of abstinence and extraordinary devotion.

THE fervor of her zeal in the cause of religion, was beyond the rate of common examples. As she could not command her tears of transport, when she was witness to any eminent instance of piety, so the sinking state in which the interest of heaven now appears, and the fatal advances of infidelity in this nation, rent her very soul. She spoke with the highest esteem and gratitude of those excellent persons, who, in the present age have defended Christianity by their learned writings, and truly venerated them as public benefactors to mankind. She much interested herself in the prosperity of the colony of Georgia. An establishment projected on the justest principles of liberty, and with the most generous views, to promote social happiness, could not but give a very sensible pleasure to so benevolent a mind: But her exquisite satisfaction in this design, was chiefly owing to her piety, and the hopes she entertained, that this remote part of the world would be blest with the knowledge of the true religion. *I do pray, says she, I cannot help praying for a glorious success of the gospel in those dark regions, where the name of a Saviour has not been known.— Though the prospect seems gloomy here, it looks bright there, and my soul rejoices in it. God will, no doubt, bless our present government for so good an undertaking: It will shine in history to their immortal honour.*

Mrs. Rowe seemed born for the practice of sublime and ascetic piety, 'twas the supreme pleasure of her life; yet her own words assure us, that she did not set too high a value on strong emotions of the passions, and religious fervors; nor was tempted by the love of devotion to prefer it to social virtue. For she thus expresses herself in a letter to a noble friend. *I have wrote no pious meditations of late. The warmth of devotion, perhaps, as well as other passions, declines with life. But I hope the calm, the reasonable and solid part of religion will be still improv'd.* And in another letter to the same lady, she says, *I have no restitution to make, nor the least known injury to repair. I lay a much greater stress on this part of religion, that regards mankind, than I do on any height of devotion, as necessary as I think it, to reconcile the mind to death.* She affected no kind of singularity or appearance of severity; nor presumed to censure those who came not up to that strictness to which she obliged herself. And she was so far from imposing any methods of devout life which she herself used, on others to whom, on account of their difference of tempers, and deeper engagements in the business of the world, they might be inexpedient, that she did not recommend, or I think, so much as mention them to her most intimate friends; but, on the contrary, studied concealment so much, that 'tis only from her manuscripts, and the information of her servant (from whom they could not be

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be hid) that I have arrived at the knowledge of the greater part of them, since her death.

SHE possessed a large measure of that serenity and cheerfulness of temper, which seem naturally to flow from conscious virtue, and the hopes of the divine favour. This happy disposition of mind, which is more than once recommended in the sacred writings, and is so great an ornament to sincere piety, continued with Mrs. Rowe to her last moments, and was never interrupted by any of those fantastic disorders that so often cloud the imaginations of the softer sex; so that (excepting the intervals of sorrow, occasioned by her devout and compassionate dispositions, and just affliction for the loss of Mr. Rowe and Mr. Singer.) Her whole life seemed not only a constant calm, but a perpetual sun-shine, and every hour of it sparkled with good humour, and inoffensive gaiety.

As it may seem improper to relate the sentiments of a lady who was not vers'd in controversial divinity, or the erudition of the schools, on subjects that have divided the learned and religious world; I will only take the liberty to say, that she openly avowed what appeared to her to be truth, and defended it with warmth; yet the sweetness of her disposition made her incapable of the impious rashness of those, who, without mercy, pronounce a sentence of damnation on all who dissent from them in abstruse and disputable points: But she expressed

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expressed herself as if it was less necessary to guard against the contrary extreme. For she says, in one of her letters, *My charity is very large, and from this catholic spirit I have often canonized some libertine or atheist for a great saint.* Her love of piety was not confined to those of her own party in religion; and it ought to be related as an exemplary instance of Christian moderation, that she continued all the latter part of her life in constant communion with some who differed from her in articles which she thought of great importance; though she was frequently solicited to an opposite conduct by persons of a more narrow spirit; and could not escape censure for her adherence to the charity of the gospel. And as her zeal did in no part of her life degenerate into religious fury, so, towards the close of it, her gentle and charitable dispositions increased, and she seemed to be visibly ripening into the temper of that blessed region to which she was soon to be removed.

Her friendships were founded on virtue, but not a perfect agreement in those lesser matters which divide us as Christians and *Englishmen*; in which she shewed a generous mind, elevated above the mean principles of party and bigotry. She was favoured with the esteem and acquaintance of the Countess of Winchelsea, the Viscountess Weymouth, the Viscountess Scudamore, the Lady Carteret, the Lady Brooke, the honourable Mrs. Thynne, the Earl of Orrery, Dr. Kenne, Lord Bishop of Bath

and

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and Wells, Sir Richard Blackmore, Dr. Watts, Mr. Prior, Mr. Grove, &c. But above all she possessed the highest degree of friendship with another illustrious ornament of the age, which as it began as soon as ever her Ladyship was capable of this generous passion; so it continued without the least interruption to the last moments of Mrs. Rowe's life. And it gives me great pleasure that I can conclude the character of a lady whose memory ought to be most dear to me; with this testimony to her virtue and merit; that her life was honoured with the friendship; and her death lamented with the tears of the Countess of HERTFORD.

*Nec tua, praeter te, chartis intexere quisquam
Facta queat, dictis ut non majora supersint.*





To Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

On her Divine Poems.

July 19. 1796.

ON the fair banks of gentle *Thames*
 I tun'd my harp; nor did celestial themes
 Refuse to dance upon my strings:
 There beneath the evening sky,
 I fung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
 To everlasting things.
 Sudden from *Albion's* western coast
 Harmonious notes came gliding by,
 The neighb'ring shepherds knew the silver sound;
 'Tis *PHILOMELA's* voice the neighb'ring shepherds
 At once my strings all silent lie, [cry,
 At once my fainting muse was lost,
 In the superior sweetness drown'd.
 In vain I bid my tuneful pow'rs unite;
 My soul retir'd, and left my tongue,
 I was all ear, and *PHILOMELA's* song
 Was all divine delight.

II. Now

II.

Now be my harp forever dumb;
My Muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome;
'Twas long ago I broke all but th'immortal strings:
Now those immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heav'n, and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers with awe profound,
While PHILOMELA sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

I. WATTS.



To Mrs. ROWE.

On her excellent Poems.

TEACH me the art, fair regent of the soul,
To raise the passions, or at will, controul;
That heav'nly art which can our cares beguile,
Make envy pleas'd, and pensive sorrow smile.
Circe with magic spells the soul could bind,
And change the shape: here the reverse we find;
The brute, transform'd by you, assumes a nobler
kind.

The LIFE of

O H A D I but thy voice, and skill, and lyre !
Soon would I set the list'ning swains on fire,
Virtue's majestic form before their eyes,
Her lovely train, her palace in the skies,
And high refulgent throne, should stand confest,
And with aspiring wishes swell each breast.
The tenants of the grove, a tuneful throng,
Should cease their lays, to hear my sweeter song ;
Thyself too transports feel, before unknown,
And in *another* praise what *was thy own* :
Else the too modest nymph will ne'er believe,
How soft the strains ! the joys how vast they give !
But while th' admiring audience sit around,
And faint beneath the rapture of the sound,
Calm and unaw'd, she will herself appear,
And think we flatter what she scarce can bear.

FOND wishes these ! to think she would impart
Heav'n's inspirations, like the rules of art ;
Or trust to any mean, unskilful hand,
(The speaking strings that knows not to command)
The golden gift, a welcome present made
By *Gabriel* ; who with grace celestial said :
' Hail, thou of heav'n belov'd ! this harp is thine,
' So often sat to hymns and airs divine ;
' Still let it sacred be to praise and love ;
' 'Twill kindle ardors pure as ours above,
' Assist thy rising soul, and bear her flight
' Beyond the rolling spheres, to realms of endless light :
' Morning and ev'ning let me meet thee there.'
No more he spoke - - - but mix'd unseen with air.

HENRY GROVE.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

ci

To Mrs. ROWE.

After her Recovery from the Small-Pox.

PERMIT, great awful soul, the muse
The rough, unpractis'd muse, to bring
Her humble joy upon her feeble wing,

Nor the bold address refuse;

Weak tho' her wings, and faint her fire,
Yet true the heart, and ardent the desire.

O! could I rise, and soar like *thee*,

On sounding pinions through the skies;
My daring muse should hail th' auspicious fate,
In notes that would the list'ning world surprise;

And proud in pompous harmony,

With solemn and majestic state,

Should bring an off'ring that might be

Worthy *Heav'n*, and worthy *thee*.

Cruel disease! that dost not spare

The Great, the Witty, or the Fair!

BLEST *Maria's* royal charms
Yielded to thy hideous arms:

From us at once thou didst remove

To the brighter realms above

That heav'n of beauty and of love.

Thou didst attack th' *Imperial* crown,

And strike the *Roman* eagle down.

PROUD *Gallia* wears a mournful face,
To see her haughty *Bourbon* race,

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Her boasted heirs reduc'd by thee
To a weak infant progeny.

YOUNG *Churchill* felt thy poison'd dart
Pierce his gen'rous, tender heart,
Drop'd in life's advancing bloom,
Nor saw his *mighty father's* doom :
Europe freed, and *France* subdu'd,
And the old *English* gratitude ;
Curs'd by those his courage sav'd,
By ev'ry senseless coward brav'd ;
All his godlike acts disprais'd,
Sunk by the pow'r his virtue rais'd :
Yet just posterity shall call
The *Hero* greater by his fall.

AH ! the laurel'd *Poet's* breath,
That saves the *Patriot's* name from death,
Stopp'd by thy relentless pow'r,
Cruel disease ! is heard no more.

BRIGHT *Orinda* ! sacred name,
Sacred to virtue and to fame !
Yet we lament her destiny,
Bright *Orinda* fell by thee.

Cruel disease ! that dost not spare
The Great, the Witty, or the Fair !

BUT vacant thrones are fill'd again ;
New heroes with their warlike train
Triumph on the hostile plain.

Ev'n bright *Orinda's* harmony,
 Great *PHILOMEL's* supply'd by *thee* :
 Thy double portion of her fire
 Kindles soft joys and pure desire.
 Fav'rite of the tuneful *Nine* !
 Sweet the notes ! the thoughts divine !
 Much already has been giv'n
 By *thee*, inspir'd by bounteous Heav'n :
 Now o'erjoy'd we hope for more
 From thy wit's unmeasur'd store.
 Still we find this gaudy town
 Without *thee* a desert grown :
 But when winter's rugged face
 The rural honours does disgrace,
 Then returning home with *thee*
 A new, a wond'rous spring we see,
Beauty, Joy, and Harmony.

FORGIVE the thought ! how happy we
 At such distance plac'd from thee !
 None with their officious haste
 Told the danger, till 'twas past ;
 Our sympathizing souls were spar'd,
 Nor thy *Delius'* torments shar'd ;
 Yet with horror we dilate
 On the near impending fate.

WHEN thou shalt to death submit,
 Who shall supply those eyes and wit ?
 Ne'er again we hope to find
 Two such heav'nly wonders join'd,
 So fair a face, so bright a mind !

*Kind disease! that once didst spare
The Great, the Witty, and the Fair!*

Sept. 8. 1712.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

To Mrs. ROWE.

On her excellent Poems.

WHILE *Phœbus*' fav'rite sons in lofty lays
Attune their lyres to *PHILOMELA*'s praise,
Will the fair saint without a frown receive
The humble homage these low numbers give?
Virtuous their zeal, if in th' attempt they fail,
In duteous strains distinguish'd worth to hail.

CONSUMMATE mistress of the tuneful art!
To thee the *Nine* their various gifts impart,
Teach thee alike with matchless skill to inspire
The rural reed, or touch the courtly lyre;
And bid thy verse with blended beauties please,
Sweetness with strength, and majesty with ease.
What shining sense in purest diction told!
The current limpid, and the bottom gold.
What glowing figures warm with heavenly flame!
What happy judgment, fancy's rage to tame!
Bold as the flight of the * *Dircean* swan,
Whose daring pinions earth's low scenes disdain;

* PINDAR.

Wild,

Wild, unconfin'd, he wantons, roams, and soars,
And leaves the stars behind, in his unbounded course;
Yet softly sweet thy melting numbers move,
As when the * *Lesbian* tunes her lute to love;
When gentle harmony, and easy art,
Sooth ev'ry sense, and steal upon the heart.

THY meanest worth, the gift of tuneful lays,
To use that gift aright thy nobler praise;
To own the Giver, and direct thy songs
To the high themes that dwell on seraph's tongues;
In faithful verse to bid bright virtue shine
Fair as she looks to angels eyes, and thine;
And audient of her lore, beneath the sky,
Th' immortal strains of paradise to try;
This praise shall last when *Homer's* fame decays,
And vengeful fire o'er total nature preys;
When ev'ry work of man, in equal scales,
Just Heav'n shall weigh, and all but virtue fails.

THE N impious poets, who profane of heart,
To flatter vice debas'd the heav'nly art,
Still weep their blasted bays, and howl below,
Amid their kindred fiends, in gulphs of woe.

NOT so the Bard who guilty laurels shunn'd,
Whose daring muse the cause of virtue own'd;
Immortal palms his honour'd brow shall grace,
God own his worth, and angels speak his praise.

THIS, PHILOMELA, all the fame you seek,
For this you ev'ry fond engagement break;

For this from sure applause to shades retire,
 To consecrate to heav'n your hallow'd lyre.
 Content while God approves, you pleas'd forego
 Fame, wealth and ev'ry boasted joy below;
 To lead the life of heav'n, to all unknown,
 Till the *last day*, when God thy deeds shall crown.

THEN hid no more, thy worth the world shall
 know,
 And angels loud the trump of glory blow.
 Then by th' applauding universe approv'd,
 By seraphs honour'd, and by God belov'd,
 Thou, friend of virtue in degenerate days!
 Who dar'd assert her cause, and sing her praise,
 Shalt take, tho' late, the great, th'immortal prize,
 Crown'd with distinguish'd honours in the skies:
 While brighter stars shall round thy temples shine,
 And near the martyr host a throne be thine.



To Mrs. ROWE.

*Occasion'd by her presenting me with Moliere's
 Works.*

WELL may you part with *Moliere's* comic
 strains,
 Whose polish'd soul no female fault retains;
 But might reveal'd with modest pride, defy
 The nicest search of his discerning eye,

With

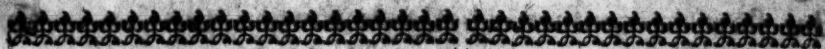
Wise without fowness, without lightness gay,
 Devout as angels, and as mild as they :
 Not warmer flames their noblest songs inspire,
 Nor deeper rev'rence sinks th' adoring quire,
 Than your's, when to their theme you tune the lyre.
 Your piercing wit the best good-nature sways,
 Quick the least merit to discern and raise,
 But slow to censure what you cannot praise.
 The spleen o'er you ne'er sheds his baleful ray,
 You still enjoy, and give unsullied day.
 No hideous pedantry with learned noise
 Confounds the music of the female voice ;
 But while the wisest maxims you infuse,
 With rapture we attend, and hail the heav'nly muse,
 In you religion's native beauties shine,
 Attract our love, and prove its rise divine.
 Courted by fame, with pleasure compass'd round,
 Unhurt you traverse this enchanted ground,
 To heav'n with faintless speed your course pursue,
 Nor can the gaudy scene from heav'n divert your view.
 And when this darling theme your tongue employs,
 Seraphic notions rule your charming voice,
 We hear an angel, and we taste the joys.
 If finish'd scenes you draw of bliss above,
 Libertines gaze, admire, begin to love,
 Confess him wise, whose heart and hope's on high,
 And dread their sensual joys at such a price to buy.

BUT whither would I rove — fair saint, excuse
 The feeble efforts of a grateful muse,
 Which not aspir'd a perfect draught to frame,
 But only meant to give those charms a name,

Which

Which late with pleasing transports fill'd my soul,
 And bid the happy hours unnumber'd roll,
 Taught me unmov'd to view th' unthinking fair,
 And made ev'n *Moliere* less a wit appear.

THO. AMORY,



Verses to the Memory of Mrs. ROWE.

By a FRIEND.

WHILE penfive in the lonely shades I stray,
 Or thro' enamel'd meads pursue my way,
 A gloomy sorrow hangs about my heart,
 And sudden tears o'er my dim eye-balls start.
 In vain (I cry) in vain, delightful spring,
 Thou deckst the plains, who now thy charms shall sing?
 Who from the various beauty of the fields,
 And ev'ry herb thy genial influence yields,
 Shall teach us their GREAT AUTHOR to discern,
 And from each tree and flow'r his goodness learn?
 Since PHILOMELA her last debt has paid,
 And cold, and silent, in the tomb is laid.
 No more the echoes shall repeat her song;
 Nor crystal riv'lets, as they glide along,
 Shall on their waters bear her tuneful lays,
 Devoted all to her REDEEMER'S praise:
 No more shall I her friendly converse share,
 Nor hear the dictates of her pious care.

YET

YET tho' the bright example is remov'd,
Be its idea still rever'd, and lov'd;
To imitate her virtue may I try;
And on the path she mark'd still fix my eye.
Tho' far behind, imperfect, and distressed,
Fain would I seek the climes of balmy rest:
Where sin no more can tempt, nor pain annoy,
Nor pining sorrow interrupt their joy;
Where rivers of eternal pleasure flow,
And gales of peace forever round them blow.
Say, could I see her in this happy state,
And that she lives no more on earth regret?
That freed, and victor in the glorious strife,
No more she labours thro' the toil of life;
But wears the starry crown, the bright reward,
By God himself for all his saints prepar'd?

How often, when I join'd her ev'ning walk,
Would she in rapture of this period talk!
How oft the fetters of her clay bemoan,
And wish them broke, impatient to be gone!
Yet still resign'd to wait th' appointed day,
Nor dar'd to murmur at her fate's delay.
The thought of earthly bliss she long had fled,
Desirous to be number'd with the dead,
And meet her dear *Alexis*, on that shore,
Where fear of parting can torment no more:
Faithful to him, she from the world retir'd,
Tho' by that world distinguish'd and admir'd.
In solitude she past the circling days,
Fearless of censure, negligent of praise.

In

cx *The* L I F E of

In contemplation all her hours were spent,
Her thoughts on heav'nly objects ever bent,
Till by the hand of death from hence remov'd;
Whose dart she met in the retreat she lov'd.

Obscure and peaceful may her ashes lie,
No marble pomp attract the curious eye;
Nor weeping angel shall her grave adorn,
And teach the careless passenger to mourn;
No sun-burnt pilgrim from afar shall come,
With superstitious rites to hail her tomb;
Nor shining tapers thro' the gloom of night,
Upon her urn diffuse a trembling light:

Her worth a far more lasting fame shall give,
Her worth in ev'ry virtuous breast shall live.



On the Death of Mrs. Rowe.

ACCEPT, illustrious shade! these artless lays,
The muse a tribute to thy mem'ry pays!
Thy loss to no one private grief confin'd,
Demands the gen'ral sorrow of mankind.

Of T did intrigue its guilty arts unite,
To blacken the records of female wit;
The tuneful song lost ev'ry modest grace,
And lawless freedoms triumph'd in their place.
The muse, for vices not her own accus'd,
With blushes view'd her sacred gifts abus'd:

Those

Those gifts for nobler purposes design'd,
To raise the thoughts, and moralize the mind,
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire,
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.

THESE glorious tasks were PHILOMELA's part,
Who charms the fancy, and who mends the heart.
In her was ev'ry bright perfection join'd,
Whate'er adorns, or dignifies the mind;
Her's ev'ry happy elegance of thought,
Refin'd by virtue, as by genius wrought:
Each low-born care her pow'rful strains controul,
And wake the nobler passions of the soul.
When to the vocal grove, or winding stream,
She hymn'd th' almighty Author of its frame,
Transported echoes bore the sounds along,
And all creation list'ned to the song.
Bold as when raptur'd seraphs strike the the lyre,
Chaste as the vestal's consecrated fire,
Soft as the balmy airs that gently play,
In the calm sun-set of a vernal day,
Sublime as virtue, elegant as wit,
As fancy various, and as beauty sweet.
Applauding angels with attention hung,
To learn the heav'nly accents from her tongue:
They in the midnight hour beheld her rise
Beyond the verge of these inferior skies;
Where rapt in joys to vulgar minds unknown,
She felt a flame ecstatic as their own.

Oh! while distinguish'd in the realms above,
 The blissful seats of harmony and love,
 Thy happy spirit joins the heav'nly throng,
 Glows with their transports, and partakes their song;
 Fix'd on my soul shall thy example grow,
 And be my genius and my guide below:
 To this I'll point my first, my noblest views,
 Thy spotless verse shall regulate my muse.
 And oh! forgive (tho' faint the transcript be,
 That copies an original like thee)
 My highest pride, my best attempt for fame,
 That joins my own to PHILOMELA's name.

ELIZABETH CARTER.



On the Death of Mrs. ROWE.

WHAT heav'nly pow'r bends o'er yon gaping
 grave,

And weeps th' illustrious dead she could not save?

Lo! from her flowing robes divinely bright

A dazzling glory gilds the shades of night.

'Tis thou, *Urania*! the celestial maid

This tribute pays to PHILOMELA's shade:

For thee, great bard, she bids her sorrows flow,

Lost in her grief, an ecstasy of woe.

But hark! from her long trance the goddess breaks;

And thus in wild, despairing accents speaks.

(Thou

(Thou midnight moon, and all ye starry throng,
Retard your course, and hear th' immortal song!
Ye silver floods, your murm'ring flux restrain,
Nor roll your crystal volumes to the main!)

No more let flow'rs receive their annual birth,
Or vernal verdure cloathe the laughing earth;
No more, thou solar lamp, the day restore;
Ye stars, the fields of ether gild no more;
Thou lunar orb, withdraw thy silver light,
To total darkness give the horrid night:
Dead is the bard, who wont from you to raise
A song immortal to your Maker's praise;
In your fair volumes saw the God design'd,
And from his works sung the creating mind.
Dead is my boast, in whom I meant to show
What gifts the first of muses could bestow.
Oh! she had pow'r the wildest rage to charm,
To bend the haughtiest, and the coldest warm;
Pow'r to seduce unthinking crouds from bliss,
And bid delusion and perdition please:
Far other her design; her heav'nly page
To truth and wisdom guides the list'ning age.
Undazzled by the glitt'ring pomp of state,
Not her's the part to praise the guilty great;
Merit alone boasts her unbrib'd applause,
And all her art she us'd in virtue's cause.
Drawn by her hand in native beauty bright
Religion rises lovely to the sight.
No more can vice, with all her borrow'd charms,
Tempt thoughtless mortals to her fatal arms;
They for false bliss no more the true destroy,
Or rush on mis'ry, for a dream of joy.

Ev'n death, supreme of terrors, now appears
 No more the object of mistaking fears;
 He frees th' immortal mind from humble clay,
 And gives a passage to eternal day:
 Tho' dark the way, with joy they tread the road,
 That leads to bliss, to virtue, and to God:

SUCH, heav'nly bard, thy works, whose lasting
 praise

Shall crown thy head with never-fading bays,
 Secure of life shall the grave's pow'r defy,
 And last unchang'd till time and nature die.
 Yet what to thee the fame by mortals giv'n?
 To thee, applauded in the courts of heav'n?
 There thy least glory, first of bards, to have sung
 In accents worthy of a seraph's tongue;
 Thy nobler praise, fair saint, that when below
 Thine was the god-like pleasure to bestow:
 That the prime grace, celestial charity,
 The first and fairest daughter of the sky,
 Thy hands extended, triumph'd in thy breast,
 And her great vot'ry's total soul possess'd.
 What loud laments were sent to heav'n that day
 That to its earth restor'd thy breathless clay!
 How did the wretched curse the hour that gave
 Their patron, friend, and parent to the grave!
 These are thy honours! honours that can grace
 None but the foremost of the human race.
 Tyrants may sleep beneath the *Parian* dome,
 And sculptur'd marble breathe around their tomb;
 Stupendous piles, whose turrets wound the sky,
 May tell the world where its destroyers lie.

Thy foul, great bard, disdain'd the meaner part
To borrow grandeur from the works of art ;
Not thine the praises of a flatt'ring stone,
By thy sepulchral structure only known :
Far other honours future ages owe,
Than monumental marbles can bestow ;
While wit or sacred verse shall know to charm,
While virtue's self the human breast shall warm,
Thy mem'ry shall survive, secure of fame,
And latest times shall celebrate thy name.
Lo! I, the first of muses, grace thy shade,
And honours give, not oft to mortals paid.
Lest mourn'd th' inspiring muse, when *Lesbos*' pride
(By thee alone excell'd) fam'd *Sappho* dy'd.

MEAN time, while all the great and good below
Lament their loss in agony of woe,
Th' angelic hosts receive th' immortal mind,
No more on earth in humble clay confin'd ;
The sons of heav'n the kindred spirit greet,
And pleas'd, conduct thee to thy native seat :
There pleasures flow eternal and divine,
And all the joys of paradise are thine.
Such thy blest lot, and such the bright reward
For such distinguish'd excellence prepar'd !

THE goddess ceas'd, and in a blaze of light,
To heav'n, her native region, urg'd her flight :

Aug. 1737.

NICOLAS MUNKLEY.

Elegiac Verses.

*Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. ELIZABETH
ROWE.*

FAREWEL, O ever honour'd, ever dear!
The bard demands a song, the faint a tear.

'Twas thine with native force to touch the heart,
And scorn to steal a grace from rules of art:
So raise the warblers of the woods their notes,
Heav'n taught alone to tune their slender throats.
Unlabour'd beauties deck the song divine,
And ev'ry charm, inspiring muse, is thine:
So boasts some wilderness of sweets to smile
By nature's gift, nor asks the aids of toil.

ESTRANG'D from flatt'ry, and to courts unknown,
And vice thy gen'rous scorn ev'n on a throne;
Thy muse disdain'd the guilty great to sing,
No stateman's name profan'd her sacred string:
Thy happier choice to match the heav'nly choir,
And tune to virtue's praise th' ennobled lyre.
Nor prais'd alone, you practis'd what you sung,
That virtue rul'd your breast, which warm'd your
tongue;
From the full heart flow'd ev'ry godlike thought,
And thy life acted what thy numbers taught.

O THOU hadst all that can the soul engage,
The fire of youth chasten'd by sapient age:

Gay without lightness, grave, yet not severe,
Polite as courts, as rustic truth sincere ;
Perfection all (as far as mortal can)
As soft as woman, and as wise as man.

FAIR like the snowy beauty of thy mien,
Th' unfully'd whiteness of thy soul within ;
Good without shew, thy virtue, like thy lays,
Sincere of art, shone with unborrow'd grace.
No lures of glory could thy wish persuade,
Fitted to shine in courts you sought the shade,
Declin'd the honours worth like thine might claim,
And hid in distant desarts fled from fame :
In vain ! for which each virtue and each muse
Crown'd thy retreat, fair fame their steps pursues.
Conceal'd from sight, thus sparkling diamonds shine
'Midst lonely wastes, deep in the distant mine ;
But hid in vain, ev'n there, with searching eyes
Men mark their beauty, and their value prize.
Yet not applause could taint thy humble mind,
To thy own worth, as others frailties, blind ;
So dead to vanity, thy angel guard
Here ceas'd their needless watch, nor danger fear'd.
Gold's glitt'ring baits, which all mankind betray,
Thou could'st with undesiring eyes survey :
Thy soul replete with virtue's sacred store,
The world forgot, prefer'd no pray'r for more :
Thus the rapt seraph, crown'd with heav'nly joys,
Wastes not a wish on all earth's slighted toys.
Fond to commend, unknowing how to blame,
Thy lips ne'er learn'd a harsher sound to frame ;
The good with praise thy zealous tongue address'd,
Silence was all thy censure of the rest.

Thy soul serene, in all events the same,
Scarce felt a warmth that virtue's self could blame;
No gust of ire disturb'd her blest repose,
Like *Eden's* skies; where never tempest rose:
Reason triumphant, and the passions chain'd,
Unshaken rule the victor mind maintain'd.
Angel to bless and save! what faithful strain
Can sing thy goodness to the suff'ring train?
To all the joys of luxury unknown,
Scarcely what nature's wants requir'd, your own,
The poor had all the rest; and still thy heart
Grudg'd nature's real wants their slender part,
Studious to soften ev'ry human ill,
And all the wounds of adverse fortune heal,
Thy lib'ral hand dealt happiness around,
Nor indigence was near thy mansion found:
While modesty still threw a veil between
Thy deeds and praise: so angels bless unseen.

O E A R L Y lost, tho' length of days was thine!
Their friend, their parent must the poor resign?
Who now shall sooth the sinking heart to hope,
And blend with lenient sweets woe's bitter cup?
Where shall the orphan's cry find pitying ears?
Into whose breast the widow pour her tears?
Where modest merit find the gen'rous friend,
Prompt e'er she sues the lib'ral aid to lend?
Whose zeal to bless shall servile tasks repeat,
Bind the saints wounds, and wash their wearied feet,
Court worth in rags to share her bounteous board,
The servant of the servants of the Lord?

DEAR

DEAR to thy God! while habitant on earth,
Th' Almighty goodness own'd thy favour'd worth,
And had thy life, to mingled woe unknown,
A long-extended line of golden fate run on.
Thus some fair stream, that from a plenteous source
Derives its rise, maintains its happy course:
No baser wave its silver current blends,
No ruffling storm from angry heav'n descends;
But smooth and limpid, o'er the flow'ry plain
It rolls its lengthen'd way, and seeks the distant main.

PEACE crown'd thy days, and the propitious skies
White, like the rest, bad thy last hour arise:
Wan sickness, gloomy fear, the fury, pain,
With scorpion scourge, and all death's direful train;
That oft around th' expiring good man's bed
Terrific stand, and hell-born horrors shed,
Rage to afflict thy mortal hour in vain,
Heav'n's high behests th' unwilling fiends restrain.
Sudden, with scarce a pang, the vital chains
Break — the freed soul her native sky regains.
So falls some monarch oak, that flourish'd long
With verdure beauteous, and with vigour strong;
Whose spreading arms stretch'd o'er the gladsome
plain,
Shade to the flock, and shelter to the swain:
Not destin'd to the woes of long decay,
While years on years roll sad and flow away;
At once the lifted steel his trunk assails,
He falls, and ev'ry swain his loss bewails.

FAREWELL! if 'tis the muse's boast to crown
 With deathless fame, and virtue meets renown;
 While yonder orbs their measur'd dance pursue,
 The wise shall praise, the good shall copy you.



On the Death of Mrs. ROWE.

COME, all ye wise, and all ye virtuous, come,
 To pay due honours at this sacred tomb!
 Prest by this rude, unpolish'd marble lies
 What PHILOMELA left beneath the skies.
 What tho' no artist's hand has mark'd the stone,
 And her fair form in breathing sculpture shewn;
 Her weeping friends no want of *Phidias'* mourn,
 Nor with the *Parian* bust, or pompous urn:
 Suffices *this* to shew, this earth can claim
 The sacred reliques of so great a name.
 Nor need these lines in trite expression praise
 The matchless beauties of her heav'nly lays;
 Secure of fame, her own immortal song
 Speaks her the pride of the poetic throng.
 Fitter her virtuous use of verse to shew,
 And what saints laud above, commend below.

Too mean the task for thy immortal lays,
 To deck the infamous in pow'r with praise:
 His crimes disguis'd, no cruel tyrant shines
 The father of his people in thy lines.

Not thine from virtue's sacred paths t'entice,
And add false beauties to the monster vice;
Not thine to bid religion's heav'nly rules
Become the laughter of licentious fools:
Thy strains, fair faint, teach us, from error free,
Like thee to live, and to be blest like thee.

Thou glory of thy sex and age, farewell!
Thy various virtues future bards shall tell;
Men yet unborn thy mem'ry shall revere,
And wet thy marble with a pious tear:
No more to thee by mortals can be given,
This earth shall pay — the rest is left to heav'n.

Nov. 1737.



On the Death of Mrs. ELIZABETH
ROWE.

MUCH honour'd shade! while sorrowing o'er
thy urn,
The friend, the sister, and the saint I mourn,
O that my lays each tuneful grace could boast,
Sweet as the strains that wept *Alexis* lost;
That while I sigh thy fate, and sing thy name,
My alter'd verse might catch thy heav'nly flame!
Then with my theme my numbers should agree,
Inspir'd by ev'ry muse, and worthy thee.

FAIR shone thy form, how fitted to impart
 Joy to the eye, and passion to the heart !
 Yet was thy sex's pride, to lure the gaze
 With radiant beauty, but thy smallest praise ;
 Exalted goodness, and a soul divine,
 (Immortal charms by seraphs lov'd) were thine.
 So 'midst the blooming race the spring supplies,
 Smiles some fair flow'r deck'd with distinguish'd dies ;
 Nor sooths the sight with painted pride alone,
 But wond'rous virtues its gay honours crown ;
 Potent to heal, the sacred plant contains
 Balm for our wounds, and med'cine for our pains.

O FAV'RITE of the nine ! in whom conspire
 The *Sapphic* sweetness, and *Pindaric* fire,
 What various beauty decks thy happy song !
 Soft as thy form, and as thy virtue strong.
 Smooth as the gliding stream, that o'er the plain,
 With stealing lapse, rolls on his watry train ;
 And softly murm'ring winds its gentle way,
 While vernal hours the temp'rate season sway :
 Yet strong, as when the wintry tempests pour
 The gushing rains t'augment the liquid store ;
 When swoln to rage, it foams, and roars, and raves,
 And rolls resistless violence of waves,
 Bursts like a swelling ocean o'er the plain,
 And thund'ring pours along impetuous to the main.

WHENE'ER thy *Doric* lays delight the grove
 With gen'rous friendship, or with guiltless love,

O solitude! how smiles thy calm retreat,
 The muses haunt, and virtue's best-lov'd seat!
 Courts lure no more, the blaze of grandeur fades,
 And ev'ry heart sighs for thy peaceful shades.
 If plaintive of *Alexis'* early doom,
 We hear the mourning o'er a husband's tomb;
 Kind, wife, and good, snatch'd from thy widow'd arms
 In all the blooming pride of manly charms;
 What bosom bleeds not at thy moving strains?
 What eye the tributary tear refrains?
 Or if thy muse, warm'd with diviner flame,
 Scorns mortal themes, and sings th' Almighty's name,
 Taught by thy verse celestial heights to soar,
 Earth lessens to our view, and charms no more;
 Our raptur'd breasts thy sacred ardors share,
 Heav'n all our hope, and virtue all our care:
 While wond'ring angels from the skies bend down,
 To hear the song they scarce would blush to own.

O BORN to bless, adorn, and mend the age!
 Thou dar'dst for friendless piety engage
 Yet too well-natur'd for satiric rhymes,
 (Thy part to weep, not lash licentious times)
 Thy gentle muse *Iambic* rage declin'd,
 And chose a task more suited to thy mind:
 To paint what woe to guilty joy succeeds,
 And fire the breast with love of godlike deeds;
 Woe alien to thy days, for ever true
 To piety, and promis'd heav'n in view;
 But ev'ry godlike deed thy page displays,
 Shone in thy living worth with rival grace.
 O happy work! which ev'ry bosom charms,
 That wit allures, or sacred virtue warms.

THE libertine, who lost in guilty joys,
Scorns heav'n's just lore, and shuns the preacher's
voice;
Won by thy artful tales of gen'rous deeds,
Shall feel the wish to copy what he reads:
No more by vice enslav'd, th' unfetter'd youth,
Freed by thy hand shall find the paths of truth;
And form'd by thee, his better hopes shall rise
On virtue's solid base, and reach the skies.

So charm thy works! whose lasting fame shall shed
Unblasted laurels on thy honour'd head;
No vulgar boast! yet nobler is the praise
Of angel goodness than of angel lays:
Parnassian wreaths with faded lustre shine,
While palms celestial round thy temples twine.

RECLUS'D from all the world, and worldly care,
Thy life's sole bus'ness charity and pray'r;
Gold's tempting charms ne'er gave thy breast to glow,
Who knew no use of wealth but to bestow.
The store heav'n lent thy lib'ral bounty spread,
Cloath'd were the naked, and the famish'd fed;
Sav'd by thy hand, the widow wip'd her eye,
And orphans' breasts forgot the frequent sigh:
Parent to pity, patron to relieve,
Merit ne'er mourn'd, while you had more to give.

BE witness, O thou charitable door,
Which ever op'd, receiv'd the crowding poor,
That never suff'ring virtue's weeping train
Before thy threshold breath'd their wants in vain.

ASSIST me, O celestial muse, to paint
The holy fervors of th' adoring saint!
Her hours of heav'nly converse, pray'r and praise,
(The largest, best-lov'd portion of her days)
When prostrate low she pour'd her soul to God,
All rapt to heav'n, and like a seraph glow'd:
But cease, my lays, nor dare the subject try,
Guess it, ye saints, if thought can reach so high!

YE ministers of heav'n, whose guardian grace,
Attends the good, witness her pray'r and praise;
Say, if from mortal tongue ye e'er have known
Pray'rs more sincere, or praise more like your own.

THOSE joys, thou Virtue, only can bestow,
Crown'd with eternal peace her open brow;
The tranquil mind, from fav'ring heav'n serene,
Transpierc'd her frame, and shone upon her mien:
Such sweetness decks a smiling angel's face,
Breathing around benevolence and grace.

BLEST in thy life and genius! blest in death!
Allow'd without a pang to yield thy breath;
Unfelt the stroke, and spar'd the painful strife,
Of nature struggling, e'er she parts with life:
One hour in blooming health, the next, the skies
Receive the saint to ever-during joys.
Thy gracious God thus heard thy favour'd vows,
And crown'd thy virtue with the death you chose.
Such fate, if heav'n approves, my pray'rs implore,
Such be my life, and such its latest hour!

Blest

Blest hour! that shall returning peace decree,
And bid this bosom bleed no more for thee.

DEAR to the wise and good! but dear in vain!
Not HERTFORD'S tears recall the saint again.
O friend! O sister! to this bosom dear,
By ev'ry name that prompts the sigh sincere,
Torn from my longing hope, in thee I mourn
Life's fondest joy — ah! never to return!
No more these eyes on thy lov'd form shall gaze,
Where more than beauty glow'd in ev'ry grace,
No more, while envious shades unheeded rise,
And summer suns too soon forsake the skies,
My ravish'd soul shall hang upon thy voice,
Imparadis'd in more than mortal joys.
O with what transport did my list'ning ear,
Thy converse, like an angel's rev'renc'd, hear!
While sacred truths in softest accents flow'd,
Breath'd heav'n around, and rapt my soul to God.
Ye hours of heav'n (if ought beneath the skies
Can boast resemblance to celestial joys)
Why will your mem'ry wound my tortur'd thought?
Ne'er to return, can ye be ne'er forgot?
So fate ordains! thro' future life to me,
No joy shall smile sincere from grief for thee.

YE'r not eternal absence shall divide
Those virtuous hearts, which gen'rous friendship ty'd.
If following thee my feet shall learn to tread
That arduous way, from which you never stray'd,
The path shall guide me to thy blest abode,
And oh! perhaps few steps remain untrod.

There,

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE. CXXVII

There, tho' high-thron'd, and to thy God more near,
Sublime thou shin'st in thy exalted sphere ;
Yet may I distant, on thy glories gaze,
And hear thee hymn thy God in heav'nly lays:
There (lower far my seat, my robe less white)
Bliss, tho' unequal, shall our souls unite.

Y E S, we shall meet again, no more to part!
Hope at the sound awakes, and sooths my heart.
Blest hope! that aids with strengthen'd step to tend
O'er life's rough road, while heav'n and thou the
end.

Tho' sunk in woe, with years of sickness worn,
I languish in decay, of joy forlorn,
And thou art lost ; yet welcome ev'ry ill
My life has felt, or future hours shall feel,
If virtue, weak like mine, may hope to share
Thy heav'n, and find the meanest mansion there

M E A N time, O ever-honour'd shade, farewell !
'Tis thine, in everlasting joys to dwell ;
'Tis mine, the loss of angel worth to sigh,
Ne'er to be found again beneath the sky.
Ah friend! how sad, how slow shall roll the hours,
'Till heav'n my soul to thee and bliss restores !

April, 1737.

THEOPHILUS ROWE.

*On the present publication of Mrs.
Rowe's Poems after her death.*

THUS PHILOMELA sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul restrain'd:
Now the freed spirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more
strong;
There only could she learn a loftier song.





P O E M S

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



The VISION.



WAS in the close recesses of a shade,
A shade for sacred contemplation
made ;

No beauteous branch, no plant, or
fragrant flow'r,

But flourish'd near the fair, delicious
bow'r ;

With charming state its lofty arches rise

Adorn'd with blossoms, as with stars the skies ;

All pure and fragrant was the air I drew,

Which winds thro' myrtle groves and orange blew ;

2 POEMS on several occasions.

Clear waves along with pleasing murmur rush,
And down the artful falls in noble cat'acts gush.

'Twas here, within this happy place retir'd,
Harmonious pleasures all my soul inspir'd ;
I take my lyre, and try each tuneful string,
Now war, now love, and beauty's force would sing :
To heav'nly subjects now, in serious lays,
I strive my faint, unskilful voice to raise :
But as I unresolv'd and doubtful lay,
My cares in easy slumbers glide away ;
Nor with such grateful sleep, such soothing rest,
And dreams like this I e'er before was bless'd ;
No wild, uncouth chimera's intervene,
To break the perfect intellectual scene.

THE place was all with heav'nly light o'er-flown,
And glorious with immortal splendor shone ;
When ! lo a bright ethereal youth drew near,
Ineffable his motions and his air.
A soft, beneficent, expresseless grace,
With life's most florid bloom adorn'd his Face ;
Wreaths of immortal palm his temples bind,
And long his radiant hair fell down behind,
His azure robes hung free, and waving to the wind.
Angelic his address, his tuneful voice
Inspir'd a thousand elevating joys :
When thus the wond'rous youth his silence broke,
And with an accent all celestial spoke.

To heav'n, nor longer pause, devote thy songs,
To heav'n the muse's sacred art belongs ;

Let

Let his unbounded glory be thy theme,
Who fills th' eternal regions with his fame;
And when death's fatal sleep shall close thine eyes,
In triumph we'll attend thee to the skies;
We'll crown thee there with everlasting bays,
And teach thee all our celebrated lays.
This spoke, the shining vision upward flies,
And darts as lightning thro' the cleaving skies.



The beginning of the fourth Book of
TASSO'S JERUSALEM *translated.*

BUT while to bring about their great intent,
The Christian army all their vigour bent,
The potent enemy of human kind,
Revolv'd their happy progress in his mind.
His baleful eyes with hellish envy glare,
Half stifled murmurs show his inward care,
And hollow groans betray his deep despair:
With such a heavy, hoarse, and bellowing sound,
Wild bulls, when stung with grief, they trace the
ground,
Fill all the groves, and all the valleys round!
Collecting all the rage within his breast,
For means the active Christians to molest.
Fool! to believe with any force or skill,
T' oppose the methods of th' eternal will;
And those avenging thunders to awake,
That plung'd him headlong down the flaming lake,

4 POEMS on several occasions.

Regardless of that memorable day,
 He summons now the states of hell away.
 Thro' all the climes of endless darkness round,
 The jarring calls of the hoarse trumpet sound;
 Trembled the wide infernal caves again,
 And long the murm'ring air retain'd the fullen
 strain.
 Not half so dreadful in a stormy wreck,
 From low'ring clouds the noisy thunders break;
 Nor vapours close imprison'd in the earth,
 With such wild rumour give themselves a birth.
 In various troops, the gloomy deities
 Together came, that share the vast abyss:
 Unnumber'd forms, and monstrous all appear,
 And deadly terror in their looks they wear;
 With horrid snaky tresses some were crown'd,
 Some stamp'd with brutal hoofs the burning ground;
 Others more curst a human visage find,
 But scaly serpents end below, and wind
 In circling folds prodigious lengths behind;
 And many a lewd, detested *Harpy* there,
Centaurs, and *Sphinx's* hideous forms appear:
Hydra, and *Python*, hissing thro' the gloom,
 With *Gorgon* here, and barking *Scylla*, come:
 Giants and ghastly shapes that want a name,
 And fierce *Cbimera* spitting angry flame;
 And many a fiend and frightful monster more,
 With wild confusion crowd the lofty door.
 Great *Lucifer* the regal seat commands,
 Shaking a rusty scepter in his hands:
 Nor *Alpine* hill, nor some exalted rock,
 That proudly stands the raging ocean's shock,

Nor

POEMS on several occasions. 5

Nor half so tall th' *Atlantic* mount appears;
 So vast his bulk, so high his tow'ring front he rears.
 A horrid majesty furrounds his face,
 Its terror, pride and growing rage increase.
 His red'ning Eyes like fatal comets glare,
 And shoot malignant venom thro' the air:
 Beneath his breast descends a loathsome beard,
 His mouth a deep polluted gulf appear'd;
 Whence issue sulphur, smoke, and pois'nous steams.
 With mutt'ring thunder, and destructive flames.
 He spake; all hell astonish'd at the noise
 Stood mute, grim *Cerberus* restrains his voice;
Cocytus stops, the snakes to hiss forbear,
 While thro' the sounding deep these dreadful words
 we hear.

INFERNAL Gods, worthy the thrones of light,
 And monarchies of heav'n, your native right,
 Whom from the realms of bliss, your ancient lot,
 The just, the glorious cause for which we fought,
 With me to this opprobrious dungeon brought,
 Other success, ev'n he that rules the skies,
 Excepted from our noble enterprize:
 But unmolested now he reigns above,
 And us from thence as conquer'd rebels drove.
 From a serene, and everlasting day,
 From stars, and from the sun's delightful ray;
 To shades, and endless horrors we retire,
 Nor dare again to those gay climes aspire.
 But I th' effects of all his wrath disdain,
 'Till one curst thought exasperates my pain;
 That racking thought I never can sustain:

6 POEMS on several occasions.

I could with joy in heav'n resign my place,
 But rage to see it fill'd with man's degen'rate race;
 To see vile dust exalted to supply
 Our once illustrious stations in the sky;
 And what distracts me more——
 As all too little, to our mighty foe
 Appear'd, that he for worthless man could do;
 The ruin'd wretches forfeiture to pay,
 He gave to death his darling son a prey;
 Victorious o'er the meagre king, in state
 He proudly enters the infernal gate;
 Within my gloomy confines dar'd to tread,
 And here in scorn his shining banners spread,
 Millions of captive souls, our destin'd prey,
 He led triumphant from the shades away:
 And, what my discontent and pain renews,
 The ancient enterprize he still pursues;
 And while we idly here consume the day,
 To him the *Asian* empire drops away,
 And false *Judea* shortly owns his sway;
 Loud hymns in ev'ry language to his name
 They sing, and spread around the world his fame,
 Inscrib'd in brass, and lasting marble, they
 His glory down to future times convey.
 To him alone devoted flames arise,
 And vows, and od'rous incense mount the skies,
 No blazing fire upon our altar shines,
 Neglected stand our temples, and our shrines:
 No more with gifts they crowd our rich abodes,
 Nor fall before us as assisting Gods,
 Empty of human souls our regions grow,
 While all the roads of hell unpeopled show:

And

POEMS on several occasions. 7

And can we tamely suffer this? And rests
 No spark of ancient vigour in your breasts?
 Have you forgot when in bright arms we shone,
 Engag'd with heav'n, and shook his lofty throne?
 Our native vigour, our immortal flame,
 And ardent thirst of glory, is the same
 But why, you dear companions of my woe,
 In pleasing mischief are you grown so slow?
 Lost here in sloth and darkness we remain,
 While new allies the prosp'rous Christians gain:
 Hasten then, with all the rage of hell assail
 Our dreaded foes, by arts or force prevail;
 In all their solemn councils raise dissent,
 Ungrounded jealousies, and discontent:
 Let some the slaves of shameful passions prove,
 Plung'd in the soft, licentious joys of love
 And others treach'rously the cause decline,
 Confound their army, sink the curst design.



On the CREATION.

NOR yet the crude materials of the earth,
 Were form'd; nor time, nor motion yet had
 birth:
 Nor yet one solitary spark of light
 Glar'd thro' the dusky shades of ancient night;
 Nor on the barren wastes of endless space,
 As yet were circumscrib'd the bounds of place:
 When at th' Almighty's word, from nothing springs
 The first confus'd original of things.

8 POEMS on several occasions.

Whatever now the heav'n's wide arms embrace,
 Together then lay blended in a mass;
 The dull, the active, the refin'd, and base,
 The cold, the hot, the temp'rate, moist and dry,
 All mingled in profound disorder lie;
 In one prodigious undistinguish'd heap,
 Th' extremest contraries of nature sleep:
 Nor yet the sprightly seeds of fire ascend,
 Nor downwards yet the pond'rous atoms tend.
 A monstrous face the new creation wears,
 And void of order, form, and light, appears;
 'Till the almighty *fat*, once again
 Pronounc'd, did motion to each part ordain,
 Awoke the tender principles of life,
 And urg'd the growing elemental strife.
 And now confusions infinite arise,
 From nature's most remote antipathies:
 But while against their furious opposites,
 Each hostile atom all its force unites,
 Their own lov'd species, thro' the formless mass,
 With am'rous zeal officiously they trace,
 And join, and mingle in a strict embrace.
 The lively shining particles of light,
 On dazzling wings attempt their nimble flight.
 The fine transparent air, with mighty force,
 Thro' fix'd and fluid, upward takes its course.
 The grosser seeds with heavy motion press,
 And meeting in the midst, the central parts possess;
 While the united waves, without controul,
 About the slimy surface proudly roll,
 'Till an imperial word their force divides,
 And lo! the deep by smooth degrees subsides;

And

POEMS on several occasions. 9

And lo! the rising stately mountains leave
 Their ouzy beds; and lo! the valleys cleave,
 The congregated waters to receive:
 And down the sinking billows calmly go;
 Part to the subterranean caves below,
 And part around the hills in circling currents flow.
 And now the slimy, soft-fermented earth,
 Prepar'd to give her various species birth,
 Obedient to the voice, produces all
 Her boundless stores at her Creator's call.
 A sudden spring at his command arose,
 And various plants their verdant tops disclose;
 The teeming ground to rising groves gives way,
 Which leaves and blossoms instantly display,
 And ev'ry branch with tempting fruit looks gay.
 When he again, whose active word fulfill'd
 Exactly all the mighty things he will'd,
 Commands, and straight the heav'nly arches rise,
 And kindling glories brighten all the skies.
 A sudden day with gaudy lustre gilds
 Th' expanded air, the new-made streams, and fields;
 Ten thousand sprightly dazzling lights advance,
 And trembling rays in the wide ether dance:
 The sun, beyond them all immense and gay,
 Assumes the bright dominion of the day;
 And whirling up the skies with rapid force,
 Along the radiant zone begins his destin'd course,

AND now another efficacious word,
 The air and earth, and wat'ry region stor'd:
 The num'rous vehicles for breath prepar'd,
 The mighty summons of their maker heard;

And

10 POEMS on several occasions.

And from the bosom of their native clay
Sprung into life, and caught the vital ray.
Millions of footed creatures range the woods,
Millions with fins divide the crystal floods;
Millions besides, with wanton liberty,
On painted wings rise singing to the sky.

BUT last of all, two of a nobler kind,
After the brightest model in his mind,
With care the great artificer design'd:
Beyond his other works, complete and fair,
He form'd with ev'ry grace the lovely pair,
Adorn'd with beauty, crown'd with dignity,
Immortal, god-like, rational, and free:
Serene impressions of a stamp divine,
Upon their matchless faces clearly shine:
In deep suspence, and at themselves amaz'd,
With curious eyes they on each other gaz'd;
Themselves, and all the fair creation round
Survey, and still fresh cause of wonder found.

FOR now, in their primæval lustre gay,
The earth and heav'ns their utmost pride display.
The blazing sun from his meridian height,
Thro' an unclouded sky darts round his flaming
light.

The fields, the floods, and all th' enlighten'd air,
In open day look ravishingly fair.
The bright carnation, and the fragrant rose,
Their beauties fresh with heav'nly dew disclose.
The noble *Amaranths* show their purple dye,
Splendid, as that which paints the morning sky.

POEMS on several occasions. 11

Ten thousand od'rous flow'rs of various hue,
 In ev'ry shade and plain spontaneous grew;
 And down the smooth descent of verdant hills,
 From marble fountains gush a thousand rills;
 Thro' many a pleasant shade they murm'ring go,
 And mingle with the larger streams below,
 Which thro' the flow'ry valleys softly flow;
 And all along their lovely spacious banks,
 Immortal trees are plac'd in equal ranks;
 Whose charming shades might God himself delight,
 And angels from their heav'nly bow'rs invite.
 Here gentle breezes, from their fragrant wings,
 Shed all the odours of a thousand springs:
 Harmonious birds among the branches sing,
 And all the groves with chearful echoes ring.

HAIL mighty Maker of the universe!
 My song shall still thy glorious deeds rehearse:
 Thy praise, whatever subject others chuse,
 Shall be the lofty theme of my aspiring muse.



LOVE and FRIENDSHIP:

PASTORAL.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends;
 And rising night the ev'ning shade extends;
 While pearly dew's o'erspread the fruitful field;
 And closing flowers reviving odours yield;

Let

12 POEMS on several occasions.

Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

S Y L V I A.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair *Aminta* is my softest theme:
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

A M A R Y L L I S.

PROFITIOUS god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire;
Propitious god of love, thy succour bring;
Whilst I thy darling, thy *Alexis* sing,
Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring spring,
In sweeter strains does artful *Conon* sing;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves;
And *Phoebus* the superior song approves.

S Y L V I A.

BEAUTEOUS *Aminta* is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies;
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.

Young

Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires :
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on ; the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong :
Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field
Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

AND in his absence, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray ;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
Dear, lovely youth ! I cry to all around :
Dear, lovely youth ! the flatt'ring vales resound.

SYLVIA.

ON flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
Aminta is my muse's softest theme :
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine :
With fair *Aminta's* name my noblest verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'LL twine fresh garlands for *Alexis'* brows,
And consecrate to him eternal vows :
The charming youth shall my *Apollo* prove ;
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

14 POEMS on several occasions.

To the AUTHOR of the foregoing
PASTORAL.

By Mr. PRIOR.

BY *Sylvia*, if thy charming self be meant;
If friendship be thy virgin vows extent;
O! let me in *Aminia's* praises join:
Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare;
A second wreath shall bind *Aminia's* hair:
And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim;
Alternate verse shall bless *Aminia's* name:
My heart shall own the justice of her cause;
And love himself submit to friendship's laws.

BUT, if beneath thy numbers soft disguise,
Some favour'd swain, some true *Alexis* lies;
If *Amaryllis* breathes thy secret pains;
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains:
May it thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind:
May *Venus* long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure:
May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford;
Pan guard thy flock, and *Ceres* bless thy board.

BUT, if by chance the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less chearful to arise;

Piteous

Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess;
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

*In praise of MEMORY. Inscríb'd to the
Honourable the Lady WORSLEY.*

BEST gift that heav'ns indulgence cou'd bestow!
To thee our surest happiness we owe;
Thou all the flying pleasures dost restore,
Which, but for thee, blest *Mem'ry*, were no more:
For we no sooner grasp some frail delight,
But ready for its everlasting flight,
E'er we can call the hasty bliss our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

THOU to the fond successful lover's heart,
A thousand melting raptures dost impart;
When, yet more lovely than herself, and kind,
Thou bring'st his fancy'd mistress to his mind;
The flatt'ring image wears a livelier grace,
A softer mein, and more inticing face.

THOU from the flying minutes dost retrieve
The joys, *Clorinda's* wit and humour give;
Those joys that I had once possess'd in vain,
Did not the dear remembrance still remain:

She

16 POEMS on several occasions.

She speaks, methinks, and all my soul inspires,
Brightens each thought, and gives my muse new fires;
'Tis she that lends my daring fancy wings,
Softens my lyre, and tunes its warbling strings.

THOU only to the guilty art severe,
Who the review of their past actions fear;
But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
Art still propitious, smiling still, and kind.
To thee we all those charming pleasures owe,
The pleasures that from gen'rous actions flow,
And they are still the noblest we possess below.

An imitation of a PASTORAL *of*
Mrs. KILLEGREW'S.

MYRTILLA.

LET fragrant eastern breezes round thee play,
And op'ning blossoms still adorn thy way;
Let bubbling fountains murmur to thy sleep,
And Pan himself the while protect thy sheep;
Thy wanton herds thro' verdant pastures stray,
Pastures like thee, all flourishing and gay.
And when with guiltless sports, the rival swains,
For rural glory strive upon the plains,
Still, young Alexis, may the prize be thine,
And on thy brows the fairest garland shine.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

UNFADING wreaths may'st thou, *Myrtilla*, gain,
And deathless honours by thy verse obtain;
May such smooth numbers warble from thy tongue;
As late the skilful *Melibæus* sung.

MYRTILLA.

No such ambitious aim my mind pursues;
'Tis love, O charming youth! inspires my muse:
Could I but please thee with my artless lays,
I proudly shou'd neglect all other praise;
Would'st thou be grateful, ev'ry grove, and stream,
And hill, and lawn shou'd echo with thy name;
Each rock, each winding cavern and retreat,
The soft, enchanting accents shou'd repeat:
And if my muse immortal fame cou'd give,
Thy name in deathless numbers shou'd survive.

ALEXIS.

SECURE of fame, he needs no further grave,
Who such a lasting monument may have:
But oh! his glory ne'er can be improv'd,
Who by the bright *Lycoris* has been lov'd.

MYRTILLA.

FOND youth, in yonder solitary shade,
I saw *Narcissus* with the perjur'd maid;
A thousand tender things she look'd, and said;
Her ravish'd eyes upon his beauty fed;
With flow'rs his graceful flowing hair she dress'd,
And ev'ry smile her secret flame confess'd.

ALEXAS.

WHAT pass'd before I saw my lovely fair,
Deserves not now my jealousy or care :
Had I at first the fickle beauty known,
She had been constant then, and all my own.



*A description of the enchanted palace
and garden of ARMIDA; whither two
knights from the Christian camp were
come in search of RINALDO.*

*Translated from the beginning of the sixteenth Book
of TASSO'S JERUSALEM.*

THE palace in a circling figure rose,
Its lofty bounds a sylvan scene inclose ;
Expanded there a beauteous garden lay,
Where never-fading flow'rs their pride display,
A thousand *demons* kept their lodgings round,
Whose arts with endless labyrinths confound
Each passage to the fair enchanted ground.
A hundred gates adorn the stately place,
The chief of which the heroes wond'ring pass :
The folding-doors on golden hinges turn,
With polish'd gold the radiant pillars burn ;
But all the dazzling precious metal's cost,
Was in the rich, unvalu'd sculpture lost.

The

POEMS on several occasions. 19

The figures which the spacious portals grace,
With human motion seem to leave their place;
In ev'ry visage, an expressive mind
Th' inimitable artist had design'd,
And life in all their looks and gestures shin'd.
Nor speech was wanting, fancy that supplies;
They breathe and speak, while each consults his eyes.

THE story first with *Hercules* begins;
With virgins seated here he tamely spins:
The god-like man, who hell's strong passage gain'd,
And heav'n, and all its rolling orbs sustain'd,
A spindle wields, and with soft tales beguiles
The flying hours; fond *Love* stands by and smiles,
His useless club the fair *Iole* holds,
The lion's rugged skin her tender limbs infolds.

REMOTE from this a sea its surges rears,
Hoary with foam the azure field appears;
Two warlike fleets advance on either side,
And o'er the waves with equal terror ride:
The flashes which from brandish'd weapons came,
With dreadful splendor all the deep inflame.
Conspicuous far the bright *Egyptian* queen,
Urging the fierce encounter on is seen:
*Antoni*us here conducts the eastern kings,
The mighty *Romans* there illustrious *Cesar* brings.
As when two floating isles amidst the main,
Push'd on by winds, each other's shock sustain,
And mountains clash with mountains on the wat'ry
plain:

20 POEMS on several occasions.

With such a force the hostile fleets engage,
 Their thund'ring chiefs oppos'd with equal rage;
 While javelins, darts, and flaming torches fly,
 And foreign spoils above the waters lie.
 To *Cæsar* now the victory inclines,
 The beauteous queen the liquid field resigns;
 She flies, nor wou'd the fond *Antoni* stay,
 But madly left the scarce-decided day,
 And threw the empire of the world away.
 Nor touch'd with fear, nor conquer'd by his foes,
 Th' unhappy man the doubtful field foregoes,
 But by his love betray'd; yet gen'rous shame
 And martial honour oft his thoughts reclaim:
 And now he wou'd the fainting fight renew,
 And now the charming fugitive pursue;
 With her inglorious to the shore he flies,
 And careless there, and lost in pleasure lies;
 Abandon'd loosely to her fatal charms,
 Resolves to soften fate in *Cleopatra's* arms.

THE champions all these costly wonders view,
 And thro' the palace now their course pursue:
 As wild *Meander* winds along his shores,
 Now sinks, and now his silver wave restores;
 Now to the ocean runs in various ways,
 And backward now in wanton motion plays;
 Such crooked paths, such labyrinths they pass,
 As they the dubious structure's windings trace;
 And thro' th' uncertain maze they still had err'd,
 But the wise *Magus's* scheme their passage clear'd;
 Whence disengag'd, before their ravish'd eyes
 The beauteous garden's pleasant prospect lies;

POEMS on several occasions. 21

The shining lakes, and moving crystal here,
 The flow'rs, and various plants at once appear;
 At once a shady vale, and sunny hill,
 And groves, and mossy caves the landscape fill;
 At once its self the charming scene reveals,
 And all its wise contriver's art conceals:
 Nor art does copying nature here appear,
 But sportive nature imitating her.
 The air was mild, and calm the morning breeze,
 Which breath'd eternal verdure on the trees;
 The trees their branches proudly here display,
 With full-ripe fruits, and purple blossoms gay;
 Beneath one spreading leaf, a bending twig
 Presents the immature and rip'ning fig:
 Depending on a loaded branch are seen
 The gold, the blushing apple, and the green;
 The lofty vines their various clusters show;
 Ungrateful those, while these with Nectar flow:
 The joyful birds beneath the happy shade,
 In guided parts a tuneful concert made.
 The whisp'ring winds, and waters murmur'ing fall,
 With trembling cadence softly answer'd all;
 Now ceas'd the birds, the winds and waters high,
 In warbling sounds return the harmony;
 But falling, now the birds resume their part,
 Yet scarce this order seems th' effect of art:
 But one with gaudy plumes, among the rest,
 And purple bill, superior skill express;
 Now imitating human words begun,
 The sweet, the shrill, the melting note her own:
 The wing'd musicians all stood mute to hear,
 The winds suspend their murmurs in the air,

22 ROMES on several occasions.

And list'ning staid while she her song recites,
Which in alluring strains to love invites:
Her part perform'd, the feather'd chorus round,
Thro' all the groves their glad assent resound.
The pensive doves in sighs their pain reveal,
The whisp'ring trees a passion seem to feel:
The floods, the fields, and lightsome air above
Confess the flame, and gently breathe out love.

UNCONQUER'D yet the stedfast knights remain,
And all the tempting baits of vice disdain:
But now retir'd beneath a pleasant shade,
The lovers at a distance they survey'd:
Armida seated on the flow'rs they find,
And in her lap *Rinaldo's* head reclin'd:
Inspiring love, and languishing her air,
Unbound and curling to the winds her hair:
Her careless robes flow with an am'rous grace,
And rosy blushes paint her lovely face.
Fix'd on her charms he fed his wanton fires,
And feeding still increas'd his fierce desires:
Plung'd in licentious pleasures thus he lay,
And melts his life ingloriously away.

At certain times *Armida* to her cells
Retires to practise her mysterious spells:
The hour was come, she sighs a soft adieu,
And from his arms unwillingly withdrew.
In glitt'ring armour rushing from the wood,
Before him strain the pious heroes stood.
As the fierce steed, for justs and battel bred,
Now useless grown, with herds in pastures fed,

Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free,
 From former toils; if arms he chance to see,
 Or hears from far the trumpet's brightly sounds,
 He neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry bounds;
 Longs on his back to feel the hardy knight,
 Measure the lists, and meet the promis'd fight.
 Their fight the brave *Rinaldo* thus alarm'd,
 Recall'd his honour, and his courage warm'd;
 Its long inglorious sleep his virtue broke,
 And martial ardor sparkled in his look.
 When with a friendly scorn *Ubaldo* held
 Before the youth his adamantinè shield;
 Supriz'd he meets his own reflection there,
 His gaudy robes hung loose, his flowing hair,
 Clouds with the rich perfume, and sweetens all the air;
 A bright, but useleſs sword adorns his ſide,
 Aſham'd he views this nice fantaſtic pride,
 And, like a man that long in idle dreams
 Has lain, deluded to himſelf he ſeems:
 Enrag'd, the hateful object now he flies,
 Confus'd and ſilent downward bends his eyes,
 Half wiſh'd the cleaving ground might open wide,
 Or overwhelming ſeas his ſhame wou'd hide.
Ubaldo ſees the time, and thus begun,

WHILE fame, while ſo much glory may be won,
 While *Aſia*, while all *Europe* are in arms,
 And ſhake the univerſe with loud alarms;
Bertoldo's ſon alone exempt from fear,
 Remains a woman's noble champion here.
 What lethargy, what fatal ſpells controul
 Thy vig'rous honour, and unman thy ſoul?

24 POEMS on several occasions.

Come on! the camp, and mighty Godfrey send,
Fortune and victory thy sword attend;
The destin'd hero thou the doubtful war to end:
Conclude the conquest o'er thy pagan foes,
What might can thy resistless arm oppose?

SPEECHLESS he stood; and now a decent shame,
And now a gen'rous pride his looks inflame:
He rends the badges of his lewd disgrace,
And flies with horror the detested place.



The story of ERMINIA. *Translated*
from the seventh Book of TASSO'S
JERUSALEM.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lady
Viscountess WEYMOUTH.

ERMINIA, by the centinels surpriz'd,
Fled all the night, in burnish'd arms disguis'd;
And all the day thro' pathless woods she stray'd,
Of ev'ry whisp'ring breath of wind afraid:
But now the sun his shining progress ends,
Deserts the skies, and to the sea descends;
The nymph arrives where wealthy Jordan flows,
And on his flow'ry borders seeks repose;
Soft sleep, that wish'd relief to mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous maid his downy wings;

But

But restless love his empire still maintains,
 And o'er her dreams in airy triumph reigns,
 At last the birds salute the rising light,
 And wanton winds the rosy morn invite,
 They curl the streams, and dance along the waves,
 Glide thro' the woods, and whisper in the leaves,
 Each painted blossom opens to the day,
 With them, *Erminia's* eyes their charms display:
 With pensive looks, the prospect round she view'd,
 The shepherds tents, and rural solitude;
 Each rustling noise awakes her former fears,
 'Till thro' the boughs a tuneful note she hears,
 The fields and floods the chearful sound retain,
 And sportive echoes mock the jovial swain,
 Who careless near the banks of *Jordan* fate,
 Nor fear'd the stars, nor curs'd relentless fate,
 Pleas'd with his honest art, he baskets wove,
 Three sprightly boys to imitate him strove,
 The princess nearer drew, with wild affright
 The children fled the unaccustom'd sight,
 'Till the bright helmet from her head she took,
 Reveal'd a female face, and modest look;
 The golden tresses o'er her shoulders fell,
 And all their fears her charming eyes dispel:
 Her face no more a martial terror boasts,
 When thus the wond'ring shepherd she accosts,

THRICE happy man! the gods peculiar care
 Protects thee from the wasteful rage of war:
 I come not here to offer hostile wrongs,
 To interrupt thy labours, or thy songs;

26 Poems on several occasions.

But by what methods hast thou found defence,
Against the sword's impartial violence;
While clashing arms, and the shrill trumpet's sound,
With endless jars, perplex the regions round?

My humble state, fair maid, the swain replies,
Beneath the turns of changing fortune lies:
While lightning blasts the mountain's lofty brow,
The humble valley smiles secure below.
From all the tumults which distract the great,
We live exempt in this obscure retreat;
The gods themselves the rural life approve,
And kindly guard the innocence they love
In groves we sleep, from spoil and rapine free,
Content with little, blest in poverty.
This life (which yet ambitious men despise)
Before a court's licentious joys, I prize:
Nor pride, nor sordid avarice, molest
The soft tranquillity within my breast.
Unartful meats supply my frugal board,
And drink the pure, untainted springs afford:
No poisons thro' their channels are convey'd,
Nor are we here in golden cups betray'd:
These youths, my sons, to labour us'd, like me,
Attend my flocks with chearful industry
Nor think these shades can no delights afford:
With various harmless beasts the woods are stor'd,
Among the boughs melodious birds reside,
And scaly fish along the rivers glide.

Yet other motives did my youth engage,
And wild ambition fir'd my blooming age;

POEMS on several occasions 27

I scorn'd the peasant's care and humble toils,
And left my native shores, for foreign soils;
And in th' Egyptian court my suit preferr'd:
My suit the condescending noble heard.
The royal gardens soon were made my care;
I learn'd the fatal snares of greatness there,
Its impious methods, and unconstant state;
But learn'd, alas! the dear mistake too late.
My prime was past, my airy wishes cross'd,
And all my dreams of rising fortune lost,
With weeping eyes, the country scenes I view'd,
And blest'd my once inglorious solitude:
The smooth tranquility, the gay content,
In which my former happy days were spent,
Resolv'd again those pleasures to pursue,
With just remorse, I bid the court adieu.
The day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which set me from its gaudy bondage free.

His wife discourse th' attentive prince's pleas'd,
And half the tempest of her soul appeas'd:
She now resolves to try, far from the strife
Of factious courts, an unambitious life.
She paus'd — then thus, with gentle words, began
T' address the hoary venerable man.

If, by the disappointments thou hast prov'd,
Thy kind relief, and pity may be mov'd,
Conduct me to some hospitable cell,
And let me in these calm recesses dwell;
There quiet shades, perhaps, will ease my grief,
And give my restless passions some relief.

By

28 POEMS on several occasions.

By thy example taught, I shall grow wise;
 With that, a tear grac'd her prevailing eyes:
 Some pitying drops the careful shepherd shed,
 And to his cottage the fair stranger led.
 A father's kind indulgence fills his breast;
 His wife, with joy, receives the royal guest;
 Who now her nodding helmet lays aside,
 Her gilded arms, and ornamental pride;
 Then in a sylvan dres, the graceful maid,
 All negligent, her decent limbs array'd;
 But nothing rustic in her careless mien,
 The princess still thro' all disguise was seen:
 Majestic beauty lighten'd in her face,
 She mov'd, and spoke, with an unvulgar grace;
 An air of grandeur, not to be suppress'd,
 Her noble mind and high descent confess'd.
 Yet to the fold her bleating flocks she drove,
 And with her native delicacy strove.
 Sometimes along the fresh enamel'd meads,
 Her harmless charge, with gentle pace she leads;
 And, oft beneath some laurel's shade reclin'd,
 With *Tancred's* name, she wounds the tender mind:
 Each tree that flourish'd in the conscious grove,
 The records bore of her successful love.
 And when the tragic story she review'd,
 The sad description all her grief renew'd;
 With love and melting sorrow in her eyes,
 Ye verdant plants, the pensive charmer cries,
 Ye pines, and spreading laurels, as ye grow,
 Retain the deep inscriptions of my woe;
 Some wretched maid, undone by love, like me,
 Shall mourn my injur'd faith, and partial destiny.

By

But

BUT if my charming hero here should stray,
As grant, ye blest propitious powers, he may!
And wand'ring, find in ev'ry shade his name,
My secret care, and undiscover'd flame,
Long after death has clos'd my wretched eyes,
And in the grave this mortal relick lies;
Some tender sigh, some grateful tear may prove
The late success of my unblemish'd love.
My hov'ring ghost, pleas'd with that soft return,
The rigour of my fate no more should mourn.

WITH these complaints, she soothes her fond de-
sires;
And vainly to the fields and shades retires;
The fields and shades indulge her fatal fires:
While *Tancred*, yet a stranger to her charms,
Among the toils of war, and fierce alarms,
Pursues a nobler fate in military arms.

H Y M N I.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, O mighty king!
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

II. But

II.

But still their most exalted flights
 Fall vastly short of thee,
 How distant then must human praise
 From thy perfections be!

III.

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
 When to my ravish'd sense
 Each creature in its various ways
 Displays thy excellence?

IV.

The active lights that shine above,
 In their eternal dance,
 Reveal their skilful maker's praise
 With silent elegance.

V.

The blushes of the morn confess
 That thou art much more fair;
 When in the east its beams revive
 To gild the fields of air;

VI.

The fragrant, the refreshing breath
 Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
 In balmy whispers owns from thee
 Their pleasing odours come.

VII.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
 And waters murmur'ing fall,
 To praise the first almighty cause
 With different voices call.

VIII.

Thy numerous works exalt thee thus,
 And shall I silent be? should I
 No, rather let me cease to breathe,
 Than cease from praising thee.

IV

HYMN II.

VII

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
 My ravish'd soul, and sing
 A solemn hymn of grateful praise
 To heaven's almighty king.

II.

Ye curling mountains, as you roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.

III.

Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain,
 And from your hollow winding caves
 Return it oft again.

IV.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide-extended world
 My lofty theme convey.

V. Take

IV.

Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds, as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the ev'ning skies.

VI.

Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer from the crystal vault
 To ev'ry flying strain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
 And echo thro' the sky,
 Till angels with immortal skill
 Improve the harmony.

VIII.

While I with sacred rapture fir'd
 The blest creator sing,
 And warble consecrated lays
 To heaven's almighty king.

HYMN III.

I.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
 E'er time begun its race,
 Before the ample elements
 Fill'd up the voids of space.

II. Before

II. V

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd

III

E'er thro' the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd:

IV.

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun,
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:

V.

E'er thro' the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung,
Or to their harps the sons of light
Extatic anthems sung:

VI

E'er men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss (O sacred spring of life!)
And glory was the same.

VII.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

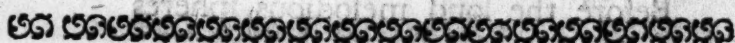
34 POEMS on several occasions.

VIII.

When from her orb the moon shall start,
The astonish'd sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake :

IX.

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years
Shall thy existence be.



H Y M N IV.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness, in its gayest pride,
My restless thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms
My fond desires allure:
For greater things than these from thee
My wishes wou'd secure.

IV. Those

IV.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles
That brighten heav'n above,
The boundless riches of thy grace,
And treasures of thy love.

V.

These are the mighty things I crave ;
O ! make these blessings mine,
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly resign.



H Y M N V.

I.

IN vain the dusky night retires,
And sullen shadows fly :
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the eastern sky.

II.

In vain the gaudy rising sun
The wide horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,
And cheers the dewy fields.

III.

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets
The morning breezes play ;
In vain the birds with chearful songs
Salute the new-born day ;

IV.

In vain! unless my Saviour's face
These gloomy clouds controul,
And dissipate the fullen shades
That press my drooping soul.

V.

O! visit then thy servant, Lord,
With favour from on high;
Arise, my bright, immortal sun!
And all these shades will die.

VI.

When, when, shall I behold thy face
All radiant and serene,
Without these envious dusky clouds
That make a veil between?

VII.

When shall that long-expected day
Of sacred vision be,
When my impatient soul shall make
A near approach to thee?



H Y M N on the sacrament.

I.

AND art thou mine, my dearest Lord?
Then I have all, nor fly
The boldest wishes I can form
Unto a pitch more high.

II. Yes,

POEMS on several occasions. 37

II.

Yes, thou art mine, the contract's seal'd
With thine own precious blood ;
And ev'n almighty power's engag'd
To see it all made good.

III.

My fears dissolve : for oh ! what more
Cou'd studious bounty do ?
What farther mighty proofs are left
Unbounded love to shew ?

IV.

My faith's confirm'd, nor wou'd I quit
My title to thy love,
For all the valu'd things below,
Or shining things above.

V.

Nor at the prosp'rous sinner's state
Do I at all repine ;
No, let 'em parcel out the earth,
While heav'n and thou art mine.

A PASTORAL on the nativity of our
SAVIOUR.

In Imitation of an Italian PASTORAL.

MENALCAS.

SOME mighty things these awful signs portend !
Amaz'd we see new stars the skies ascend ;
A thousand strange usurping lights appear,
And dart their sudden glories thro' the air ;

38 POEMS on several occasions.

A dazzling day, without the sun, returns,
And thro' the midnight's dusky horror burns.

P A L E M O N.

AND, in the depth of winter, spring appears,
For lo! the ground a sudden verdure wears;
The op'ning flow'rs display their gaudiest dye,
And seem with all the summer's pride to vie.

U R A N I O.

NOR without myst'ry are these joys that roll
In torrents thro' my now prophetic soul,
And softly whisper to my ravish'd breast,
That more than all the tribes the race of Judah's blest.

M E N A L C A S.

BUT see the eastern skies disclose a light
Beyond the noontide's flaming glories bright;
This way its course the sacred vision bends,
And with much state and solemn pomp descends.
Sonorous voices echo from a-far,
And softly warble thro' the trembling air:
The circling spheres the charming sound prolong,
And answer all the cadence of their song:
And now the sacred harmony draws near,
And now a thousand heav'nly forms appear.

A N G E L S.

IMMORTAL glory give to God on high,
Thro' all the lofty stations of the sky;
Let joy on earth, and endless peace ensue,
The great Messiah's born, thrice happy men! to you.

U R A N I O.

URANIO.

THE great Messiah born! transporting sound! W
To the wide world spread the blest accents round: A
What joy these long-expected tidings bring! B
To us is born a Saviour and a King. T

ANGELS.

AN infant in a virgin's arms he lies,
Who rides the winds, and thunders thro' the skies;
The God to whom the flaming seraphs bow,
Descends to lead the life of mortals now.

MENALCAS.

—— Surprizing pow'r of love!
Ev'n God himself thy mighty force does prove;
Thou rul'st the world below, and govern'st all above.

PALEMON.

YOU shining messengers, be farther kind,
And tell us where the wondrous child to find.

ANGELS.

YOUR glad conductors to the place we'll be,
Eager as you this mystic thing to see.

URANIO.

SOME present to the infant king let's bear,
For zeal shou'd always liberal appear.

ANGELS.

COME on, we'll lead you to the poor abode,
Where in a manger lies th' incarnate God;

40 . POEMS on several occasions.

Reduc'd to lodge among the sordid beasts,
 Who all the spacious realms of light possess'd;
 And he whose humble ministers we were,
 Becomes a tender virgin's helpless care.
 Thro' heav'n, but now, the hasty tidings rung,
 And anthems on the wond'rous theme they sung,

P A L E M O N.

BUT to what happy maid of human race
 Has heav'n allotted this peculiar grace?

A N G E L S.

Y E echoing skies, repeat *Maria's* name;
Maria thro' the starry worlds proclaim:
 In her bright face celestial graces shine,
 Her mind's enrich'd with treasures all divine,
 From *David's* royal house descends her noble line.
 But see the humble seat, the poor abode,
 That holds the virgin with the infant God,

M E N A L C A S.

T H E E, virgin-born, thus prostrate, I adore,
 And offer here the choice of all my store,
 Untill'd the earth shall now vast harvests yield,
 And laughing plenty crown the open field.
 Clear rivers in the desarts shall be seen,
 And barren wastes cloath'd in eternal green.
 Instead of thorns the stately fir shall rise,
 And wave his lofty head amidst the skies;
 Where thistles once, shall fragrant myrtles grow,
 The beauteous rose on ev'ry bush shall glow,
 And from the purple grape rich wines unpress'd,
 Shall flow,

P A L E M O N.

PALEMON.

GREAT Star of *Jacob*, that so bright dost rise,
 Turn, lovely infant, thy auspicious Eyes;
 This soft and spotless wool to thee I bring,
 My earliest tribute to the new-born king.
 With thee each sacred virtue takes its birth,
 And peace and justice now shall rule the earth.
 Thou shalt the bliss of paradise restore,
 And wars and tumults shall be heard no more.
 The wolf and lamb shall now together feed,
 And with the ox the lions savage breed.
 The child shall with the harmless serpent play,
 And lead, unhurt, the gentle beast away.
 And where the sun ascends the shining east,
 And where he ends his journey in the west,
 Thy glorious name shall be ador'd and blest.

URANIO.

THE hope of *Israel*, hail! — with humble zeal
 To thee, unquestion'd Son of God, I kneel:
 All hail to thee! of whom the prophets old
 Such mighty things to our forefathers told.
 Thy kingdom shall from sea to sea extend,
 And reach the spacious world's remotest end,
 The spicy isle, and *Saba's* wealthy king,
 To thee from far shall costly presents bring.
 Thy steadfast throne shall stand for ever fast,
 And thy dominion time it self out last.

THIS gentle lamb, the best my flocks afford,
 I bring an off'ring to all nature's Lord.

ANGELS.

42 POEMS on several occasions.

ANGELS.

AND we, the regents of the spheres, thus low
 Before mankind's illustrious Saviour bow:
 Astonish'd, in an infant's form we see
 Disguis'd th' ineffable divinity;
 Who arm'd with thunder, on the fields of light
 O'ercame the potent seraphim in fight.
 Thus humbled—O unbounded force of love!
 Subdu'd by that, from all the joys above,
 Thou cam'st the wretched life of man to prove.
 And thus our ruin'd numbers will supply,
 And fill the desolations of the sky.

H Y M N on H E A V E N.

I.

HAIL, sacred *Salem*, plac'd on high!
 Seat of the mighty king,
 What thought can grasp thy boundless bliss!
 What tongue thy glories sing?

II.

Thy crystal tow'rs and palaces
 Magnificently rise,
 And dart their beauteous lustre round
 The empyrean skies.

III.

The voice of triumph in thy streets,
 And acclamations sound:
 Gay banquets in thy splendid courts,
 And nuptial joys abound.

IV. Bright

IV.

Bright smiles on ev'ry face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry eye;
From ev'ry mouth glad anthems flow,
And charming harmony.

V.

Illustrious day for ever there
Streams from the face divine;
No pale-fac'd moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor stars, nor sun decline.

VI.

No searching heats, no piercing colds,
The changing seasons bring;
But o'er the fields mild breezes there
Breathe an eternal spring.

VII.

The flow'rs with lasting beauty shine,
And deck the smiling ground;
While flowing streams of pleasure all
The happy plains surround.



*Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into
the fields, let us lodge in the villages,*
Cant. vii. 11.

I.

THOU object of my highest bliss,
And of my dearest love,
Come, let us from this tiresome world,
And all its cares remove.

II. Among

44 POEMS on several occasions:

II.

Among the murm'ring crystal streams,
The groves, and flow'ry fields,
Let's try the calm and silent joys
That blest retirement yields.

III.

There, far from all the busy world,
To thee alone I'll live,
And taste more pleasure in thy smiles
Than all things else can give.

IV.

My pure desires, and holy vows,
Shall centre all in thee;
While ev'ry hour to sacred love
Shall consecrated be.



H Y M N.

I.

BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre!
Awake, each charming string!

II.

Awake! and let thy flowing strain
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidst her silent orb
The silver moon rolls clear.

III. While

III.

While all the glitt'ring starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky,
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye:

IV.

While watchful angels round the just
As nightly guardians wait,
In lofty strains of grateful praise
Thy spirit elevate.

V.

Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre!
Awake each charming string!
Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing.

VI.

Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

VII.

Again, the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint, with chearful splendor gay,
The fair ascending morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

IX.

For this I'll midnight vows to thee,
 With early incense bring;
 And e'er the rosy dawn of day,
 Thy lofty praises sing.



*A DIALOGUE between the Fallen
 ANGELS, and a Human SPIRIT
 just entred into the other world.*

Human SPIRIT.

LONG struggling in the agonies of death,
 With horror I resign'd my mortal breath:
 With horror long the fatal gulph I view'd,
 And shiv'ring on its utmost edges stood;
 Till forc'd to take th' inevitable leap,
 I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy steep:
 And here of every hope bereft, I find
 My self a naked, an unbody'd mind.
 My lov'd, my fond, officious friends in vain,
 My fleeting soul endeavour'd to retain;
 In vain its blooming mansion did invite;
 Grandeur, and wealth, and love, and soft delight,
 With tempting calls in vain its flight would stay,
 When forc'd by the severe decree away.
 'Tis past — and all like a thin vision gone,
 For which I have my wretched soul undone;

And

POEMS on several occasions. 47

And wand'ring on this dark, detested shore,
My eyes shall view the upper light no more.

Fallen ANGELS.

THEN welcome to the regions of despair!
Thy ruin cost us much design and care,
And thou hadst 'scap'd, but for one happy snare;
And in the blissful skies supply'd the place
Of some fall'n spirit of our nobler race:
Thou could'st the thirst of wine or wealth controul,
And no malicious sin has stain'd thy soul;
But for the Joys of one forbidden love
Hast lost the boundless extasies above.

Human SPIRIT.

AND all was freely, freely all was lost;
How dear has one short dream of pleasure cost!
But yet this fatal, this enchanting dream,
I should, perhaps, to heaven itself esteem,
Were it as permanent: but, ah! 'tis gone,
And I a wretch abandon'd and undone;
Of God, of every smiling hope, am left,
And all my dear delights on earth bereft:
While here for gilded roofs, and painted bow'rs,
For pleasant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs,
I find polluted dens, and pitchy streams,
And burning paths, with beds of raging flames;
Instead of music's sweet inspiring sound,
Repeated yells, and endless groans go round;
And for the lovely faces of my friends,
I meet the ghastly visages of fiends;

A thou-

48 POEMS on several occasions.

A thousand nameless terrors are behind,
Despair, confusion, fury, seize my mind:
But will my griefs no happy period find?

Fallen ANGELS.

Count all the twinkling glories of the sky,
Count all the drops that in the ocean lie;
Of all the earthly globe the atoms count,
Eternal years thy numbers still surmount.
Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,
Thy misery, thy hell, is but begun.
As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliss had been,
But for one darling, one beloved sin;
Cold to the baits of any other vice,
Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice;
By this, or all our stratagems had fail'd,
By this we o'er thy temp'rate youth prevail'd.
Poor, sottish soul! below our envy now,
For what a toy didst thou a heaven forego!

Human SPIRIT.

O tell me not from what fair hopes I fell!
Just missing heaven, but aggravates my hell.

Fallen ANGELS.

Thou know'st not what thou'st lost, but we too
well
The glories of that happy place can tell.
There endless heights of ecstasy they prove,
There's lasting beauty and immortal love;
There flowing pleasures in full torrents roll,
For pleasures form'd; this loss must rack thy soul.

Human

Human SPIRIT.

WITH how much cruel art you aggravate
My misery's intolerable weight?

Fallen ANGELS.

OUR envy once, thou'rt now become our scorn,
In vain for thee the Son of God was born;
That mighty favour, that peculiar grace,
Too glorious for the fall'n angelic race,
Serves only to exasperate thy doom,
And give th' infernal shades a darker gloom.

Human SPIRIT.

OH! that's the wounding circumstance of all,
To lower depths of woe I cannot fall:
Ye curst tormentors, now your rage is spent,
Your fury can no further hell invent;
A Saviour's title, a Redeemer's blood,
Their worth, till now, I little understood.

A description of HELL.

In imitation of MILTON.

DEEP, to unfathomable spaces deep,
Descend the dark, detested paths of hell,
The gulphs of execration and despair,
Of pain, and rage, and pure unmingled woe;
The realms of endless death, and seats of night,
Uninterrupted night, which sees no dawn,

50 POEMS on several occasions.

Prodigious darkness! which receives no light,
 But from the sickly blaze of sulph'rous flames,
 That cast a pale and dead reflection round,
 Disclosing all the desolate abyss,
 Dreadful beyond what human thought can form,
 Bounded with circling seas of liquid fire.
 Aloft the blazing billows curl their heads,
 And form a roar along the direful strand;
 While ruddy cat'racts from on high descend,
 And urge the fiery ocean's stormy rage.
 Impending horrors o'er the region frown,
 And weighty ruin threatens from on high;
 Inevitable snares, and fatal pits,
 And gulphs of deep perdition, wait below;
 Whence issue long, remediless complaints,
 With endless groans, and everlasting yells.
 Legions of ghastly fiends (prodigious sight!)
 Fly all confus'd across the sickly air,
 And roaring horrid, shake the vast extent.
 Pale, meagre spectres wander all around,
 And pensive shades, and black deformed ghosts.
 With impious fury some aloud blaspheme,
 And wildly staring upwards, curse the skies;
 While some, with gloomy terror in their looks,
 Trembling all over, downward cast their eyes,
 And tell, in hollow groans, their deep despair.

CONVINC'D by fatal proofs, the atheist here
 Yields to the sharp tormenting evidence;
 And of an infinite eternal mind,
 At last the challeng'd demonstration meets.

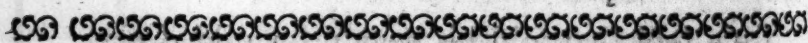
THE libertine his folly here laments,
His blind extravagance, that made him sell
Unfading bliss, and everlasting crowns,
Immortal transports, and celestial feasts,
For the short pleasure of a sordid sin,
For one fleet moment's despicable joy.
Too late, all lost, for ever lost! he sees
The envy'd saints triumphing from afar,
And angels basking in the smiles of God.
But oh! that all was for a trifle lost,
Gives to his bleeding soul perpetual wounds.

THE wanton beauty, whose bewitching arts,
Has drawn ten thousand wretched souls to hell,
Depriv'd of ev'ry blandishment and charm,
All black, and horrid, seeks the darkest shades,
To shun the fury of revengeful ghosts,
That with vindictive curses still pursue
The author of their miserable fate,
Who from the paths of life seduc'd their souls,
And led them down to these accurst abodes.

THE fool that sold his heav'n for gilded clay,
The scorn of all the damn'd, ev'n here laments
His sordid heaps; which still to purchase, he
A second time wou'd forfeit all above:
Nor covets fields of light, nor starry wreaths,
Nor angels songs, nor pure unmingled bliss,
But for his darling treasures still repines;
Which from afar, to aggravate his doom,
He sees some thoughtless prodigal consume.

52 POEMS on several occasions.

BEYOND them all a miserable hell
The execrable persecutor finds ;
No spirit howls among the shades below
More damn'd, more fierce, nor more a fiend than he.
Aloud he heav'n and holiness blasphemes,
While all his enmity to good appears,
His enmity to good ; once falsely call'd
Religious warmth, and charitable zeal.
On high, beyond th' unpassable abyss,
To aggravate his righteous doom, he views
The blissful realms, and there the schismatic,
The visionary, the deluded saint,
By him so often hated, wrong'd, and scorn'd,
So often curs'd, and damn'd, and banish'd thence ;
He sees him there possesst of all that heav'n,
Those glories, those immortal joys, which he,
The orthodox, unerring catholic,
The mighty fav'rite, and elect of God,
With all his mischievous, converting arts,
His killing charity, and burning zeal,
His pompous creeds, and boasted faith, has lost.



On H E A V E N.

WHAT glorious things of thee, O glorious
place !

Shall my bold muse in daring numbers speak ?
While to immortal strains I tune my lyre,
And warbling imitate angelic airs :
While ecstacy bears up my soul aloft,

And

And lively faith gives me a distant glimpse
Of glories unreveal'd to human eyes.

YE starry mansions, hail! my native skies!
Here in my happy, pre-existent state,
(A spotless mind) I led the life of gods.
But passing, I salute you, and advance
To yonder brighter realm's allow'd access.

HAIL, splendid city of th' almighty king!
Celestial *Salem*, situate above;
Magnificent thy prospect, and august,
Thy walls sublime, thy tow'rs and palaces
Illustrious far, with orient gems appear.
There regent angels, crown'd with stars, command,
High in the midst, the awful throne of God
Ascends, the utmost empyrean arch,
The heav'n of heavens; where in conceiveless light,
Such as infinity alone can prove,
He enjoys th' extremest bounds of happiness,
And was in perfect blessedness the same
E'er any thing existed but himself;
E'er time, or place, or motion, had a name;
Before the spheres began their tuneful round;
Or through the air the sun had spread his beams;
E'er at his feet the flaming seraphs bow'd,
And cast their shining crowns before his throne;
E'er smiling angels tun'd their golden harps,
Or sung one hallelujah to his praise.
But mighty love, which mov'd him to create,
Still moves him to communicate his bliss.

54 POEMS *on several occasions.*

O SPEAK ! you happy spirits that surround
 His dazzling throne, for you alone can tell;
 For you alone those raptures can describe,
 And stem th' impetuous floods of joy that rise
 Within your breasts, when all unveil'd, you view
 The wonders of the beatific sight :
 When from the bright unclouded face of God
 You drink full draughts of bliss and endless love,
 And plunge your selves in life's immortal fount ;
 The spring of joy, which from his darling throne
 In endless currents smoothly glides away,
 Thro' all the verdant fields of paradise ;
 Thro' balmy groves, where on their flow'ry banks,
 To murm'ring waters, and soft-whisp'ring winds,
 Fair spirits in melodious concert join,
 And sweetly warble their heroic loves.
 For love makes half their heav'n, and kindles here
 New flames, and ardent life in ev'ry breast ;
 While active pleasure lightens in their eyes,
 And sparkling beauty shines on every face :
 Their spotless minds, all pure and exquisite,
 The noblest heights of love prepar'd to act,
 In everlasting sympathies unite,
 And melt, in flowing joys, eternity away.

To those blest shades, and amarantine bow'rs,
 When dazzled with th' unsufferable beams
 That issue from the open face of God,
 For umbrage many a seraphim resorts :
 Nor longer here o'er their bright faces clasp
 Their gorgeous wings, which open wide, display
 More radiance than adorns the chearful sun,

When

When first he from the rosy east looks out :
Gentle as love, their looks serene as light,
Blooming and gay as everlasting springs.

BUT oh ! when in the lofty blissful bow'rs,
With heav'nly skill, to the harmonious lyre,
The clear, the sweet, the melting voice they join ;
The vales of heav'n rejoice, and echoing loud,
Redouble ev'ry charming close again ;
While trembling winds upon their fragrant wings
Bear far the soft, melodious sounds away ;
The silver streams their winding journeys stay,
Suspend their murmurs, and attend the song ;
The laughing fields new flow'rs and verdure wear,
And all the trees of life bloom out afresh.
The num'rous suns which gild the realms of joy,
Dance in their lightsome spheres, and brighter day
Thro' all th' interminable ether darts,
While to the great unutterable name,
All glory they ascribe in lofty strains,
In strains expressless by a mortal tongue.
O happy regions ! O transporting place !
With what regret I turn my loathing eyes
To yonder earthly globe, my dusky seat !
But, ah ! I must return ; no more allow'd
To breathe the calm, the soft, celestial air,
And view the mystic wonders of the skies.

SERAPHIC LOVE.

I.

THOU beauty's vast abyfs, abstract of all
My thoughts can lovely, great, or splendid
call;

To thee in heav'nly flames, and pure desires,
My ravish'd soul impatiently aspires.

II.

With admiration, praise, and endless love,
Thou fill'st the wide resplendent worlds above;
And none can rival, or with thee compare,
Of all the bright intelligences there.

III.

What vapours then, what short-liv'd glories be
The fairest idols of our sense to thee?
Before the streaming splendor of thine eye,
The languid beauties fall away, and die.

IV.

Farewel then, all you flat delights of sense!
I'm charm'd with a sublimer excellence,
To whom all mortal beauty's but a ray,
A scatter'd drop of his o'erflowing day.

V.

How strongly thou, my panting heart, dost move
With all the holy ecstasies of love!
In these sweet flames let me expire, and see
Unveil'd the brightness of thy deity.

VI. Oh!

VI.

Oh! let me die, for there's no earthly bliss
 My thoughts can ever relish after this;
 No, dearest Lord, there's nothing here below,
 Without thy smiles, to please, or satisfy me now.



The translation of ELIJAH.

HIS lecture to the sad young prophets done,
 And last adieus, the rev'rend seer goes on,
 Obedient as the sacred instinct guides,
 And now advanc'd to *Jordan's* verdant fides;
Elijah, with his great successor stood,
 And gave a signal to the passing flood;
 Th' obsequious waters stay, for well they know
 What to his high authority they owe.
 While wave on wave, with silent awe, crowds back,
 To leave a clean, and spacious sandy track,
Elijah on with his companion goes,
 Behind 'em soon the crystal ridges close,
 No more revers'd, the troubled current flows.
 Then forward still they went, discoursing high
 Of heav'nly bliss, and immortality,
 When from a cloud breaks, (like the purple dawn)
 By fiery steeds a fiery chariot drawn;
 A glittering convoy, swift as that descends,
 And in an instant parts th' embracing friends;
 To the bright car conducts the man of God,
 And mounts again the steep ethereal road.

The

58 POEMS on several occasions.

The passing triumph lightens all the air
 With ruddy lustre, than high noon more fair,
 And paints the clouds, than evening beams more gay,
 Thro' which, with wond'rous speed, they cut their
 way.
 Now lofty piles of thunder, hail, and snow,
 Th' artillery of heav'n they leave below ;
 Below the glimm'ring moon's pale regency
 They leave, and now more free ascend the sky.
 Breathing again immortal air; nor here
 Resent the pressure of the atmosphere.
 By holy ecstasies, and flames intense,
 Here purg'd from all the dregs of mortal sense ;
 With heav'nly lustre, eminently gay,
Elijah wond'ring, does himself survey ;
 All o'er surveys himself, and then the skies,
 While new stupendous objects meet his eyes.
 With his new being pleas'd, thus, the first man
 As just to live and reason he began,
 On hills, and valleys, groves and fountains, gaz'd ;
 With skies and light thus ravish'd, thus amaz'd.
 But now the utmost firmament they cleave,
 And all the starry worlds behind them leave ;
 Hark, angels sing ! of light appear new streaks !
 Celestial day, with gaudy splendor breaks !
 On heaven's rich solid azure now they tread,
 The blissful paths that to God's presence lead ;
 While to the new inhabitant all the way
 Loud welcomes, on their harps, his guardians play :
 A thousand joyful spirits crowd to meet
 The glorious saint, and his arrival greet.

A DIALOGUE

A DIALOGUE *between the SOUL,*
 RICHES, FAME, and PLEASURE.

RICHES.

DELUDED mortal, turn and view my store,
 While all my glitt'ring treasures I explore.
 The gold of both the *Indian* worlds is mine,
 And gems that in the eastern quarries shine.
 For me advent'rous men attempt the main,
 And all the fury of its waves sustain,
 For me all toils and hazards they disdain.
 For me their country's fold, their faith betray'd;
 The voice of interest ne'er was disobey'd.

S O U L.

YET I thy tempting offers can despise,
 Nor lose a wish on such a worthless prize.
 When yonder sparkling stars attract my sight,
 Thy gold, thy boasted gems, lose all their light.
 My daring thoughts above these trifles rise,
 And aim at glorious kingdoms in the skies,
 I there expect celestial diadems,
 Out-shining all thy counterfeited gems,

F A M E.

'TIS nothing strange, that thy ambitious mind,
 In fordid wealth should no temptation find:
 But I have terms which thy acceptance claim,
 Heroic glory, and a mighty name!

To

60 POEMS on several occasions.

To these the greatest souls on earth aspire,
Souls most endow'd with the celestial fire;
Whom neither wealth, nor beauty can enflame,
These hazard all for an illustrious name.

S O U L.

AND yet thou art a mere fantastic thing,
Which can no solid satisfaction bring.
Should I in costly monuments survive,
And, after death, in men's applauses live;
What profit were their vain applause to me,
If doom'd below to endless infamy?
Sunk in reproach, and everlasting shame
With God, and angels, where's my promis'd fame?
But if their approbation I obtain,
And deathless wreaths, and heav'nly glories gain,
I may the world's false pageantry disdain.

P L E A S U R E.

BUT where the baits of wealth and honour fail,
Th' enchanting voice of pleasure may prevail:
The lewd and virtuous, both my vassals prove;
No breast so guarded but my charms can move.
All that delights mankind, attends on me,
Beauty, and youth, and love, and harmony.
I wing the smiling hours, and gild the day,
My paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my way.

S O U L.

BUT, ah! these paths to black perdition tend,
There soon thy soft, deluding visions end.

Those

Those smooth, those flow'ry ways, lead down to hell,
Where all thy slaves in endless night must dwell.
The road of virtue far more rugged is,
But, oh! it leads to everlasting bliss.
And all beyond the thorny passage lies
The realm of light, discover'd to mine eyes:
Gay bow'rs, and streams of joy, and lightsome fields,
With happy shades, the beauteous prospect yields;
Those blissful regions I shall shortly gain,
Where peace, and love, and endless pleasures reign.



The xxxviiith chapter of JOB translated.

IN thunder now the God his silence broke,
And from a cloud this lofty language spoke.

Who, and where art thou, fond, presumptuous
man!

That by thy own weak measures mine would'st scan?
Undaunted, as an equal match for me,
Stand forth, and answer my demands to thee.

AND first, let thy original be trac'd,
And tell me then what mighty thing thou wast,
When to the world my potent word gave birth,
And fix'd the centre of the floating earth?
Didst thou assist with one designing thought,
Or my idea's rectify in ought,
When from confusion I this order brought?

When

62 POEMS on several occasions.

When like an artist I the line stretch'd out,
 And mark'd its wide circumference about,
 Didst thou contribute, *Job*, the needful aid,
 When I the deep, and strong foundations laid,
 And with my hand the rising pillars stay'd?
 When from the perfect model of my mind,
 The vast and stately fabric was design'd;
 So wond'rous, so complete in ev'ry part,
 Adorn'd with such variety of art,
 The sons of light the goodly frame survey,
 As their own seats magnificent and gay.
 Around the shining verge of heav'n they crowd,
 And from the crystal confines, shout aloud.
 For joy the morning stars together sang,
 And heav'n, all o'er, with glad preludiums rang.

WERE the tumultuous floods by thee controul'd,
 When without bounds the foaming billows roll'd?
 Didst thou appoint 'em then their ouzy bed,
 And humid clouds o'er all their surface spread,
 Affixing limits to th' imperious deep,
 The limits it perpetually shall keep;
 Tho' mounting high, the angry surges roar,
 And dash themselves, with rage, against the shore?

WHEN did'st thou summon up the ling'ring
 day,
 And haste the lovely blushing morn away?
 Swift as my flaming messengers above,
 Its gaudy wings at my direction move.

HAST

POEMS on several occasions. 63

HAST thou survey'd the ocean's dark abodes,
 The steep descents, the vaults, and craggy roads,
 Thro' which hollow rumour rush the nether floods?
 Or hast thou measur'd the prodigious store
 Of waves, that in those ghastly caverns roar?
 Or hast thou, *Job*, the fatal valley trac'd,
 And thro' the realms of death undaunted pass'd;
 Where the pale king a rusty scepter weilds,
 And reigns a tyrant o'er the dusky fields?
 Dost thou the pure immortal fountain know,
 From whence those num'rous streams of glory flow,
 Which feed the radiant lamps that in the ether
 glow?

Or from what caves the sullen shadows rise
 When, like a deluge, night involves the skies?
 How does the sun his morning beams display
 Thro' golden clouds, and spread the sudden day;
 When breaking from the east, all fresh and fair,
 He dances thro' the glitt'ring fields of air?
 At his approach all nature looks more gay,
 Thro' ev'ry grove refreshing breezes play,
 And o'er the streams, and o'er the meadows, stray,

DOST thou the clouds amidst the air sustain,
 And melt the floating rivers down in rain;
 When over-charg'd, the yielding atmosphere,
 No longer now the wat'ry load can bear?
 On gloomy wings the sounding tempest flies,
 And heavy thunders roll along the skies;
 Around the airy vault fierce light'nings play,
 And burn themselves, thro' solid clouds, a way:

With

64 POEMS on several occasions.

With water, who the wilderness supplies?
And tell me whence the midnight dews arise?
Or from what cold and petrifying womb
The ice, and nipping hoary frost does come?
What secret pow'rs its fluid parts cement,
Congeal, and harden the soft element?
All stiff, and motionless, the frozen deep,
No curling winds its shining surface sweep.

CANST thou the chearing influences stay
Of those mild stars which deck the spring so gay?
Or loose the sullen planet's icy bands,
Which frosts, and rough tempestuous winds, com-
mands?
Canst thou bring out fair *Max'roth's* fultry beam?
Or guide, thro' heav'ns blue tracks, the starry team?
Do all the shining, vast machines above,
By thy contrivance, in such order move?
If so — still thy divinity to prove,
Set open now the flood-gates of the sky,
And call a mighty deluge from on high;
Kindle prodigious light'nings, and command
The burning flashes with a daring hand —
I'll then confess thou hast an arm like me;
And that thy own right-hand can succour thee.

H Y M N.

H Y M N.

Whom have I in heaven but thee, &c.

PSAL. lxxiii. 25.

I.

THE calls of glory, beauty's smiles,
And charms of harmony,
Are all but dull, insipid things,
Compar'd, my God, with thee.

II.

Without thy love I nothing crave,
And nothing can enjoy ;
The profer'd world I shou'd neglect,
As an unenvied toy.

III.

The sun, the num'rous stars, and all
The wonders of the skies,
If to be purchas'd with thy smiles,
Thou know'st I wou'd despise.

IV.

What were the earth, the sun, the stars,
Or heav'n it self, to me,
My life, my everlasting bliss !
If not secur'd of thee ?

V.

Celestial bow'rs, seraphic songs,
And fields of endless light,
Wou'd all unentertaining prove,
Without thy blissful sight.

Thoughts of a dying CHRISTIAN.

I COME, I come ! and joyfully obey
 The fatal voice that summons me away :
 With pleasure I resign this mortal breath,
 And fall a willing sacrifice to death.
 O welcome stroke, that gives me liberty !
 Welcome, as to the slave, a jubilee !
 Of the vain world I take my last adieu,
 The promis'd land is now within my view ;
 The clouds dispel, the stormy danger's past,
 And I attain the peaceful shores at last.
 My hope's dear objects, now are all in sight,
 The lands of love, and unexhausted light ;
 The flowing streams of joy, and endless bliss,
 The shining plains, and walks of paradise ;
 The trees of life, immortal fruits and flow'rs,
 The tall celestial groves, and charming bow'rs.
 I breathe the balmy empyrean air,
 The songs of angels, and their harps I hear ;
 And scarce the fierce, tyrannic joy can bear.



H Y M N.

I.

I Mmortal fountain of my life,
 My last, my noblest end :
 Eternal centre of my soul,
 Where all its motions tend !

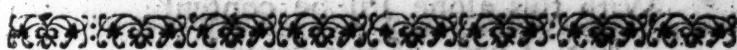
II. Thou

II.

Thou object of my dearest love,
My heav'nly paradise,
The spring of all my flowing joys,
My everlasting bliss!

III.

My God, my hope, my vast reward,
And all I wou'd possess;
Still more than these pathetic names,
And charming words express!



The A P P E A L.

I.

TO thee, great searcher of the heart,
I solemnly appeal,
Who all the secrets of my soul,
And inmost thoughts can't tell.

II.

Even thou, th' unerring judge of all,
Dost my dread witness prove;
That thee, beyond whate'er the world
Can tempt me with, I love.

III.

That thou, whatever else I miss,
Whatever else I lose,
Art my exceeding great reward,
And highest bliss I chuse.

68 POEMS on several occasions.

IV.

Leave me of wealth, of honour, friends,
And all things else bereft;
But of thy favour, gracious God,
Let me be never left;

V.

O hear! and grant thy boundless love's
Inestimable store,
And I'll hereafter close my lips,
And never urge thee more.

VI.

With this alone I'll be content;
But, Lord, of this deny'd,
I shou'd despise the noblest gift,
Thou cou'dst bestow beside.

VII.

Among the brightest joys of life,
I shou'd no pleasure know,
But murm'ring to the sullen shades
Of endless night would go.

Tell

*Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
where thou feedest, where thou makest
thy flocks to rest at noon, CANT. i. 7.*

I.

O Lovelier to my ravish'd eyes
Than all they ever saw,
Much dearer than the light I view,
Or vital breath I draw !

II.

Eternal treasure of my heart,
Whom as my soul I love,
O, tell me, to what happy shades
Thou dost, at noon, remove !

III.

O, tell me where, by crystal streams,
Thy snowy flocks are led,
And in what fruitful meadows they
Are by thy bounty fed !

IV.

For thee I languish all the day,
For thee I hourly pine,
As flow'rs that want the chearing sun,
Their painted heads decline.

V.

Ah ! why from my impatient eyes
Dost thou thy self conceal,
Whilst I in vain, in lonely shades,
My restless pain reveal ?

To Mr. WATTS, on his POEMS
sacred to DEVOTION.

I.

TO murmuring streams in tender strains,
My pensive muse no more
Of love's enchanting force complains
Along the flow'ry shore.

II.

No more *Mirtillo's* fatal face
My quiet breast alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace
Have lost their usual charms.

III.

No gay *Alexis* in the grove
Shall be my future theme ;
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel ;
While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain
Surpriz'd I listen still.

V.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat ;
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

VI. With

VI.
With such a grateful harmony
Thy numbers still prolong,
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song.

VII.
Far as the distant regions where
The beauteous morning springs,
And scatters odours thro' the air
From her resplendent wings;

VIII.
Unto the new-found realms which see
The latter fun arise,
When with an easy progress he
Rolls down the nether skies.

DESPAIR.

O H! lead me to some solitary gloom,
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor chearful echoes
come;

But silent all, and dusky let it be,
Remote, and unfrequented but by me;
Myfterious, close, and fullen as that grief,
Which leads me to its covert for relief.
Far from the busy world's detested noise,
Its wretched pleasures, and distracted joys;

Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,
 And dance, and sing, impertinently gay,
 Their short, inestimable hours away ;
 Far from the studious follies of the great,
 The tiresome farce of ceremonious state :
 There, in a melting, solemn, dying strain,
 Let me, all day, upon my lyre complain,
 And wind up all its soft, harmonious strings,
 To noble, serious, melancholy things.
 And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
 The close recesses of the sacred place :
 Nor let a bird of chearful note come near,
 To whisper out his airy raptures here.
 Only the pensive songstres of the grove,
 Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve ;
 While drooping winds among the branches sigh,
 And sluggish waters heavily roll by.
 Here, to my fatal sorrows let me give
 The short remaining hours I have to live.
 Then, with a fullen, deep-fetch'd groan expire,
 And to the grave's dark solitude retire.

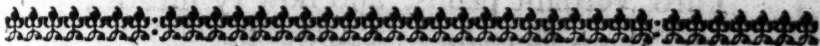


To CLEONE.

FROM the bright realms, and happy fields above,
 The seats of pleasure, and immortal love ;
 Where joys no more on airy chance depend,
 All health to thee from those gay climes I send.
 For thee my tender passion is the same,
 Nor death it self has quench'd the noble flame ;

For

For charms like thine for ever fix the mind,
 And with eternal obligations bind.
 And when kind fate shall my *Cleone* free
 From the dull fetters of mortality,
 I'll meet thy parting soul, and guide my fair
 In triumph, thro' the lightsome fields of air ;
 Till thou shalt gain the blissful seats and bow'rs,
 And shining plains, deck'd with unfading flow'rs.
 There nobler heights our friendship shall improve,
 For flames, like ours, bright spirits feel above,
 And tune their golden harps to the soft notes of love. }
 The sacred subject swells each heav'nly breast,
 And in their looks its transports are exprest.



To CLORINDA.

'TIS not *Clorinda's* noble air,
 Her shape, nor lovely eyes,
 (Tho' matchless all, exact and fair)
 That thus our hearts surprize.

SHE, by some mightier pow'r invades,
 And triumphs o'er our souls ;
 At once with softest art persuades,
 And with bold force controuls.

'TIS in *Clorinda's* charming mind,
 The sweet attraction lies ;
 There all that fire and life we find,
 Which sparkles in her eyes.

74 POEMS on several occasions.

IN her a thousand graces shine,
That might our envy move;
Which yet our thoughts alone incline
T' oblige, admire, and love.



P S A L M XXIII.

THE Lord is my defence and guide,
My wants are by his care supply'd:
He leads me to refreshing shades,
Thro' verdant plains, and flow'ry meads;
And there securely makes me lie,
Near silver currents rolling by,
To guide my erring feet aright,
He gilds my paths with sacred light;
And to his own immortal praise,
Conducts me in his perfect ways.
In death's uncomfortable shade,
No terror can my soul invade:
While he, my strong defence, is near,
His presence scatters all despair.
My spiteful foes, with envy, see
His plenteous table spread for me:
My cup o'erflows with sparkling wine,
With fragrant oils my temples shine.
Since God hath wond'rous mercies shew'd,
And crown'd my smiling years with good;

The

The life he graciously prolongs,
 Shall be employ'd in grateful songs;
 My voice in lofty hymns I'll raise,
 And in his temple spend my days.

*On the death of the honourable HENRY
 THYNNE, Esq; only son of the right
 honourable THOMAS, Lord Viscount
 WEYMOUTH.*

YE stately buildings, and ye fair retreats,
 That lately seem'd of guiltless joys the seats;
 You groves, and beauteous gardens, where we find
 Some graceful tracts of *Weymouth's* active mind;
 Put off your chearful looks, and blooming air,
 And wear a prospect suited to despair;
 Such as the melancholy muse requires,
 When fun'ral grief the mournful song inspires.
 The muses here *Amyntas* should deplore,
 Who visits these delightful walks no more.
 The noble youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 The boasted hope and glory of his race,
 No more shall these inviting shades frequent;
 What merit can the fatal hour prevent?

LAMENT, ye gloomy grotts, and charming bow'rs,
 Pine at your roots, ye various plants and flow'rs;

Decay'd

76 POEMS on several occasions.

Decay'd may all your painted blossoms fall,
 Nor let the genial ray your life recal;
 Nor e'er again your gentle tribute bring,
 (Gay nature's pride) to crown the fragrant spring:
 Tho' in her prime the lovely season here,
 Till now, has triumph'd round the changing year;
 And blooming still the wintry turns defy'd,
 Nor blasting air, nor nipping frost has try'd;
 While the glad sun ev'n linger'd in his race,
 And blest with constant smiles the happy place.

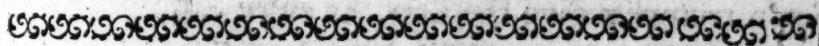
YE tender myrtles mourn, nor let your boughs
 Hereafter deck one joyful lover's brows.
 Ye folding bays, and laurel's sacred shade,
 At once let all your wreathing glories fade.
 May raging tempests in the grove contend,
 And from the stately firs their branches rend:
 Nor let their shade receive the feather'd throng,
 Which chear the ev'ning with their tuneful song;
 Nor ever here let balmy *Zephyrs* stray,
 And with their fragrant breath perfume the op'ning
 day.

YE swelling fountains, be for ever dry,
 Or far from these unhappy borders fly;
 Nor let the skill of any daring hand,
 To grace these walks your dancing spouts command;
 Nor sportive *Tritons* from their native course
 Aloft in air, their silver currents force;
 While deep cascades the musing thought delight,
 And rushing waves to soft repose invite.

LET the proud pedestals no longer prop
 Their marble loads, but into ruins drop;
 The forms of heroes, and poetic gods,
 But ill become these desolate abodes:
Amyntas is no more; who best could trace
 Their fine proportions, judge of ev'ry grace,
 The speaking gesture, and pathetic face.
 Whatever air a noble thought exprest,
 An image met in his own gen'rous breast.
 Nor sculpture, nor heroic numbers told
 A great design, or glorious name enroll'd,
 But mov'd in him an emulating flame;
 And had occasion try'd, his deeds had been the same.

ACCOMPLISH'D youth! why wast thou snatch'd
 away?

A thousand lives should have redeem'd thy stay.
 Must worth, like thine, so short a period find,
 And leave so many useless things behind,
 Unthinking forms, the burthen of the state;
 While a whole nation suffers in thy fate?



On LOVE.

VICTORIOUS love, thou sacred mystery!
 What muse in mortal strains can speak of thee?
 We feel th' effect, and own thy force divine,
 But vainly would the glorious cause define.

In

78 POEMS on *several occasions.*

In part, thy pow'r in these cold realms is known ;
 But in the blest celestial seats alone,
 Thy triumphs in their splendid heights are shown :
 Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light,
 And spotless flame, burns there for ever bright.
 Expressless pleasure, and transporting grace,
 With lasting beauty, shine upon thy face.
 By ev'ry tongue thy charms are there confest,
 And kindle joys in ev'ry heav'nly breast :
 For thee they touch the soft, melodious string,
 And love in glad triumphant accents sing,
 Almighty love, whence all their raptures spring.



REVELATION, *Chap. XVI.*

A LREADY from before the sacred throne
 The sev'n avenging ministers are gone ;
 Charg'd with the last great plagues behold they stand,
 With each his various mischief in his hand :
 Sev'n trumpets give the sign, at ev'ry call,
 In order they the wrathful dregs let fall.

A PRELUDE sounds : The first his vial pours
 Amidst the air, ensu'd by sulph'rous show'rs ;
 While from their caves portentous tempests rise,
 And pitchy clouds obscure the angry skies.

THEY sound again ; the ocean's briny flood
 The second vial turns to streaming blood :

Again ;

Again; and lo! a burning comet takes
Its downward way, and drinks the fresher lakes;
The lakes, the swelling springs, and running streams,
Are all a prey to its malignant beams.

HIS signal now the fourth great angel takes,
And o'er the sun a livid venom shakes;
The beauteous orb a bloody tincture wears,
And with a fierce malignant horror glares:
The silver moon resigns her trembling ray,
While all the faint nocturnal lights decay.

ANOTHER echoing clangor shakes the sky;
And open wide th' infernal portals fly,
Revealing all the dismal realms below,
The dens of night, and seats of endless woe;
Ascending smoke pollutes the sickly air,
While ruddy flames amidst the darkness glare.

Now the sixth trumpet's direful sounds succeed;
And from their adamantine fetters freed,
The raging fiends from long confinement come,
With monstrous shapes in open air to roam:
A gloomy host! in terrible array
They march along; pale horror leads the way,
And in its ghastliest form before them walks;
Behind them empty desolation stalks.

THE sev'nth shrill trumpet utters now its voice,
Thro' earth and hell resounds the dreadful noise:
' Arise, ye dead, arise to judgment! come,
' And take according to your works your doom!'

TH' ex-

80 POEMS on several occasions.

TH' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
The light'nings flash, the final thunders roll,
The graves divide, the startled dead awake,
And hov'ring souls their former mansions take.



A PASTORAL,

Inscrib'd to Mrs. FRANCES WORSLEY.

[Now the right honourable the Lady
CARTERET.]

SYLVIA, the pride of all the rural train,
By *Celadon* was lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
His graceful form by nature seem'd design'd
To charm the nicest of the beauteous kind.
With vain *Narcissus* in his blooming pride,
Or *Hyacinth*, the shepherd might have vy'd.
He danc'd — not *Paris* with a nobler mien,
On *Xanthus*' borders trac'd the level green.
Tuneful his voice — but *Phoebus* lov'd in vain,
Nor met success with his immortal strain:
More wild than *Daphne*, o'er the flow'ry mead,
Coy *Sylvia* her entreating lover fled.
Nor could his melting numbers once prevail
To gain attention to his am'rous tale;
Till mov'd with pity for his restless care,
Her fellow nymphs detain the flying fair;

En-

Entreated half, and half compell'd her stay ;
 Beneath a shade that screen'd the burning ray
 They sit ; their bleating flocks around them stray :
 While thus th' unhappy youth, in mournful strains,
 Of his ungrateful shepherdes complains.

RETURNING springs the faded year renew,
 And summer gales the wintry storms enfue ;
 But no vicissitude of joy I prove,
 No change of season to my hopeless love.
 The falling sun in western shades declines,
 Refresh'd again the purple morning shines ;
 But no kind smiles with dawning rays appear
 In *Sylvia's* eyes, my gloomy breast to chear.

THE silver moon wheels her pale course above,
 And midnight stars in solemn order move,
 Envy it self, and faction find repose ;
 While no relief my wilder passion knows :
 Or if disorder'd slumbers close mine eyes,
 Coy *Sylvia* still before my fancy flies ;
 Thro' dusky groves and vales I seem to trace
 Her fleeting form, that mocks my fond embrace ;
 I wake to new despair, and tell my pain
 To whisp'ring winds and sounding rocks in vain :
 Yet these, relentless fair, more kind than thee,
 In sighing echoes seem to plead for me.
 Gay nature now to gentler thoughts invites,
 And the fair season calls for soft delights ;
 The vig'rous sun smiles on the fruitful earth,
 And gives a thousand beauteous flow'rs their birth ;

82 POEMS on several occasions.

The conscious trees their verdant branches spread,
Inviting lovers to their friendly shade :
These scenes were made for love ; each whisp'ring
stream,

And painted vale require the tender theme.

Love triumphs here, and on the peaceful plains

The gentle god his empire still maintains ;

The busy city's restless noise he shuns,

And far from factious courts affrighted runs ;

Hither his quiver, and his torch he brings,

And hov'ring round the air with downy wings,

Among the swains his sportive darts he flings.

Th' immortal race oft seek the calm retreats,

And for their pleasures chuse the rural seats.

In the *Sabaean* groves, and *Cyprian* bow'rs

The queen of beauty spent her softest hours :

The fair *Aurora* too, a nymph divine,

With rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes like thine,

But gentler far ; on *Hæmus'* dewy head

Pursu'd a youth, who her embraces fled.

Diana's self, thy boasted goddess, lov'd,

Nor still like thee inflexible has prov'd :

Meander's winding banks, and *Lycus'* shore

Have heard her oft her rig'rous fate deplore ;

The *Carian* hills were witness to her grief,

There wand'ring round, she vainly sought relief ;

Nor roves a savage huntress as before,

Her hand a pointed jav'lin shakes no more,

While thro' the woods she tracks the foaming boar.

To diff'rent cares her thoughts were now confin'd,

Endymion's image had possess'd her mind.

On *Latmos*' top the lovely youth she found,
Gently reclin'd upon the verdant ground,
His senses all in balmy slumbers drown'd.
Not young *Adonis* ever look'd more fair ;
An am'rous breeze plays with his careless hair :
The virgin goddess fix'd her wond'ring sight ;
Above her own transparent orb roll'd bright,
And all the stars lent their officious light,
She views his blooming charms with fond surprize,
Unusual transports in her bosom rise ;
An unaccustom'd wish her breast inspires,
And now she checks, now soothes her wild desires,
Approaches softly now, and now retires :
At last resolv'd, a modest kiss she steals,
While *Venus* laughing, all the theft reveals.

THUS gods and men to *Love's* imperial sway
Submit, and his resistless laws obey :
And trust me, *Sylvia*, some propitious hour
Shall yet arrive, when thou shalt feel his pow'r.

THE shepherd ceas'd, the nymphs his numbers
praise ;
Ev'n *Sylvia*, soften'd by his melting lays,
Returns a smile ; then with a decent pride
Retires, and strives her alter'd thoughts to hide.

To C H L O E.

An EPISTLE.

FAIR *Chloe*, leave the noisy town, and try
 What artless sweets the country scenes supply:
 While the young year in all its pride invites,
 And promises a thousand gay delights;
 While the glad sun his fairest light displays,
 And op'ning blossoms court his chearful rays.
 The nymys for thee shall deck some rural bow'r
 With ev'ry verdant branch and painted flow'r;
 To thee the swains full canisters shall bring,
 Of all the fragrant treasures of the spring:
 While some young shepherd in the sounding grove
 Shall tune his reed for thee to strains of love.
 Nor from the soft, enchanting accents run,
 For who the pleasing charms of love would shun?
 Such love as in these guiltless seats is known,
 Such as a state of innocence might own.
 No frauds, no treach'rous arts are practis'd here,
 No perjur'd vows deluded virgins fear.
 The gentle god with mild indulgence sways,
 And ev'ry willing heart his laws obeys.

ALL hail, ye fields, and ev'ry happy grove!
 How your soft scenes the tender flame improve,
 And melt the thoughts, and turn the soul to love!
 'Twas here *Mirtillo's* charms my bosom fir'd,
 While all the god the am'rous youth inspir'd;

Divine

Divine his art, prevailing was his tongue,
 While in the shades the skilful shepherd sung:
 On downy wings young *Zephyrs* took the sound,
 And chear'd the plains, and all the valleys round.
 The list'ning streams were conscious of his flame,
 And ev'ry grove acquainted with my name.
 No nymph but envy'd me *Mirtillo's* praise,
 For I had all his vows and tender lays.
 Nor could such truth and merit plead in vain,
 I heard his sighs, and pity'd all his pain;
 While *Venus* smil'd propitious from above,
 And crown'd our vows, and blest our mutual love.
 May prosp'rous fates attend the happy day,
 And circling joys for ever make it gay!
 From thence we date our bliss, and still improve
 Our soft delights, as thro' the woods we rove:
 In flow'ry meadows, groves, and fragrant bow'rs,
 Serene and free, we spend the lightsome hours.

THUS live the *Dryads*, thus the sacred race
 That haunt the valleys, and the fountains grace;
 The rural scenes indulge their warm desires,
 Heighten their joys, and feed immortal fires,
Diana, who in heav'n could guard her breast,
 In *Latmos'* flow'ry fields the god confest.
 No name but his among the swains is known,
 Superior love is all the pow'r they own;
 Their willing tribute to his shrine they bring,
 Turtles, and lambs, and all the blooming spring,
 While to their tuneful harps his praise they sing,
 Young *Zephyrs* bear the charming accents round,
 And rocks and mossy caves retain the sound;

86 POEMS on several occasions.

Tigers and wolves grow wild, the tim'rous fawns,
Undaunted, skip along the open lawns;
Roses and myrtles bloom, the am'rous doves,
And all the warbling chorus own their loves;
The nodding groves, and falling floods reply,
And all confess the pow'rful deity.



The CONFLAGRATION.

An O D E.

I.

SUPINE as men before the deluge lay,
In melting joys and luxury dissolv'd,
Till swift destruction swept them all away,
The stupid world will then be found;
In all licentiousness and sin involv'd,
When loud to judgment the last trumpets sound.
Then time shall be no more,
Nor months and years proportion'd by the sun;
Which ne'er again shall run,
With vig'rous pride, the shining Zodiac o'er.

II.

A sudden change the living shall translate
To an immortal from a mortal state:
While those that slumber in the grave awake
In crowds, their former vehicles to take,
Endu'd with principles that may sustain
Celestial pleasure, or infernal pain.

III. AND

III.

AND now begins the universal wreck;
 The wheels of nature stand, or change their course,
 And backward hurrying with disorder'd force,
 The long establish'd laws of motion break.
 The reflux rivers to their fountains run,
 Their antient paths and well-known channels shun.
 The seas their sandy banks deride,
 And know their bounds no more,
 Against the rocks, with stormy pride,
 The angry billows roar:
 Now swelling, like transparent mounts appear,
 Which to the clouds their lofty summits rear,
 And mingle with the virgin waters there:
 Here, like the mouth of hell, vast whirlpools yawn,
 And down the rapid gulph whole floods and isles are
 drawn.

IV.

PRODIGIOUS thunders shake the sky,
 As from their cells with clam'rous rage they break;
 Prodigious lightnings kindle as they fly,
 And trace the clouds with many a fiery streak:
 While in the darken'd air
 With horrid beams malignant comets glare.
 Encountring tempests strive,
 Which mighty winds across each other drive;
 Loos'd from the spacious cavities below,
 From all th' adverse points of heav'n they blow,
 And murmur from afar with stormy sound;
 While burning bolts and hail-stones rake the ground.
 Resistless whirlwinds bluster here and there,
 Trees from their roots, stones from their rocks they tear.

88 POEMS on several occasions.

V.

THE central fire within its prison raves,
And all the globe with strong concussions shakes,
As from its urn in sulph'rous waves

The dreadful element breaks ;
Thro' all the gloomy vaults around it flows,
Thro' ev'ry cleft and winding fissure glows,
And wild excursions makes.

Its course no subterranean damps oppose,
From vein to vein the active particles take fire,
And towards the surface of the globe aspire ;
Whole groves, and hills, and buildings undermine,
Whole groves, and hills, and palaces drop in :

Wide gapes the direful gulph, and where
Tall mountains stood, prodigious chasms appear.

With wilder fury here

The fierce materials outward rush,
And where, ev'n now, a level plain was spread,
Vast rocks and frowning steeps erect their hideous
head ;

From whose dark entrails livid torrents gush,

And glowing cataracts spout :

Like *Ætna* now the new *Volcano* roars,
Unweildy stones, and burning craggs throws out,
With show'rs of sand, and seas of melted ores.

VI.

While louder still on high the trumpets sound,
And reach the dreary kingdoms under ground.
Hell's deep foundations the strange echoes shake,

With terrors fill each raging fiend,

The earth with strong concussions rend,
And wide disclose the vast infernal lake,

With

With all the execrable dens below,
The dwellings of unutterable woe,
Thick steams from the unbottom'd gulph arise,
And blacken all the skies:

The startled sun winks at the horrid sight,
And robs the moon of all her silver light;
While ev'ry gay, ethereal flame expires,
Or to its first original retires,
Now mightier pangs the whole creation feels;
Each planet from its shatter'd axis reels,
And orbs immense on orbs immense drop down,
Like scatt'ring leaves from off their branches blown.

VII.

AGAIN the great archangel's summons fly
Thro' earth, thro' hell, and all the ample vaults on
high.

Wide fly the portals of eternal day,
To give the king of glory way:
And lo! the Son of God descends,
Heav'n's everlasting frame beneath him bends;
On loursing clouds he sits enthron'd,
Whence ruddy flames, and pointed lightnings play,
And bellowing thunders with shrill voices sound:
To judge the world he comes with awful state,
Ten thousand times ten thousand on him wait,

Cherub and seraphim,
With mighty chiefs, and splendid dignities,
Dominions, potentates and pow'rs,
Of heav'nly thrones the num'rous regencies.

And (if a muse might dare
Things so extremely distant to compare;)
Like *Hesperus* leading on the countless stars,
The God before his radiant train appears;

Divine

90 POEMS on several occasions.

Divine his form, ineffable his air,
At once benignant, solemn, and severe ;
 Around him dart refulgent beams,
And from his eyes approachless glory streams.

VIII.

THE waters see, and downward sink,
The mountains melt like wax before the fire,
 The folding heav'ns together shrink,
And with a mighty noise the clashing orbs retire.
Despairing, trembling, mad, the vicious fly,
And to the falling rocks for shelter cry ;
To hell's impenetrable shades would run,
The face of their vindictive judge to shun.
 The shudd'ring fiends t' avoid his sight,
 Beneath the burning deeps would hide ;
Unable now to bear celestial light,
 Or the resplendence of his looks abide.

IX.

U N M O V'D alone the virtuous now appear,
And in their looks a calm assurance wear,
 Nor hell, nor all its horrors fear.
From east, from west, from north and south they
 come,
To take from the most righteous judge their doom ;
Who thus, to them, with a serene regard ;
 (The books of life before him laid,
And all the secret records wide display'd)
' According to your works be your reward ;
' As my reproach and cross you did not fear,
' To men and angels I approve you here ;
' Possess immortal kingdoms as your due,
' Prepar'd from an eternal date for you. '

X. THE

X.
THE glitt'ring legions shout above,
And down ten thousand heav'nly guardians fly,
T' attend their joyful charges to the sky:
And upward now with wond'rous state they move,
Melodious welcomes they receive on high,
With shining robes, victorious palms and crowns,
Celestial dignities, and everlasting thrones;
While beauty, life, and joy, with love divine,
Break from their eyes, and on their faces shine.

XI.

TH' apostate spirits rage, as when they fell
From off th' ethereal battlements to hell,
To see the humble race of man supply
Their once illustrious stations in the sky.
The finners gnash their teeth for envy too;
To whom thus speaks the wrathful deity.

2
‘ FROM me, accurst! for ever go,
‘ And dwell with endless burnings, endless night and
 woe.
‘ In vain in your adversity you cry,
‘ Inexorable to your cries I'll be,
 ‘ As you were once to me.’

XII.

LIKE stings these fatal accents wound,
And all the wretched sinners pleas confound;
Opprest with shame, confusion, and despair,
They sink, nor can the heavy judgment bear.
Th' unfathom'd deep to swallow them gapes wide;
And now without controul
The fiery furies roll;
And hell extends itself on ev'ry side;

Where,

92 POEMS on several occasions.

Where, without intermission, without end,
Howling and lamentations loud ascend ;
With flames and hellish smother, which appear
To form about the globe a dreadful atmosphere.

XIII.

WHY vice was prosp'rous, virtue why distressed,
With all the deep-writ sense,
The dark mysterious ways of providence,
To men and angels now are manifest.



A LAPLANDER'S song to his mistress.

I.

SHINE out, resplendent God of day,
On my fair Orramoor ;
Her charms thy most propitious ray,
And kindest looks allure.

II.

IN mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
I'd climb the tallest tree,
Could I from thence my absent love,
My charming rover see.

III.

I'd venture on a rising cloud,
Aloft in yielding air,
From that exalted station proud,
To view the smiling fair.

IV. SHOULD

IV.

SHOULD she in some sequester'd bow'r,
Among the branches hide,
I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Till she was there descry'd.

V.

FROM ev'ry bird I'd steal a wing
To *Orramoor* to fly;
And urg'd by love, would swiftly spring
Along the lightsome sky.

VI.

RETURN, and bless me with thy charms,
While yet the sun displays
His fairest beams, and kindly warms
Us with his vital rays.

VII.

RETURN before that light be gone,
In which thou shouldst appear;
Unwelcome night is hast'ning on
To darken half the year.

VIII.

IN vain, relentless maid, in vain
Thou dost a youth forsake,
Whose love shall quickly o'er the plain,
Thy savage flight o'ertake.

IX.

SHOULD bars of steel my passage stay,
They could not thee secure:
I'd thro' enchantments find a way
To seize my *Orramoor*.

A HYMN of thanks.

On my recovery from the SMALL-POX.

I.

MY God, my great deliv'rer, and my trust,
My life, my love, and ev'ry tender name
That makes my gratitude and homage just ;
Let heav'nly ardor all my soul enflame !

II.

To thee, my muse, some tuneful gift would bring,
And humbly consecrate her noblest verse ;
Fain would she touch, for thee, her sweetest string,
And in immortal strains thy love rehearse.

III.

BUT, oh ! what words of men can reach the theme ?
What human eloquence expresse thy praise ?
Immense thy pow'r, unspeakable thy name,
Thy throne surrounded with majestic rays.

IV.

YET let my grateful zeal accepted prove,
Since weak mortality can give no more ;
I cannot speak, 'tis true, but I can love,
I love, and what I cannot praise, adore.

*The HYMN of the three eastern MAGI,
adoring our Saviour at his nativity.*

FROM those blest regions where the sun displays
His blooming light, and spreads its earliest
rays ;

Where fragrant groves for sacred incense spring,
To thee, great Son of God, our zealous vows we bring.

HAIL, mighty infant, offspring of the skies!
Celestial glory lightens in thy eyes;
Thy smiles preface immeasurable grace,
And scenes of paradise are open'd in thy face.

MORE than the race of man surprizing fair!
More lovely than thy own propitious star!
When first its chearful lustre blest our sight,
Grac'd with superior beams, and well-distinguish'd
light.

THE sun its conqu'ring glories met by day,
And fac'd his rival with a fainter ray ;
In golden robes, amidst the shades it blaz'd,
While night, with all her eyes, on the fair stranger
gaz'd.

To rich *Judea* still it led the way,
And hov'ring where th' immortal infant lay ;
With darting beams it gilds the blest abode,
And to our longing eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd God.

WHOM

96 POEMS on several occasions.

WHOM thus with pure devotion we adore,
And freely offer all our costly store;
Gold, as a tribute to the new-born king,
And incense to the God, with humble zeal we bring.

THE spacious *East* shall soon converted be,
And all her splendid monarchs kneel to thee.
The sun no more, in folding clouds array'd,
Shall mourn the impious honours to his lustre paid.

APIS shall cease to bellow thro' the crowd,
With gilded horns, and flow'ry garlands proud;
Panthea's costly gums shall smoke no more
To gods of monstrous shape, on *Nile*'s polluted shore.

BUT thou shalt rise in fame, illustrious child,
Of all mankind the GREAT REDEEMER stild;
A God in ev'ry language known and blest,
By ev'ry bending knee ador'd, and ev'ry tongue
confess'd.

TEMPLES to thee with gilded spires shall rise,
And clouds of fragrant incense shade the skies:
In lofty hymns, and consecrated verse,
Succeeding times shall speak thy praise, and thy great
name rehearse.

AND thee, unblemish'd maid, divinely fair,
Whose tender arms th' eternal monarch bear;
Thrice happy thee posterity shall call,
Pride of thy lovely sex, and grac'd above them all.

A PASTO.

A PASTORAL.

In imitation of DRAYTON's second Nymphal.

CLEON and *Lycidas* were jolly fwains,
 Their worth distinguish'd on th' *Arcadian* plains.
Cleon, a hardy youth, on mountains bred,
 O'er craggy rocks his browsing goats he led;
 At rural festivals he still appear'd,
 A challenger in ev'ry combat fear'd:
 For none like him the weighty sledge could throw,
 Or manage, with more dextrous art, the bow;
 In wrestling skill'd, and foremost in the race,
 Advent'rous still, and eager for the chace;
 Thro' savage woods, o'er hills with summits hoar,
 Arm'd with a spear, he trac'd the tusky boar.

BUT *Lycidas* among the nymphs was bred,
 The flow'ry vales he sought, and verdant mead,
 And there, by curling streams, his flocks were fed.
 His goodly stature, and well-featur'd face,
 Of ev'ry shepherdess obtain'd the grace.
 His flaxen hair, in ringlets from his crown,
 Beneath his shoulders carelessly hung down.
 Whene'er he danc'd, *Apollo's* self was seen,
 In the proportion'd step, and graceful mien;
 He spoke so fine, so artfully he sung,
 None but *Mirtilla* could resist his tongue.
 No charms but her's his numbers could inspire:
 The nymph was fam'd, a Sylvan god her sire,

98 POEMS on several occasions.

Her mother of the *Naiad's* beauteous race ;
 From her she took the sweetness of her face.
 Not *Venus*' self could boast a face more fair,
 More rosy lips, or more enticing hair.
 Her blooming innocence, her lovely eyes,
 And perfect shape, did ev'ry heart surprize.
 Her voice could ev'n a rising torrent stay,
 A hungry lion's fiercest rage allay,
 And keep the list'ning savage from his prey.
 The maid by gentle *Lycidas* was lov'd,
 Nor wilder *Cleon* less enamour'd prov'd.
 The lovers both attend the usual hour,
 That brought *Mirtilla* from her fragrant bow'r,
 To breathe the balmy morning's pleasant air ;
 When full of warm desires the swains prepare,
 With songs and promis'd gifts, to gain the fair.

L Y C I D A S.

A SNOWY lamb I've bred, so full of play,
 'Twill entertain my shepherdes all day ;
 To thee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
 From thy fair hands alone to take its food ;
 Then to express its joy, with many a bound
 And airy frisk, 'twill seem to scorn the ground :
 And this, with all my future vows, are thine,
 If thou, for me, my rival wilt decline.

C L E O N.

M y proffers now, and artless language hear,
 And turn from his smooth tales thy list'ning ear.
 For I can boast a kid more white than milk,
 And softer far than the *Siberian* silk ;

When-

Whene'er you walk, 'twill walk as gently by,
And at your feet, whene'er you sit, will lie;
If o'er the plains you run with nimble pace,
'Twill skip along, and seem to urge the race:
And this, bright maid, I frankly offer thee,
To quit my rival, and to live with me.

M Y R T I L L A.

HAVE you, indeed, such valu'd things in store,
And never boasted of your wealth before?
Your offers, gentle youths, I own most fair,
And such a kid and lamb are wond'rous rare.
What virtue so severe, what maid so vain,
Such lovers, and such presents to disdain?
Yet *Minx*, my dog, I dare a wager lay,
As many tricks as both of them shall play.

L Y C I D A S.

BUT I two sparrows will on thee bestow,
Their plumes unsoil'd, and white as falling snow;
Venus herself had warm'd them in her breast,
Had her unlucky son but found the nest.
The sprightly birds are bred so tame, they'll stand,
And chirp, and sweetly prattle on thy hand;
Wanton, among thy curling locks they'll creep,
And, if permitted, in thy bosom sleep.

C L E O N.

FAIR nymph, his boasted sparrows do not mind,
As good in ev'ry common bush I'll find.
But I a pair of am'rous doves will bring,
With shining plumes, and nicely-chequer'd wing;

100 POEMS on several occasions:

Their changing necks more various colours show,
Than *Iris* paints on the celestial bow;
Should *Cytherea* on them cast an eye,
The birds she'd with her golden apple buy.

M Y R T I L L A.

With such fine doves und sparrows will you part,
Unthinking youths! to gain a trifling heart?
On *Venus*, who so well their worth must know,
The wond'rous birds you'd better far bestow:
Your costly zeal the goddess may reward,
And your soft vows propitiously regard.

L Y C I D A S.

To crown thy temples, garlands I'll compose,
Of full-blown lillies, and the budding rose;
With those the golden hyacinth I'll twine,
And blushing pinks, and purple vi'lets join:
Fresh nosegays from the fields each day I'll bring,
Made up of all the sweetness of the spring.

C L E O N.

His wreaths and painted nosegays will decay,
And lose their proudest beauty in a day:
But I've a gift which all his trifles mocks;
As tow'rs the beach I lately drove my flocks,
Three coral-sprigs I found among the rocks:
These nicely plac'd among thy braided hair,
As little ornaments, may serve my fair.

M Y R.

H

POEMS on several occasions. 101

M Y R T I L L A.

WITH yellow hyacinths, pinks and v'lets blue,
In garlands wreath'd, and painted nosegays too,
With coral-sprigs so deck'd, and wond'rous fine,
A lady of the *May* I shall out-shine.
But while I trim my braided locks so gay,
And waste, in dressing, half the fleeting day,
My flocks, I fear, would, thus neglected, stray.

L Y C I D A S.

As on *Alpheus'* banks my sheep were fed,
I form'd a little barge of bending reed;
So closely wrought, and twisted round the sides,
That on the dancing wave secure it rides:
In this, if thou wilt try the silver stream,
Another sea-born goddess thou shalt seem;
While twelve white swans, with wreathing wood-
bines ty'd,
And tassell'd flow'rs the floating pomp shall guide.

C L E O N.

ON yonder hill, with lofty forests crown'd,
A nymph of bright *Diana's* train I found,
Who from her sisters heedlessly had stray'd;
And by a brutal *Satyr* seiz'd, the maid
On her chaste goddess call'd aloud for aid:
I to her succour running, nimbly threw
A bearded arrow, which the monster slew.
On me the grateful virgin would bestow
Her painted quiver, and her polish'd bow,
The bow and gilded shafts thou may'st command,
And both are worthy of *Diana's* hand:

102 POEMS on several occasions.

Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the woods shalt rove,
And seem another goddess of the grove.

MYRTILLA.

THRO' savage woods to hunt wild beasts with thee,
To love must needs a mighty motive be ;
But I the dang'rous pleasure dare not prove,
Ev'n to be thought a goddess of the grove :
Nor less I fear to try the promis'd boat,
And venture on the dancing waves to float.
I've no ambition o'er the floods to ride,
Tho' drawn by swans, with wreathing wood-bines
ty'd :

Rather secure thro' peaceful shades I'd stray,
And watch my flocks in humble shades all day,
But if a tender thought could warm my breast,
In two such worthy lovers I were blest ;
Whose merits, with such equal claims, appear,
That 'twere injustice either to prefer :
While both rejected, both must be content ;
And treated thus, you've nothing to repent,
But that, like me, an hour you've idly spent. }



An ODE on BEAUTY.

I.

BEAUTY, my soft transporting theme,
Assist my muse, and all my soul enflame ;
With ev'ry grace, and ev'ry tender charm,
Exalt my fancy, and my bosom warm.

Thou

POEMS on several occasions. 103

Thou canst the coldest breast inspire
With sacred rapture, and refin'd desire:
Not glory, friendship, wealth or liberty,
Attract and charm like thee.

The prince, the swain, the tim'rous, and the brave,
Thou, by a sov'reign title, dost enslave:
Thee, ev'n the faint and libertine obey,
And uncontroul'd and boundless is thy sway.

II.

By thee the holy hermit fir'd,
In ecstasies sublime,
Far from the sensual crowd retir'd,
Spends all his happy time;
While smiling forms, and glorious visions roll
Uninterrupted thro' his ravish'd soul.

III.

NOR human minds alone thy pow'r confess,
A kind of homage brutes themselves express;
Vanquish'd by thee, fierce lions quit their prey,
And harmless o'er the *Libyan* deserts stray.

IV.

WITH admiration, ecstasy, and love,
Thou fill'st the num'rous, shining worlds above:
There are thy triumphs shown,
For thee each heav'nly lyre is strung;
Thy force to no celestial breast unknown,
Is the perpetual subject of their song.

V.

THE mighty Being whom we all adore,
Immortal Beauty, owns thy pow'r:

104 POEMS *on several occasions.*

A whole eternity roll'd on,
While with his own supreme perfections he
Solac'd himself, immensely blest in thee.

And pleas'd with the bright images which shone
In his own beatific mind,
He all things visible by them design'd,
And after those complete ideas wrought ;
When from the black abyfs of night
He drew the beauteous light,

And comely order from confusion brought.
He rais'd the sparkling arches of the skies,
And bad the sun in golden splendor rise ;

He gave the moon her silver blaze,
And lent the glimm'ring stars their rays.
To him the morning owes her crimson vest ;
His skill, with flow'rs, the smiling valleys drest,
And cloath'd, with various furs, the beast ;
In shining scales he arm'd the finny race,
And gave the painted birds their plumy grace.

Nor here creation ceas'd ;
With the great work th' almighty maker pleas'd,
Still from a brighter copy of his mind,
He man with godlike faculties design'd :
Surveying then the universe around,
The universe his approbation found,
In ev'ry part with perfect beauty crown'd.

On

ON LOVE.

VENUS, the beauteous offspring of the day,
 From thy bright orb dart one propitious ray;
 Awake the gentlest passions in my breast,
 And be thy pow'r thro' all my soul confest.
 From faithless waves thou art but feign'd to rise,
 Nor gloomy *Saturn* gave thee to the skies;
 No wanton crowds at *Cyprus* thee invok'd,
 Nor impious incense on thy altars smok'd.

DIVINE thy lineage, thy resplendent star,
 With chearful glory glads the fields of air.
 From thee the sweet, the fertile spirit flows,
 That (source of life) thro' total nature glows,
 And bids her jarring parts one beauteous *ALL* com-
 pose.

THE poets justly would thy pomp display,
 In dazzling triumph rolling o'er the sea;
 While all the ranks of life, or sense, that rise
 In fields, or floods, or thro' the spacious skies,
 Confess the force of thy inspiring flame,
 And pay their homage to thy mighty name.

To

To Mrs. ARABELLA MARROW.

In the COUNTRY.

W HATE'ER delights the verdant field,
 The grove, and mossy fountain yield;
 Whate'er the gentle, blooming spring,
 Or summer in their glory bring;
 Let them all conspire to bless
Belinda, in her soft recess.
 All ye tuneful feather'd throng,
 Salute her in your artless song.
 Ye *Zephyrs* flying thro' the vales,
 Meet her with your fragrant gales.
 Ye purling brooks, indulge her sleep,
 And gently by your borders creep.
 Whene'er she wanders o'er the green,
 Let all *Arcadia* there be seen.
 May the charming visions rise,
 That dance before the poet's eyes,
 When the solitary muse
 Does rural shades its subject chuse;
 While nymphs, like *Stairs*, adorn the scene,
 Graceful, like her's, their looks and mien,

HENCE ye gilded toys of state,
 Ye formal follies of the great,
 Nor e'er disturb this peaceful seat.
 No sound of faction hither fly,
 Ambition, hate, or jealousy;

No

No envious rattle enter here,
That wrongs the innocent and fair ;
But let the graces and the loves,
Wander round these gentle groves,
And banish from *Belinda's* breast,
Whatever may her joys molest ;
While here she finds that soft repose,
Which from virtue only flows.



A P A S T O R A L.

IN vain my muse would imitate the strains
Which charm'd the nymphs on *Windsor's* verdant
plains ;
Where *Pope*, with wond'rous art, in tuneful lays,
Won from *Apollo's* hand immortal bays.

THE morning scarce appear'd, when *Phillis* rose,
And call'd *Aminta* from a short repose ;
With cautious steps they left the peaceful bow'r,
Both, by appointment, chose the silent hour.
To tell, in rural strains, their mutual care,
And the soft secret of their breasts to share :
Securely seated near a purling stream,
By turns they sing, while love supplies the theme.

P H I L L I S.

THE starry lights above are scarce expir'd,
And scarce the shades from open plains retir'd ;

The

108 POEMS on several occasions.

The tuneful lark has hardly stretch'd her wing,
And warbling linnets just begin to sing;
Nor yet industrious bees their hives forsake,
Nor skim the fish the surface of the lake.

A M I N T A.

NOR yet the flow'rs disclose their various hue,
But fold their leaves, oppress'd with hoary dew;
Blue mists around conceal the neighb'ring hills,
And dusky fogs hang o'er the murm'ring rills;
While *Zephyr* faintly sighs among the trees,
And moves the branches with a lazy breeze:
No jovial pipe resounds along the plains,
Safe in their hamlets sleep the drouzy swains.

P H I L L I S.

FOR me *Mirtillo* sighs; the charming youth
Persuades with so much eloquence and truth,
Whene'er he talks my flocks unheeded stray;
To hear him I could linger out the day,
Untir'd till night, 'till all the stars were gone,
Till o'er the eastern hills the morn came on.

A M I N T A.

FOR me *Silvander* pines, as full of truth,
In secret too, perhaps, I love the youth;
Yet treat him ill, while with disssembled pride
I mock his vows, his soft complaints deride;
And fly him swifter than a sportive fawn
Skips thro' the woods, and dances o'er the lawn.

P H I L L I S.

PHILLIS.

UNPRACTIS'D in the turns of female art,
My looks declare the meaning of my heart;
To own so just and innocent a flame,
Can fix no blemish on a virgin's name:
When first my lips the tender truth express'd,
A thousand joys *Mirtillo's* eyes confess'd.

A M I N T A.

No boasting swain such truths from me shall hear,
Such words shall never reach *Silvander's* ear.
With *Thysbe* once, his favour'd dog, I play'd,
Which from his master thro' the woods had stray'd;
Still on the path my watchful eyes I kept,
When from the thicket the pleas'd owner stept;
His smiling looks an inward joy confess'd
To find, by me, the darling dog caress'd:
Surpriz'd, from off my lap his dog I threw,
And swift as lightning thro' the forest flew.

PHILLIS.

WHENE'ER *Mirtillo's* sportive kid I find,
With wreathing flow'rs his twisted horns I bind,
And fondly stroke him in his master's sight,
Nor e'er abuse the harmless thing in sight,
Or think the guiltless favour worth my flight.

A M I N T A.

THE nymphs and swains *Apollo's* revels grac'd,
In sprightly dances the smooth green they trac'd;
Silvander begg'd I would his partner stand,
I turn'd, and gave to *Cerilas* my hand.

PHILLIS.

110 POEMS on several occasions.

PHILLIS.

I to *Mirtillo* did my hand refuse;
But after that no other swain would chuse:
At *Cynthia's* revels *Hylas* strove in vain,
And *Lycidas* the favour to obtain.

AMINTA.

A BASKET of the finest rushes wrought,
With jess'min, pinks, and purple vi'lets fraught,
With modest zeal, to me *Silvander* brought:
His present I rejected with disdain,
And threw the fragrant treasures on the plain.
Soon as the youth retir'd, with wond'rous care
I search'd them round, nor would one blossom spare;
With some, in wreaths, my curling locks I grac'd,
And others nicely in my bosom plac'd.

PHILLIS.

FRESH sprigs of myrtle oft my breast adorn,
And roses gather'd in a dewy morn:
Of all the garden's flow'ry riches, these
Mirtillo loves, and I his fancy please.

AMINTA.

SILVANDER told a secret in my ear,
Which twice I made pretences not to hear;
He nearer drew, invited to the bliss,
And in the am'rous whisper stole a kiss.
My rising blushes the bold theft reveal'd,
Dorinda scarce from laughing out with-held:
I left the shepherd, feign'd myself enrag'd,
And with his rival in discourse engag'd.

PHILLIS.

POEMS on several occasions. 111

PHILLIS.

IN yonder bow'r I fate, when tow'rd's the place
Mirtillo hasten'd with a lover's pace ;
I feign'd myself to careless sleep resign'd,
My head against a mossy bank reclin'd ;
Approaching near, sweet may thy slumbers be,
He softly cry'd, and all thy dreams of me !
I laugh'd, nor longer could conceal the cheat,
But told the am'rous youth the fond deceit.

AMINTA.

WHEN in the echoing vale *Silvander* plays,
And on his reed performs the rural lays,
Behind the shading trees I oft' retire,
And undiscover'd, the sweet notes admire :
But when in public I his numbers heard,
To his unskilful *Egon's* I prefer'd ;
Tho' with the swan's expiring melody,
The cuckow's tiresome note as well may vye.

PHILLIS.

WHATE'ER *Mirtillo* dictates meets applause,
His voice attention still as midnight draws ;
His voice more gentle than the summer's breeze,
That mildly whispers thro' the trembling trees ;
Soft as the nightingale's complaining song,
Or murm'ring currents as they roll along ;
Without disguise the skilful youth I praise,
Admire his numbers, and repeat his lays.

On the death of Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

IN what soft language shall my thoughts get free,
 My dear *Alexis*, when I talk of thee?
 Ye muses, graces, all ye gentle train
 Of weeping loves, assist the pensive strain!
 But why should I implore your moving art?
 'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart;
 And all that knew the charming youth will join
 Their friendly sighs, and pious tears to mine:
 For all that knew his merit must confess,
 In grief, for him, there can be no excess.

His soul was form'd to act each glorious part
 Of life, unstain'd with vanity, or art.
 No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
 But what he might have own'd to heav'n and earth.
 Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
 And shone with more than its own native light.
 Whatever noble warmth could recommend
 The just, the active, and the constant friend,
 Was all his own — but, oh! a dearer name,
 And softer ties my endless sorrow claim;
 Lost in despair, distracted, and forlorn,
 The lover I, and tender husband mourn.
 Whate'er to such superior worth was due,
 Whate'er excess the fondest passion knew,
 I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
 My pray'rs themselves were thine, and only where }
 Thou wast concern'd, my virtue was sincere.

When

Whene'er I begg'd for blessings on thy head,
Nothing was cold, or formal, that I said;
My warmest vows to heav'n were made for thee,
And love still mingled with my piety.

O THOU wast all my glory, all my pride!
Thro' life's uncertain paths, my constant guide:
Regardless of the world, to gain thy praise,
Was all that could my just ambition raise.

WHY has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has heav'n dissolv'd the tie so soon?
Why was the charming youth so form'd to move?
Or why was all my soul so turn'd for love?
But virtue here a vain defence had made,
Where so much worth and eloquence could plead.
For he could talk — 'twas ecstasy to hear,
'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear!
Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft and transporting as the muses song:
List'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to rest,
And love, and silent rapture fill'd my breast;
Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only measur'd by delight.
I hear the lov'd the melting accents still,
And still the kind, the tender transport feel:
Again I see the sprightly passions rise,
And life and pleasure sparkle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
But, ah! the dear delusion mocks my fond embrace;
The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,
And scenes of horror swim before my sight.

114 POEMS *on several occasions.*

Grief, and despair, in all their terrors rise,
A dying lover pale and gasping lies.
Each dismal circumstance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new.
His anguish, with the quickest sense I feel,
And hear this sad, this moving language still.

My dearest wife! my last, my fondest care!
Sure heav'n for thee will hear a dying pray'r:
Be thou the charge of sacred providence,
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy head,
When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry just,
My future fame and honour are thy trust.
From all engagements here I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring soul with thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel:
But haste to meet me on those happy plains,
Where mighty love in endless triumph reigns.

He ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming sacrifice to death:
But, oh! what words, what numbers can express,
What thought conceive the height of my distress?
Why did they tear me from thy breathless clay?
I should have staid, and wept my life away.
Yet, gentle shade, whether thou now dost rove
Thro' some blest vale, or ever-verdant grove;
One moment listen to my grief, and take
The softest vows that constant love can make.

For

POEMS on several occasions. 115

FOR thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego,
For thee my tears shall never cease to flow;
For thee at once I from the world retire,
To feed, in silent shades, a hopeless fire.
My bosom all thy image shall retain,
The full impression there shall still remain,
As thou hast taught my constant heart to prove
The noblest height and elegance of love;
That sacred passion I to thee confine,
My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.



*On the anniversary return of the day on
which Mr. ROWE died.*

UNHAPPY day! with what a dismal light
Dost thou appear to my afflicted sight?
In vain the chearful spring returns with thee,
There is no future chearful spring for me.

WHILE my *Alexis* withers in the tomb,
Untimely cropt, nor sees a second bloom,
The fairest season of the changing year,
A wild and wintry aspect seems to wear;
The flow'rs no more their former beauty boast,
Their painted hue, and fragrant scents are lost;
The joyous birds their harmony prolong,
But, oh! I find no music in their song.

116 POEMS on several occasions.

YE mossy caves, ye groves, and silver streams,
 (The muses lov'd retreats, and gentle themes)
 Ye verdant fields, no more your landscapes please,
 Nor give my soul one interval of ease;
 Tranquility and pleasure fly your shades,
 And restless care your solitude invades.
 Nor the still ev'ning, nor the rosy dawn,
 Nor moon-light glimm'ring o'er the dewy lawn,
 Nor stars, nor sun, my gloomy fancy cheer;
 But heav'n and earth a dismal prospect wear:
 That hour that snatch'd *Alexis* from my arms,
 Rent from the face of nature all its charms.

UNHAPPY day! be sacred still to grief,
 A grief too obstinate for all relief;
 On thee my face shall never wear a smile,
 No joy on thee shall e'er my heart beguile.
 Why does thy light again my eyes molest?
 Why am I not with thee, dear youth, at rest?
 When shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
 Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead?

TO PHILOMELA.

Occasioned by her POEM on the death of
 her HUSBAND.

I.

WHILE you in soft harmonious strains bewail
 Your dear *Alexis*, we attend your tale,
 And lose our grief, as kinder thoughts prevail.

II. JUSTLY

II.

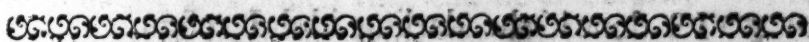
JUSTLY you tell what merit in him shone,
Yet, tho' unartfully, you then make known,
In more resplendent characters, your own.

III.

'Twas thought unjust by his unspotted mind,
Such matchless worth should be to *one* confin'd;
So modestly he all his right resign'd.

IV.

SINCE then you must the *sacred passion* move
In each admiring swain, how can you prove
To him more faithful, than again to love?



To the AUTHOR of the foregoing
VERSES.

RETRACT thy impious lines, too guilty youth!
Nor wrest the laws of constancy and truth.
Should cruel death, amidst thy softest charms
Of youth and wit, from some fond woman's arms
Tear thy reluctant soul, thus may she prove
For thee, the heights of gratitude and love.
Whate'er such early worth as thine might claim,
Whate'er the public owes thy future fame;
O let the pensive fair thy rules obey,
Be grateful in thy own exalted way,
And by a second choice thy vows repay!

118 POEMS *on several occasions.*

Thus let her tender heart thy merit mourn,
 And all thy blooming ardor thus return ;
 With pious care transmit the sacred flame,
 And add immortal honours to thy name ;
 When thou hast modestly thy right resign'd,
 And left the gentle charmer unconfin'd,
 To shine propitiously on all mankind.

The RESIGNATION.

TIS done! the darling idol I resign,
 Unfit to share a heart so justly thine ;
 No can the heav'nly call unwelcome be,
 That still invites my soul more near to thee ;
 Thou dost but take the dying lamps away,
 To bless me with thy own unmingled day.
 Ye shades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!
 With smiles I now your parting glories view,
 I see the hand, I worship, I adore,
 And justify the great disposing pow'r.
 Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
 Why should my fond, ungrateful heart complain?
 Whate'er of beauty in his ample round
 The sun surveys, in thee is brighter found ;
 Whate'er the skies, in all their splendid cost,
 Their beamy pride, and majesty can boast ;
 Whate'er the restless mind of man desires ;
 Whate'er an angel's vaster thought admires ;

In

POEMS on several occasions. 119

In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,
Thou first great spring of beauty and delight!
What have I lost of excellent, or fair,
Of kind, or good, that thou can'st not repair?
What have I lost of truth or amity,
But what deriv'd its gentle source from thee?
What is there here of excellence, or grace,
Which one bright smile from thee would not efface?
At one kind look, one sparkling glance of thine,
Created pride must languish and decline.

'Tis done, at last, the great deciding part!
The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;
It pants for joys which that can ne'er bestow,
And spreads itself too wide for all below;
It leaves the vast creation far behind,
And presses forward, free and unconfin'd:
I see a boundless prospect still before,
And dote upon my former joys no more;
Celestial passions kindle in my soul,
And ev'ry low, inglorious thought controul.
O come! ye sacred gusts, ye pure delights,
Ye heav'nly sounds, ye intellectual fights;
Ye gales of paradise, that lull to rest,
And fill with silent calms the peaceful breast;
With you, transporting hopes, that boldly rise,
And swell, in blissful torrents, to the skies;
That soar with angels on their splendid wings,
And search th' *arcana* of celestial things.
Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,
And still converse, ye glorious scenes, with you.

120 POEMS on several occasions.

Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
Ye gawdy shews, and flatt'ring snares of sense;
Ye gay varieties on earth, adieu!
However soft, and pleasing to the view.
And all ye dazzling wonders of the skies,
Ev'n you my now aspiring thoughts despise;
No more your blandishments my heart detain,
Beauty and pleasure make their court in vain;
Objects divine, and infinite in view,
Seize all my pow'rs, ye fading toys, from you.

'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part!
The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;
It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,
Nor needs another separation fear.
No fatal chance thro' endless years shall rise,
The series of my pleasures to surprise;
No various scenes to come, no change of place
Shall e'er thy image from my soul efface;
Nor life, nor death, nor distant height above,
Nor depths below, shall part me from thy love.



Translated from the Italian of PETRUCCI,
Contentatevi, o cieli chiarissimi, &c.

PERMIT me, O ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
While you the envious curtains prove,
That from my sight conceal my love.

I know

I know my guilty eyes unmete
 The splendor of the stars to greet,
 And more deserve to view below
 The caves were streams of sulphur glow.
 These prospects all my soul confound,
 My hopes in vast despair are drown'd;
 Till I the glorious methods trace,
 The triumphs of almighty grace;
 When thus my soul transported cries,
Permit me, O ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
While you the envious curtains prove,
That hide the object of my love.

YE starry lights, ye gawdy flames,
 That deck the spheres with golden beams,
 You, that pave the milky way,
 You, that constant rules obey,
 Or wand'ring thro' the ether, stray;
 In your gay courses ye declare
 How much more bright those glories are,
 By everlasting love prepar'd,
 Unshaken virtue to reward.
 Thy joys, vain world, no more invite
 My flatter'd sense to false delight;
 Celestial objects fire my soul,
 And ev'ry humbler wish controul.
Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
For you the envious curtains prove,
That from my sight conceal my love.

BUT

122 POEMS on several occasions.

BUT while I fondly gaze on you,
 And bid all human things adieu,
 Your beauties all my pain renew.
 Then view the anguish of my breast,
 With love, impatient love, distress;
 Those interposing clouds divide,
 That all my joys and treasure hide,
 But you are deaf --- ye sons of light,
 That gaze on the transporting sight,
 And lose yourselves in vast delight;
 That know the boundless heights of love,
 Yet nothing but its pleasures prove;
 O, tell me where my Lord to find,
 For you are still to mortals kind;
 Yet now, regardless of my care,
 You leave to winds my fruitless pray'r:
Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
Since you the envious curtains prove,
That from my sight conceal my love.

THOU charming author of my pain,
 Let me at last my suit obtain;
 Or if deny'd so high a grace,
 In the bright skies to view thy face,
 Thy paths I'd thro' some desert trace;
 Savage as that, where thou the scorn
 Of tempting fiends, for me hast born;
 Or to the dismal garden's shade,
 Where terrors did thy soul invade;
 Or let me climb, to follow thee,
 The painful steep of *Calvary*:

How-

However gloomy be the place,
May I but there behold thy face;
A paradise to me 'twill prove,
High heav'n, and all the joys above.
But, ah! my pray'rs are still deny'd,
And still thou dost thy beauties hide,
Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
Since you the envious curtains prove,
That hide the object of my love.



On the DIVINE GOODNESS.

AWAKE, my soul, and to th' almighty king,
In lofty strains, triumphant praises sing;
Let all thy pow'rs their noblest force excite,
And spread his glory with sincere delight;
Extol him with uninterrupted joy,
And let his love thy longest breath employ.
O come, you blest adorers of his name,
And listen while his goodness I proclaim:
But, oh! my trembling tongue attempts in vain
The boundless subject, in a mortal strain;
Some angel lend me his melodious lyre,
And with celestial skill my breast inspire;
On wings of sacred rapture let me rise
And join my hallelujahs with the skies.
But, mighty God, how shall a mortal worm,
A span of earth, the glorious task perform?
Swallow'd

124 POEMS on several occasions.

Swallow'd in pleasure and divine surprize,
 I view thy love's unbounded mysteries :
 In all thy wond'rous paths I gladly trace
 Indulgent goodness, and stupendous grace,
 When I the dreadful precipice survey,
 Where thoughtless and insensible I lay ;
 While fiery billows roll'd along below,
 And gaping gulphs shew'd scenes of endless woe ;
 'Twas then, 'twas then, unmeasurable love
 Did to my soul its glorious methods prove.



P S A L M LXIII.

O GOD, my first, my last, my stedfast choice,
 My boundless bliss, the spring of all my joys !
 I'll worship thee before the silver moon,
 With silent pace has reach'd her cloudy noon ;
 Before the stars the midnight skies adorn,
 Long, long before the slow approach of morn.
 Thee I'll invoke, to thee glad anthems sing,
 And with my voice join each harmonious string :
 The midnight echoes at thy name shall wake,
 And on their wings the joyful burthen take ;
 While one bright smile from thee, one pleasing ray,
 Thro' the still shades shall dart celestial day.

As the scorch'd trav'ler in a desert land,
 Tracing, with weary steps, the burning sand ;

And

And fainting underneath the fierce extremes
Of raging thirst, longs for refreshing streams;
So pants my soul, with such an eager strife
I follow thee, the sacred spring of life.

OPEN the boundless treasures of thy grace,
And let me once more see thy lovely face;
As I have seen thee in thy bright abode,
When all my pow'rs confest the present God.

THERE I could say, and mark the happy place,
'Twas there I did his glorious foot-steps trace;
'Twas there (O let me raise an altar there!)
I saw as much of heav'n as mortal sense could bear;
There from his eyes I met the heav'nly beam
That kindled in my soul this deathless flame.

LIFE, the most valu'd good that mortals prize,
Compar'd to which, we all things else despise;
Life, in its vig'rous pride, with all that's stor'd
In the extent of that important word;
Ev'n life it self, my God, without thy love,
A tedious round of vanity would prove.
Grant me thy love, be that my glorious lot,
Swallow'd in that, be all things else forgot.
And while those heav'nly flames my breast inspire,
I'll call up all my pow'rs, and touch the tuneful lyre;
With all the eloquence of grateful lays,
I'll sing thy goodness, and recite thy praise.
The charming theme shall still my soul employ,
And give me foretastes of immortal joy;

With

126 POEMS on several occasions.

With silent rapture, not to be express,
My eager wishes here shall richly feast.
When fullen night its gloomy curtains spreads,
And soothing sleep its drowzy influence sheds ;
I'll banish flatt'ring slumbers from my eyes,
And praise thee till the golden morning rise ;
Those silent hours shall consecrated be,
And thro' the list'ning shades I'll send my vows to thee.



P S A L M LXXII.

BLEST prince of righteousness and peace,
The hope of all mankind !
The poor, in thy unblemish'd reign,
Shall free protection find.

SECURE of just redress, to thee
Th' oppress'd his cause shall bring ;
While with the fruits of sacred peace
The joyful fields shall spring.

THRO' endless years thy glorious name
The righteous shall adore,
When sun and moon have run their course,
And measure time no more.

THOU shalt descend like the soft drops
Of kind celestial dews ;
Or as a show'r, whose gentle fall
The joyful spring renews.

POEMS on several occasions. 127

THE just shall flourish in thy days,
And sacred truth abound,
While in the skies the changing moon
Restores her nightly round.

PEACE shall with balmy wings o'ershade
Our favour'd walls around :
With grass the meads, with plenteous corn
The mountains shall be crown'd.

A HANDFUL scatter'd on the earth,
Shall rise a wond'rous crop ;
The loaded stalks shall bend like trees
On *Lebanon's* high top.

THY glory no eclipse shall see,
But shine divinely bright,
While from his orb the radiant sun
Darts undiminish'd light.

CONVERTED nations, blest in thee,
Shall magnify thy grace,
Call thee their glorious ransomers,
And hope of all their race.

WITH love and sacred rapture fir'd,
Thy lofty name we'll sing :
Thou only wond'rous things hast done,
The everlasting king !

FROM

128 POEMS *on several occasions.*

FROM all the corners of the earth
 Let grateful praise ascend :
 Let loud *Amens*, and joyful shouts,
 The starry convex rend.

P S A L M CXLVI.

PREPARE the voice, and tune the joyful lyre,
 And let the glorious theme my soul inspire :
 To thee, my God, I sing ; thy mighty name
 With heav'nly rapture shall my soul enflame.
 My tuneful homage shall like incense rise,
 And glad the air, and reach th' approving skies ;
 While life informs this frame, the sacred song
 Shall fill my breast, and dwell upon my tongue.

As some fair structure, whose firm basis lies
 On strength of rocks, the threat'ning winds defies ;
 So stedfastly my hopes on heav'n are plac'd,
 Nor earth, nor hell, my confidence can blast.
 Let others still for human help attend,
 And on the flatt'ries of the great depend ;
 Relentless death shall mock their airy trust,
 And lay their boasted confidence in dust.
 As the fantastic visions of the night,
 Before the op'ning morning take their flight ;
 So perish all the boasts of men, their pride,
 And vain designs, the laughing skies deride.

BUT

BUT he alone securely guarded lives,
To whom the mighty God protection gives;
The mighty God, who made the stedfast earth,
And gave the springs that swell the ocean birth;
Who form'd the stars, and spread the circling skies,
And bade the sun in all his glory rise:
No breach of faithfulness his honour stains,
With day and night his word unchang'd remains:
On human woes he looks with pitying eyes,
To help th' oppress'd, and answer all their cries;
The orphan's soft complaint, and widow's tears,
Obtain redress, and fix his list'ning ears:
His throne from changes stands for ever free,
And his dominion shall no period see.



CANT. VI. v.

UNVEIL thy heav'nly beauties from my sight!
I cannot yet sustain celestial light.

The dazzling lustre of thy eyes controul,
Their pointed glories wound my tender soul;
I cannot yet these sacred transports bear,
Too feeble I, thou too divinely fair.
Return to the gay climes of day again,
Celestial frames thy splendor may sustain;
Acquainted with those bright, those blest extremes,
With stedfast eyes they meet thy glorious beams;

130 POEMS on several occasions.

Unveil'd they view the radiant deity,
 Lost in the heights of blissful ecstasy;
 But, oh! these flights are too sublime for me;
 These raptures would my brittle frame destroy,
 And overcome me with excessive joy:
 Then veil thy heav'nly beauties from my sight,
 I cannot yet sustain celestial light.

C A N T. VIII. vi.

O SET me as a signal on thy heart!
 And let the deep impression ne'er depart.

O let me ne'er by thee abandon'd prove!
 I were undone, if thou shouldst change thy love;
 I could no greater mis'ry undergo,
 'Twere hell itself, the blackest hell of woe!
 My hopes, my joys are plac'd in thee alone,
 Robb'd of thy smiles and favour, all were gone.
 My life, my happiness depends on thee,
 Without thee, what were all the world to me?
 I should detest the light and vital air,
 And waste my days in sorrow and despair.
 Forgive my fears, the sure effect of love,
 Its mighty force and violence they prove.
 The thoughts of losing thee I cannot bear,
 Less cruel death, than that tormenting fear;
 It blasts my blooming joys, disturbs my rest,
 And fills, with deep anxiety, my breast:
 That thou mayst once my wretched soul desert,
 This cruel doubt wounds my desponding heart.

A HYMN.

A H Y M N.

In imitation of CANT. V. vi, vii.

YE pure inhabitants of light,
Ye virgin minds above,
That feel the sacred violence,
And mighty force of love.

By all your boundless joys, by all
Your love to human kind,
I charge you to instruct me where
My absent Lord to find.

I'VE search'd the pleasant vales and plains,
And climb'd the hills around;
But no glad tidings of my love,
Among the swains have found.

I'VE oft invok'd him in the shades,
By ev'ry stream and rock;
The rocks, the streams, and echoing shades,
My vain industry mock.

I TRAC'D the city's noisy streets,
And told my cares aloud;
But no intelligence could meet
Among the thoughtless crowd.

132 POEMS on several occasions.

I SEARCH'D the temple round, for there
He oft' has blest my sight,
And half-unveil'd, of his lov'd face
Disclos'd the heav'nly light.

BUT with these glorious views, no more
I feast my ravish'd eyes,
For veil'd with interposing clouds,
My eager search he flies.

O, COULD I in some desert land
His sacred foot-steps trace,
I'd with a glad devotion kneel,
And bless the happy place.

I'D follow him o'er burning sands,
Or where perpetual snow,
With horrid aspect cloathes the ground,
To find my Lord, I'd go.

NOR stormy seas should stay my course,
Nor unfrequented shore,
Nor craggy *Alps*, nor desert wastes
Where hungry lions roar.

THRO' ranks of interposing deaths
To his embrace I'd fly,
And to enjoy his blissful smiles,
Would be content to die.

EXODUS III. xiv. *I am that I am.*

W HATE'ER thou art, to thee, and thee
 alone,
 The first almighty cause of all, is known;
 Yet would I strive ambitiously to raise
 My voice to the delightful work of praise:
 But, oh! what human words those heights can reach?
 What bolder thought the flight divine can stretch?
 Ev'n angels, in their sweetest ecstasy,
 When they behold the smiling deity,
 Their want of pow'r and eloquence confess,
 When they thy boundless glories would express;
 In heav'n they find no metaphors for thee,
 And what resemblance then can mortals see?

YET I must talk, and talk of thee alone,
 Be to my tongue all other themes unknown!
 In holy songs I would my silence break,
 In raptures, everlasting raptures, speak,
 O, 'tis the work of heav'n, almighty king!
 To love, adore, and thy high praises sing;
 And this my everlasting bliss shall be,
 My lips shall talk, my heart shall fix on thee,
 Thy excellence, and ev'ry glorious name
 To angels known, shall feed the holy flame:
 I then shall see thee lovely as thou art,
 And feel what boundless joys thy smiles impart;
 The beatific scene, without controul,
 Shall open all its splendor on my soul.

A SONG of PRAISE.

PREPARE, my soul, thy noblest lays,
And speak thy great deliv'rer's praise.
Awake, my voice, and gentle lute,
Nor let one grateful string be mute ;
And, oh ! ye sacred pow'rs of love,
Let me all your influence prove :
Ye heav'nly Virtues, guide my tongue,
Or teach me some celestial song ;
Such as your own flame inspires,
When you touch your golden lyres ;
And in the fair ethereal bow'rs,
Sing away your happy hours.

BEGIN, begin the tuneful lays,
While the morning's early rays
All their golden lustre spread
O'er the tow'ring mountain's head ;
Nor cease 'till noon, 'till sable night
Conceal the world from mortal sight.

FROM the lowest depths of care,
To God I sent a doubtful pray'r ;
Yet he lent a gracious ear,
And scatter'd all my groundless fear.

WHILE these lips draw vital breath,
'Till I close my eyes in death,

POEMS on several occasions. 35

I'll ne'er forget thy wond'rous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy favours prove.
Beneath thy shadowing wings defence
I'll place my only confidence;
In ev'ry danger and distress,
To thee I will my pray'r address.
Let all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast;
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

YOU that sink in dark despair,
To God direct your humble pray'r;
From his lofty seat he hears
Our sad complaints, and dries our tears;
He regards the pensive breast,
And gives the weary pilgrim rest;
On human mis'ries, from his throne,
With soft compassion he looks down;
The weight of all our grief he knows,
And seems to share our secret woes.

LORD, what is man, that he should prove
The object of such boundless love?
Whence can such wond'rous bounty spring,
To such a vain and worthless thing?
Why should he so largely share
Thy favour, and thy tender care?
Why thy sacred thoughts employ,
In the heights of perfect joy?

136 POEMS on several occasions.

O LET ev'ry grateful tongue
Speak thy praise in lofty song;
And thou, my soul, join all thy pow'rs,
In this blest work employ thy hours.

CANT. I. vii.

TELL me thou, for whom I prove
The softest languishments of love,
Thou, dearer than all human things,
From whom my purest pleasure springs,
Thou lovely object of my care,
Whom more than life I prize by far;
O, tell me in what verdant mead,
Or flow'ry vale, thy flocks are fed;
Or by what silver current's side,
Thou gently dost their foot-steps guide?
Instruct me to what shade they run,
The noon-day's scorching heat to shun.
They follow thee, they hear thy voice,
And at the well-known sound rejoice:
O, let me too that music hear,
Let one kind whisper reach mine ear;
My soul shall that soft call obey,
Nor longer from thee wildly stray.

CANT.

CANT. chap. V.

THE night had now her gloomy curtains spread,
 And ev'ry cheerful beam of light was fled;
 This dismal night, my Lord, who ne'er before
 Had met a cold refusal at my door,
 Approach'd, and with a voice divinely sweet;
 My ears with these persuading words did greet.
 ' My fairest spouse, my sister, and my love
 (But, ah! no more these charming names could move)
 ' Arise, for thro' the midnight shades and dew
 ' I thee, the object of my cares, pursue.'

HIS heav'nly voice, and moving words, I heard,
 And knew the blest design my Lord prepar'd;
 But long, with poor excuses, I delay'd,
 And careless stretch'd on my enticing bed.
 Tir'd with my cold delay, ' Farewel,' he cries:
 These killing words my fainting soul surprize;
 With fear distracted to the door I run,
 But, oh! the treasure of my life was gone;
 Yet, of his recent presence, signs I found,
 For heav'nly fragrance fill'd the air around.
 I rove wherever love directs my feet,
 And call aloud, but no return could meet;
 Echoes alone to my complaint reply,
 In mournful sounds, as thro' the shades I fly.
 I from the watchmen hop'd, in vain, relief,
 With cruel scorn they mock'd my pious grief,

But

138 POEMS on several occasions.

But you, *Jerusalem's* fair daughters, you
That know what pity to my cares is due,
O! if you meet the object of my love,
Tell him what torments for his sake I prove;
Tell him how tenderly his loss I moan,
Tell him that all my joys with him are gone,
Tell him his presence makes my heaven; and tell,
O tell him, that his absence is my hell!

WHAT bright perfections does he then possess,
For whom thou dost this tender grief express?

O! he's distinguish'd from all human race,
By such peculiar, such immortal grace,
That you, among ten thousand, may descry
His heav'nly form, and find for whom I die.
There's nothing which on earth we lovely call,
But he surpasses, far surpasses all.
He's fairer than the spotless orbs of light,
Nor falling snow, compar'd to him, is white.
The roses that his lovely face adorn,
Out-blush the purple glories of the morn.
The waving ringlets of his graceful hair,
Black as the shining plumes the ravens wear,
His eyes would win the most obdurate heart,
Victorious love in ev'ry look they dart.
His balmy lips diffuse divine perfumes,
And on his cheek a bed of spices blooms.
His breast, like polish'd iv'ry, smooth and fair,
With veins which with the sapphires may compare.
Stately his height, as those fair trees which crown,
With graceful pride, the brow of *Lebanon*.

His

His voice so sweet, no harmony is found
On earth, to equal the delightful sound.
He's altogether lovely — This is he
So much belov'd, so much ador'd by me,



The SUBMISSION.

HOWEVER hard, my God, thy terms appear,
Howe'er to sense afflicting and severe,
To any articles I can agree,
Rather than bear the thoughts of losing thee:
Exact whate'er thou wilt, we'll never part,
Nothing shall force thy image from my heart.
Thou still art good, howe'er thou deal with me,
Spotless thy truth, unstain'd thy purity:
Amidst my suff'rings still I'll own thee just,
And in thy wonted mercy firmly trust.
Whate'er becomes of such a wretch as me,
Thy equal ways shall still unblemish'd be;
The sons of men shall still thy grace proclaim,
And place their refuge in thy mighty name;
Thro' all the wide-extended realms above,
Bright angels shall proclaim thy wond'rous love:
Ev'n I shall yet adore thy wonted grace,
Tho' darkness now conceals thy lovely face.
But, oh! how long shall I thy absence mourn?
When, when wilt thou, my sun, my life return?
Thou only can'st my drooping soul sustain,
Of nothing but thy distance I complain.

The W I S H.

I SHOULD renounce this heart from being mine,
 If all its love were not entirely thine.
 Objects of sense my passions may enflame,
 But thou dost still my nobler reason claim.
 Could I these stubborn faculties controul,
 And manage all the motions of my soul,
 My serious grief by pious tears I'd prove,
 For each offence against forgiving love.
 My breast should ne'er admit a spark of joy,
 But when thy favour did my thoughts employ,
 With early zeal I would my self present;
 When to thy holy dwelling-place I went:
 I'd breathe my soul in lofty praise to thee,
 And join with angels in their harmony.
 My ravish'd heart should at thy table prove
 The heights of ecstasy, and sacred love;
 Th' immortal food immortal strength should give,
 On that alone my active hopes should live.
 My hymns should still prevent the rising sun,
 Like that, with joy, my vig'rous race I'd run:
 When from his height he downward glory streams,
 My mounting praise should meet his noon-day beams,
 And still untir'd to thee, my God, I'd sing,
 While the grey ev'ning stretch'd her shady wing.
 Thy name and works should be my daily theme,
 And constant subject of my nightly dream:
 Celestial visions should employ my sleep,
 While angels round my bed their watches keep.

My

My life, by one bright course of piety,
 And not by months and years, should measur'd be.
 Thy glory all my actions should design,
 I'd hear no voice, obey no call but thine.
 At thy command I would the world forego,
 And no such thing as self, or int'rest know.
 For thee I would my dearest friend resign,
 And from my heart blot ev'ry name but thine.
 Thy love, the fountain of my happiness,
 Thy love should all my ravish'd soul possess:
 And while I'm thus entirely blest in thee,
 No happy monarch should my envy be;
 Lost in the high enjoyment of thy love,
 What glorious mortal could my wishes move?
 I'd view each charming object as the glass,
 In which my eyes, with vast delight should trace
 The lov'd, tho' faint resemblance of thy face.
 I'd nothing lovely call, no beauty see,
 But that which led my rising soul to thee:
 No harmony should e'er my ears rejoice,
 Without the welcome music of thy voice,
 Not the bright sun, in dazzling glory gay,
 Nor the soft lustre of the lunar ray;
 Not all the sweets that give the spring to please,
 The morning *Zephyr*, or the ev'ning breeze;
 The murm'ring rill thro' flow'ry borders drawn,
 The secret covert, or the open lawn;
 The verdant valley, or the fragrant field,
 Abstract from thee, should any solace yield:
 I'd be insensible of all delight,
 But what unstain'd devotion should excite.

MORE

142 POEMS on several occasions

MORE I would speak, but all my words are faint,
Celestial love, what eloquence can paint?
Nor more can be by mortal words exprest,
But vast eternity shall tell the rest.



On the works of CREATION.

BEAUTY complete, and majesty divine,
In all thy works, ador'd Creator, shine.
Where'er I cast my wond'ring eyes around,
The God I seek in ev'ry part is found.
Pursuing thee, the flow'ry fields I trace,
And read thy name on ev'ry spire of grass.
I follow thee thro' many a lonely shade,
And find thee in the solitary glade.
I meet thee in the kind, refreshing gale,
That gently passes thro' the dewy vale.
The pink, the jess'min, and the purple rose,
Perfum'd by thee, their fragrant leaves disclose.
The feather'd choir that welcome in the spring,
By thee were taught their various notes to sing.
By thee the morning in her crimson vest,
And ornaments of golden clouds, is drest.
The sun, in all his splendor, wears thy beams,
And drinks in light from thy exhaustless streams.
The moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring ray,
Unnumber'd stars thy glorious paths display.
Amidst the solemn darkness of the night,
The thoughts of God my musing soul delight.

Thick

Thick shades and night thy dread pavilion form;
In state thou rid'st upon the flying storm;
While thy strong hand its fiercest rage restrains,
And holds the wild, unmanag'd winds in reins.
What sparklings of thy majesty appear,
When thro' the firmament swift lightnings glare?
When peals of thunder fill the skies around,
I hear thy voice in the tremendous sound.
But, oh! how small a part is known of thee,
From all thy works immense variety?
Whatever mortal men perfection name,
Thou, in an infinite degree, dost claim.

AND while I here thy faintest shadows trace,
I pine to see the glories of thy face;
Where beauty in its never-changing height,
And uncreated excellence, shines bright.
When shall the heav'nly scene, without controul,
Open in dazzling triumph on my soul?
My pow'rs, with all their ardor, shall adore,
And languish for terrestrial charms no more.

On LOVE.

YE stars that sparkle in the midnight skies,
Propitious love shines out in all your eyes;
Nor does the moon the glorious truth conceal,
But darts soft glances thro' her gloomy veil.
The sun comes forth in majesty above,
And kindles, as he goes, the flames of love;

With

144 POEMS on several occasions.

With gentle beams he warms the teeming earth;
And gives ten thousand various forms their birth.
Whatever shape thou wear'st, thy bright abode
Was from eternity, the mind of God:
There thou hast triumph'd in the splendid height
Of uncreated and essential light;
The spring, the fountain of the life divine,
The constant end of ev'ry great design.

SPIRIT of nature, its informing soul!
Thou dost the pow'rs of heav'n and earth controul:
All the degrees of life and sense that rise
In fields, or floods, or thro' the spacious skies;
All feel the force of thy inspiring flame,
And joy and triumph in thy mighty name.
O, thou art all in all! the highest end,
That boundless grace and wisdom could intend!
And lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights
above,
Shall finally be swallow'd up of love:
No further changes then; but fully blest
The Maker, and his finish'd works shall rest.



On the picture of King GEORGE I.

SUCH native goodness, such a regal grace
Was never stamp'd on any vulgar face;
The sacred characters so clearly shine,
'Twere impious not to own the *right divine*,

Part of the third SCENE *of the third*
ACT of PASTOR FIDO,
translated.

MIRTILLO.

UNGRATEFUL nymph! thy too severe
command,
To narrow bounds would limit those desires,
Whose vast extent scarce human thought can grasp.

THAT I have lov'd, and lov'd thee more than life,
If still thou doubt, the fields, the conscious groves,
The savage race can tell; and these hard rocks,
Softened by my complaints, can witness too.

Look on thy self, thy matchless beauty proves
The justice, truth, and grandeur of my flame.
Whate'er the earth, or azure skies can boast
Of excellence, 'tis all summ'd up in thee.
So high the spring of my unbounded passion,
'Tis nature, 'tis necessity — As flame
Ascends, as water sinks, as floats the air,
As rests the earth, as roll the circling spheres;
With such perpetual force, my eager soul,
In all its restless motion, tends to thee,
As its superior bliss: and who would tear
My constant heart from thee, as well might change
Great nature's long establish'd laws, turn back

146 POEMS on several occasions.

The shining planets from their ancient course,
And from its stedfast centre shake the world.

BUT since thy harsh commands enjoin my tongue,
In brief to tell the story of my pain ;
If I must speak no more, my parting breath
Shall tell thee that I die a victim to thy scorn.

From the same. ACT III. SCENE I.

AMARILLIS alone.

MY life, my lov'd *Mirtillo*! could'st thou view
My secret inclinations, this severe,
This cruel *Amarillis*, soon would find
From thee that pity, thou dost now implore.
I love, and am belov'd ; yet what avails
The soft engagement, but to make us wretched ?

O WHY, ye deaf, inexorable pow'rs,
Will ye for ever part what love unites ?
Or rather why, too fond, perfidious love,
Wilt thou unite what sacred rites divide ?
Happy the savage race, that thro' the woods
Pursue their pleasures unconfin'd by laws !
Too rigid laws that nature would restrain !
Or too imperfect nature that resists !

O SACRED

O SACRED virtue! let my tongue recal
These impious accents: thine's a name divine,
And still my soul pays homage to thy pow'r:
To thee I sacrifice these wild desires,
And fall a victim to thy holy rigour.

*Part of the thirteenth book of TASSO'S
JERUSALEM translated.*

THE vast machine was scarce in ashes sunk,
Which from their walls the fearful *Pagans*
drove,

When new designs the curst magician forms:
How to prevent the *Gauls* from fresh supplies
Of useful timber from the neighb'ring wood,
That might more formidable engines raise,
And *Sian's* trembling walls again alarm.

At distance from the *Christian* camp there rose,
Amidst a silent, solitary vale,
A lofty forest thick with ancient trees,
Whose folding branches all beneath diffuse
A dusky horror, and malignant shade.
Nor here the radiant sun at brightest noon
E'er smiles with chearful rays, but feebly casts
A dim, discolour'd, and uncertain light;
Uncertain as the cloudy skies display,
While rising night, and parting day contend.

148 POEMS on several occasions.

BUT when the sun the gay horizon leaves,
Blackness and terror all the place possess,
Blackness and terror, imitating hell;
Which mortal eyes with fearful darkness veils,
And fills with deep anxiety the soul.
Nor here for shade the shepherd leads his flock,
Nor here the herdsman drives his grazing charge:
No pilgrim enters here, unless misled;
But hastens far with cautious steps away,
And beckons trav'lers from the dang'rous road.

THE goblins here nocturnal revels keep,
A monstrous congress, in the gloom they meet;
With dragons wings some break the tortur'd air,
Others, with cloven hoofs, skip o'er the hills:
A lewd assembly, who with tempting wiles,
And soft, fallacious images, entice
The minds of men from virtue's sacred ways.
With hellish rites, and execrable pomp,
Their impious banquets here they nightly keep.

THE *Pagans* this assert, nor lift an axe
Within the confines of the haunted grove;
Which yet the *Christians* boldly violate,
And carry thence materials for the war.

AMIDST the deepest silence of the night,
Ismenes hither comes to prove his arts;
And uncouth figures on the ground inscribes,
Thrice shakes his wand, and murmurs potent words,
And invocation sinful to recite.

POEMS on several occasions. 149

THE twinkling glories that adorn the sky
Look pale, and sicken at the dreadful sound;
The troubled moon withdraws her feeble beam,
And wraps her silver horn in folding clouds.

MILLIONS of spirits by his charms compell'd,
Astonish'd from their sev'ral quarters come;
By thousands some the realms of air forsake;
While others thro' the cleaving earth ascend,
All black and sullen from the gloomy deep.

TAKE you, the wizard cries, these trees in charge,
As souls their bodies, animate each trunk,
Secure them from the bold encroaching *Gauls*,
And force them, terrify'd, from hence to fly.

DISPLEAS'D, the tardy spirits undertake
A task that kept them from the war; and lodge
In ev'ry sprig, and ev'ry leaf possess.

ISMENES joyful to the king returns,
And boasting, all his curst success relates.
He adds, your regal seat is now secure,
Nor can your foes their proud machine repair.
But still their worst misfortunes are behind.
Within the course of some revolving days,
Hot *Mars* and *Phoebus* in the *Lion* meet,
With angry aspects, and malignant rays;
Whence heat so strong and violent ensues,
That nothing shall its fierce extremes allay;
Nor winds, nor clouds, nor dews, nor cooling show'rs:
Not more intemp'rate flames the *Indian* burns.

150 POEMS on several occasions.

This all the stars and face of heav'n predict.
 To us the disadvantage will be less,
 With swelling springs, and grateful shade supply'd.
 By heav'n abandon'd, first their camp shall fall
 An easy conquest to th' *Egyptian* troops.
 Thus sitting you the victory may gain,
 And try no more the doubtful chance of war.
 But if the proud *Argantes* this withstands,
 Your conduct must his headlong rage restrain.
 Leave all beyond to heav'n, which soon will bring
 Triumph to you, confusion to your foes.

THESE speeches sooth the king, who now com-
 mands
 The breaches of the wall to be repair'd :
 The chearful citizens and slaves assist
 To mend the wall, and fortify the town.

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An EPISTLE from ALEXIAS, a noble  
 Roman, to his wife, whom he left on  
 his wedding-day, with a design to visit  
 the eastern churches.

ALL health to thee, still dearer than my life,  
 My lovely mistress, and more charming wife!  
 Warn'd by a heav'nly vision from thy bed,  
 And tender arms, yet unenjoy'd, I fled.

Haste



POEMS on several occasions. 151

Haste, cries the shining form, without pretence,  
Astonish'd man, 'tis heav'n commands thee hence;  
The mighty message leaves thee no defence.  
Haste, and the rest to providence resign,  
This deed shall in immortal legends shine.

MUR with surprize, I took my sudden flight,  
Assisted by the covert of the night.  
The friendly pow'r conducts me to the shore  
Of those lov'd regions I must view no more;  
The winds to sea the destin'd vessel bore.  
The deep, and all its stormy dangers past,  
We reach the happy *Asian* coasts at last:  
To all the *Christian* churches there as sent,  
With pious zeal to visit them I went.

ANOTHER heav'nly charge constrains me then  
To quit the dear society of men;  
In some remote and humble hermitage,  
Far from the world to spend my blooming age.  
Now thro' uncouth and pathless woods I stray,  
Frequented only by the beasts of prey,  
Who trembling haste at my approach away.  
O'er *Libya's* scorching sands, or *Scythian* snows,  
Undaunted, innocence and virtue goes.  
All night, unguarded, in the woods I lie,  
The stars my lamps, the clouds my canopy.  
With wholesome fruits my hunger I suffice,  
My thirst a bounteous silver spring supplies.  
To heav'n alone in this retreat I live,  
And all my hours to strict devotion give;

152 POEMS on several occasions.

Deep contemplation, sacred hymns, and pray'r,  
In solemn turns, my constant leisure share.

SOMETIMES, my sinking forces to renew,  
The scenes of everlasting pain I view,  
The dreadful fate to curst apostates due :  
My shudd'ring fancy seeks the shades below,  
The realms of death, and dismal seats of woe ;  
I trace the burning banks, the sulph'rous streams,  
And tremble at the never-dying flames.

A NOBLER view my virtue now excites,  
And pleasure's charming name my soul invites ;  
The boundless joys, the crown, the vast reward,  
In heav'n, for stedfast piety prepar'd.  
My tow'ring thoughts in raptur'd sallies rove,  
Thro' all the wide resplendent worlds above ;  
I view the inmost glories of the skies,  
And paradise lies open to my eyes ;  
Whole floods of joy come pouring on my soul,  
And high the flowing tides of pleasure roll.

THESE blissful prospects urge my virtue on,  
No toil too great for an immortal crown !  
No path that leads to happiness is hard,  
Short the fatigue, eternal the reward !  
The course of some few fleeting minutes o'er,  
And I shall gain the long expected shore ;  
And from these dark tempestuous coasts remove  
To the calm skies, and peaceful climes above.

WITH

POEMS on several occasions. 153

WITH transport there, with transport all divine,  
My lov'd *Emilia*, shall my soul meet thine:  
To endless years our raptures we'll improve,  
And spend a whole eternity in dove.



*To the right honourable the Earl of—*

TO thee my muse's softest skill I owe,  
For thee, *Mirtillo*, I indulge it now:  
Yet by my praise I would not make thee less,  
But something great and worthy thee express;  
Yet while I strive the darling thought to paint,  
Its beauties in the flat expression faint.

For there's in thee I know not what divine,  
Which must the brightest metaphors out-shine.  
When angels, cloath'd in human forms, appear,  
Such grandeur, such benignity they wear:  
If they discourse, like thine must be their sense,  
Like thine their accent, and their eloquence.

Not all the gaudy pageantries of state,  
But thy own native lustre makes thee great,  
In all things modest, fortunate, and brave,  
To custom, vice, nor virtue's self a slave;  
That's reason, thought, and gen'rous choice in thee,  
And not the low effect of dull necessity.  
With beauty thou, and blooming life art crown'd,  
While flatt'ring pleasures court thee all around;

But



154 POEMS on several occasions.

But thou, with an heroical disdain,  
Unconquer'd, unseduc'd dost still remain,  
And with a philosophic pride engage  
The num'rous follies of a virious age;  
Nor breaks the sun less fully'd from a cloud,  
Than thou from all the vices of a crowd.



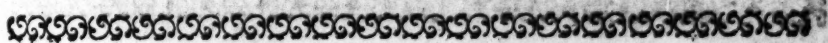
*On an unsuccessful attempt to draw the  
Lord BOYLE's picture.*

**I**N vain, with mimic skill, my pencil tries  
To paint the life that sparkles in those eyes.  
What art, what rules of fymmetry can trace  
That air of wit, that bloom, and modest grace?  
What soft degrees of shade or light express  
The inward worth those speaking looks confess?  
'Tis more than beauty here that charms the sight,  
And gives our minds an elegant delight:  
Were Virtue seen to mortal eyes, she'd wear  
Those peaceful smiles, and that engaging air.

Lord

*Lord BOYLE'S answer to the foregoing*  
VERSES.

**N**O air of wit, no beauteous grace I boast;  
My charms are native innocence, at most.  
Alike thy pencil, and thy numbers charm,  
Glad ev'ry eye, and ev'ry bosom warm.  
Mature in years, if e'er I chance to tread,  
Where Vice, triumphant, rears aloft her head;  
Ev'n there the paths of Virtue I'll pursue,  
And own my fair and kind director you.



To Mrs. ROWE.

*Occasioned by her verses on Lord BOYLE.*

By Mr. N. MUNCLEY.

**T**HE great, the good, for arms or arts re-  
nown'd,  
(Their brows with laurel, or with olive crown'd)  
May from thy art a double life receive,  
And in thy lays, or from thy pencil live.  
Yet short the life thy colours can supply,  
*Raphael's* and *Kneller's* tints, and thine must die:

Not

156 POEMS on several occasions.

Not so thy lays ; more lasting fame they give,  
And bid their theme to endless ages live.  
Thus *Homer's* verse remains the muses boast,  
While *Zeuxes'* later labours now are lost.

No more in works like these thy skill display,  
Nor give what rolling years shall take away ;  
To paint *Boyle's* blooming charms invoke the *Nine*,  
And bid him in immortal numbers shine :  
The lovely form posterity shall view,  
Each charm uninjur'd, and each feature true.  
Thus shall he flourish in unfading bloom,  
The joy and wonder of each age to come.



*On the death of the honourable*  
*Mrs. THYNNE.*

**I**F virtue can immortal honour give,  
Thy worth the muse's boasted theme shall live,  
But mine's a private, unambitious part,  
Where nature dictates, negligent of art :  
In shades retir'd, I breathe my secret grief,  
And sooth my sorrows, hopeless of relief.

O SACRED shade ! the impious wish forgive,  
That fain would have thee yet a mortal live :  
That fain would bring thee from celestial joys,  
To these wild seats of vanity and noise.

Could



Could tears prevail, how many weeping eyes  
Would join with me to tempt thee from the skies!  
A just compassion, sure, would touch that mind,  
Which here was gentle, and sincerely kind:  
The gen'rous disposition reigns above,  
Distinguish'd in the peaceful realms of love.

Would heav'n permit, I could my sorrows paint,  
Invoking thee as some protecting saint;  
Such warm devotion rises in my breast,  
So bright a flame thy virtues have impress'd.  
I talk to winds — the happy spirit roves  
Thro' lightsome plains, and ever-verdant groves,  
Pleas'd with harmonious strains, nor lends an ear  
To the ungovern'd language of despair.

YET let my grief the rites of friendship pay,  
And weep my sorrows o'er thy breathless clay,  
Visit, with just respect, thy silent tomb,  
And sooth my anguish in the mournful gloom.

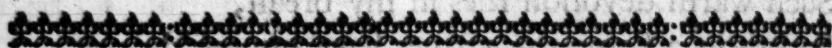
O COULD I hear thy gentle voice again,  
Or one short moment's sight of thee obtain;  
If but to take a last, a sad adieu —  
What vain illusions my wild thoughts pursue!  
The shades of death are drawn, perpetual night  
For ever hides thee from my longing sight;  
Fix'd destiny shall ne'er that bliss restore,  
Till earth, and sea, and heav'n shall be no more.

BUT, sacred friendship, thy superior flame  
Shall time out-live, and be unchang'd the same.

When

158 *POEMS on several occasions.*

When all the fond relations nature knows,  
 When all the ties that human laws impose  
 Are cancell'd; when the mighty league expires,  
 That holds the universe, when yon gay fires  
 Have wasted all their glory, thou shalt rise  
 In triumph o'er the ruins of the skies:  
 Thy pow'r, immortal friendship, then confest,  
 Shall fill, with transport, ev'ry heav'nly breast.



*To Mrs. ROWE.*

*On her ELEGY on the death of the  
 honourable Mrs. THYNNE.*

*By the right honourable JOHN, Earl of  
 ORRERY.*

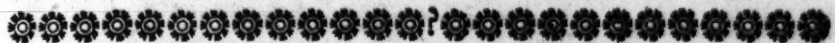
**S**O sweet you sing, so well your *Laura* paint,  
 Weep so pathetic a departed faint,  
 That with fresh rage my sorrows you renew,  
 And call my *Henrietta* to my view.  
 Before my eyes the charmer stands confest,  
 Again I see her, and again am blest.  
 Oh, no — the vision's gone — an airy dream,  
 Rais'd by the magic of your mournful theme:  
 But since by fate we are alike oppress'd,  
 Since ling'ring sorrows both our minds infest,

From

From hence let mutual consolation flow,  
And let each breast with new-born friendship glow,  
Thus, when the tedious race of life is run,  
And all our fleeting earthly joys are gone,  
Together to the realms of light we'll fly,  
You to meet *Laura*, *Henrietta*, I.

*Marston, Dec. 17.*

1734.



To Mrs. ROWE.

*Occasioned by the foregoing ELEGY.*

By another HAND.

WHILE, *Philomel*, you breathe your plaintive  
sighs  
O'er *Laura*'s loss, and friendship's broken ties,  
To my pain'd thought that fatal hour appears,  
When (all the wise, and all the good in tears)  
Number'd no more with mortals, thou shalt rise  
To meet thy kindred minds in yonder skies.  
(Late be that hour, let years on years roll flow,  
E'er that sad hour shall plunge a world in woe!  
Long, long may worth like thine this earth adorn,  
The joy and wonder of a race unborn!)  
Ah! how shall then thy wretched friends sustain  
The woes of absence, and the parting pain?

Yet



160 POEMS on several occasions.

Yet then, ev'n then, not full despair their doom;  
 One chearful ray relieves the mournful gloom;  
 Amid their copious tears, one soothing smile  
 Thy verse permits, their anguish to beguile.  
 When ev'ry sick'ning star shall feel decay,  
 And earth, and sea, and skies shall pass away;  
 To pay the pangs of parting, fate ordains  
 A blissful meeting on the heav'nly plains;  
 To join in friendship, and unite in joy,  
 Which absence cannot part, nor death destroy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 To the right honourable JOHN Earl of  
 ORRERY.

**I**MMORTAL friendship, thou unblemish'd name!  
 Why should I fear t' admit thy sacred flame?  
 Why with fantastic rules thy force controul,  
 And damp the noble ardor in my soul?  
 When thou art banish'd from the human breast,  
 Envy and rage the gloomy seat infest.  
 Thy gentle warmth inspires the worlds above,  
 Those pure abodes of innocence and love.

THEN come, a welcome inmate to my breast,  
 And be thy pow'r thro' all my soul confest:  
 When such distinguish'd merit is in view,  
 The sacred tribute is entirely due.

A HYMN.

A HYMN.

From RACINE'S *ATHALIA*. Act 1.

Scene 2.

**I.**  
**T**H' Almighty's grandeur fills the universe;  
E'er time had birth his empire was the same.  
Let heav'n and earth his benefits rehearse,  
Adore his greatness, and invoke his name.

**II.**  
In vain our impious foes  
A rig'rous silence on our tongues impose;  
Tho' ev'ry tongue should silent lie,  
His glory with th' instructing sun would fly  
Around the world, and fill the vaulted sky.

**III.**  
FROM him the fruits receive their blushing pride;  
By him, in all their various hues,  
The gaudy flow'rs are dy'd;  
His bounty with the ev'ning's gentle dews,  
And morning gales, the verdant field renews.

**IV.**  
AT his command the sun displays  
Its vital warmth, and spreads its golden rays:  
Nor chiefly here his goodness stands confess'd,  
Of all his gifts to man his law exceeds the rest.

To Mr. THOMSON.

On the Countess of ———'s praising his  
POEMS.

SECURE of glory, crown thy head with bays,  
Ambition sets its bounds in *Delia's* praise;  
What she approves eternity shall claim,  
And give the favour'd muse unrival'd fame:  
She well can judge, who knows with tuneful art,  
In tender strains to move the coldest heart.

WHEN thro' the flow'ry vale, and dusky groves,  
Her muse retir'd, with guiltless freedom roves,  
With new delight we seek the calm abodes,  
Detest the town, and wander thro' the woods;  
The sylvan scene, conscious of joy appears,  
And charms like thy own summer ev'ning wears;  
No longer the sad nightingales complain,  
But learn from her's a more exalted strain:  
Her tuneful numbers ev'ry care beguile,  
And make the solitary prospect smile.

BUT when she sets the lyre to themes divine,  
An angel speaks in ev'ry flowing line:  
She takes from vice its undeserv'd applause,  
And dares assert abandon'd virtue's cause.  
Express'd in heav'nly eloquence we find  
The perfect image of her beauteous mind;

Her



Her beauteous mind, that with distinguish'd grace  
Shines in her eyes, and sparkles in her face,  
Gives ev'ry blandishment, and charming air,  
Makes all harmonious, and completely fair.



*On the* DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

**L**ET those that hate thee tremble at thy name,  
Thy being is my confidence and joy.  
Abstract from all things else, I find in thee  
A secret, an unfailing spring of peace.  
Alacrity and pleasure fill my soul,  
To think thou art, and that compar'd to thee  
Things seen, and things unseen, deserve no name.

THOU only art without variety,  
Or shadow of a change, immutable.  
Perish this visionary form of things!  
In darkness be the gay creation lost!  
While thou remain'st unchang'd, with joy these eyes  
Could gaze on nature's universal wreck,  
See heav'n and earth in one vast ruin sink,  
And smile upon the glorious desolation.

THOU hast no attribute but gives me joy.  
Be as thou art, severe in holiness!  
My highest reason loves thy perfect laws,  
Thou righteous king of saints! Pure as thou art,

164 POEMS on several occasions.

And sinful as I am, I triumph still :  
 My guilt is all my own, and thou art clear.  
 From the low depths of misery and dust,  
 With angels and archangels round thy throne,  
 To thy dominion and unbounded sway  
 I join my glad assent. — Be all thy foes  
 In just derision had, and vile contempt,  
 While thy bright throne for ever stands secure !

BE absolute! be uncontroll'd and free !  
 Thou canst not be unjust, howe'er above  
 The view of man thy ways. — A time will come,  
 When all shall be explain'd, and conqu'ring love,  
 The splendor and the beauty of thy face,  
 Victorious love, shall shine on all thy works.

FOR, oh! what daring thought shall limit thee,  
 Thou darling attribute of the Most High,  
 And greatest of his names? — A heart subdu'd  
 Like mine, must make its loudest boasts of thee:  
 My life, my glory and salvation's thine,  
 And thine shall be my everlasting song.

IN these cold regions thou hast warm'd my heart,  
 And gently trac'd some faint resemblance there.  
 But, oh! thou charming pow'r, that canst efface  
 All the remains of enmity and pride,  
 Transform me to thine image, let me wear  
 No character but thine: Be thou my life,  
 Its spring, its motion, constant as my breath;  
 Dwell on my tongue, and govern all my soul,  
 Till faith and love be swallow'd up of thee.

THESE

THESE eyes shall see thee then supremely fair;  
 Apparent in the heights of excellence,  
 And perfect beauty thou shalt stand reveal'd.  
 Blessings and smiles, unmeasurable grace,  
 Essential glories, ever-blooming life,  
 Prospects of pleasure, regions of delight,  
 The heav'n of heav'ns, visions ineffable,  
 At once shall all their dazzling pomp unfold,  
 And open in thy fair, unclouded face.

On the name of J E S U S.

IF love, if joy, if gratitude can speak,  
 If sacred rapture can its silence break;  
 Yet once more let me tune my harp for thee,  
 Thou source of the divine benignity:  
 On this side heav'n yet once more let me sing,  
 E'er to thy praise I set th' immortal string;  
 In mortal strains permit me to rehearse  
 Thy name, and with it grace my humble verse.

YE winds, to heav'n the sacred accents bear,  
 For heav'n delights the glorious sound to hear.  
 Ye angels, take it on your golden lyres,  
 Voices like yours the mighty word requires.  
 Seraph and cherub, speak, is there a sound  
 More sweet than this in all your language found?



166 POEMS on several occasions.

Is there within the bounds of paradise,  
A note of harmony compar'd to this?

YE heav'nly pow'rs, your gentle warmth infuse,  
And tell me what sweet eloquence you use;  
I burn in sacred flames like yours, and fain  
Would talk and sing, in your immortal strain;  
My voice would mix with the melodious spheres,  
And please, with soft attraction, angels ears.

YE winds, to heav'n the glorious accents bear,  
For heav'n delights the charming name to hear:  
I'll breathe it with the morning's fragrant air,  
Its pleasing echoes shall the ev'ning chear.  
The fields, the lawns, and ev'ry shady grove,  
The sweet retirements, and delights of love,  
Shall learn from me the dear, inspiring name,  
And all be witness to my holy flame.

\*\*\*\*\*

To Mr. PRIOR.

On his SOLOMON.

A MUSE devoted to celestial things,  
Again for thee profanes th' immortal strings;  
The stars, the myrtle shade, and rosy bow'r  
She quits, to revel in thy iv'ry tow'r;

The

POEMS on several occasions. 167

The music of the spheres and heav'nly throngs  
 She minds no more, to listen to thy songs.  
 Enchanted with thy lovely *Harmon* king,  
*Gabriel* in vain displays his purple wing;  
 Boasts of his golden zone, and bright attire,  
 His starry crown, soft voice, and charming lyre;  
 With all his fine address, and glittering shew,  
 The muse abandons the celestial bead:  
 Perverted by the *Jewish* monarch's eyes,  
 She fondly turns apostate to the skies,  
 And envies *Abra's* beauty, while it shines  
 With undecaying bloom in *Prior's* lines.



A SONNET.

*Translated from the Italian of Signior*

ROLLI.

*Canzonetta 23.*

**G**LIDE gently on, thou murr'ring brook,  
 And sooth my tender grief;  
 'Twas here the fatal wound I took,  
 'Tis here I seek relief.

With *Silvio*, on the verdant shore  
 I fondly fate reclin'd,  
 Believ'd the charming things he swore,  
 Too credulous and kind!

168. POEMS on several occasions.

WHILE thus he said, ' This purling stream

' Back to its spring shall flow,

' O Pastorella! e'er my flame

' The least decay shall know.

Y<sup>e</sup> conscious waves, roll back again!

Back to your crystal head!

The false, ungrateful, perjur'd swain

Has broke the vows he made.

AND yet he vow'd, 'till the last breath

Of life he should resign,

'Till fate should close his eyes in death,

His stedfast love was mine.

PERHAPS some fairer shepherdess

His faithless breast has warm'd

And those kind vows and soft address

Her guiltless heart has charm'd.

BUT tell the nymph, thou gentle stream,

If e'er she visits thee,

The treach'rous youth has vow'd the same,

Yet broke his faith with me.



*An ANSWER to an Italian SONG, that  
begins thus;*

*Venere bella, per une instante,  
Deh, mi concede le grazie tutte  
Del dio d'amor, &c.*

**T**HE soft petition soon ascends,  
Nor wanders thro' the air,  
Smiling the Queen of love attends  
To her new vot'ry's pray'r.

Ask any thing, the Goddess cries,  
In this propitious hour;  
My breast is fill'd with glad surprize,  
To hear thee own my pow'r.

To thee my charms and gentle art,  
With pleasure I resign:

Cupid presents thee ev'ry dart,  
His conqu'ring bow is thine.

HAD I describ'd my tender care

In thy harmonious strain,

Adonis had been won to hear

A Goddess tell her pain.

*The*

*The DESCRIPTION of the DROUGHT.*

*Translated from the beginning of the  
xiii<sup>th</sup> book of TASSO's JERUSALEM.*

**W**HILE *Godfrey* in his active mind revolves  
The martial plan, and mighty things re-  
solves,

Now enter'd the celestial *Crab*, the sun  
With beams direct, unusual heat darts down :  
The sacred troops, for warlike toil unfit,  
Drooping beneath their useleſs armour ſit.  
Each gentle ſtar's extinguiſh'd in the ſkies,  
While in their ſtead ill-boding planets riſe,  
Which on the army noxious fervors ſhed,  
And thro' the air a baleful influence ſpread,  
Horrors on horrors riſe, a fatal night  
Succeeds the fatal day's malignant light ;  
The fatal day's malignant light reveals  
Signs of new terror, and augmented ills,  
The ſun all dreadful in his riſing ſeems,  
With ſanguine trefſes, and polluted beams ;  
With blood diſtain'd his radiant face appears,  
And ſad preſages all his aſpect wears :  
'Till having gain'd the zenith's lofty height,  
He darts a ſtronger, and more piercing light ;  
Blaſts all the verdant beauty of the meads,  
While ev'ry plant and flow'ry bloſſom fades.

Mountains

Mountains and valleys desolate appear,  
 The cleaving hills all wither'd, curst and bare,  
 The dismal marks of heav'n's displeasure wear.  
 The rivers at their inmost springs decay,  
 While horrid signs the fiery clouds display.  
 The airy space a smoking furnace seems,  
 With stifling vapours, and pernicious steams.  
 To cool the air no gentle gales arise,  
 Each Zephyr silent in his cavern lies;  
 Only the south from *Afric's* burning sands,  
 With scorching blasts infects the *Christian* bands:  
 Nor milder breezes with the ev'ning come,  
 But sultry still, and all enflam'd the gloom;  
 While gliding fires, and comets strangely bright,  
 Glare thro' the sable shadows of the night.  
 The languid moon sheds from her silent sphere  
 No cooling dews, the thirsty ground to cheer.  
 The flow'rs decay, each tree and verdant plant  
 Pine at their roots, and vital moisture want.  
 From these unquiet nights sleep takes its flight,  
 In vain the troops the drowzy god invite.  
 But thirst, of all their ills, the worst remains,  
 He dies who drinks, he dies whoe'er abstains.  
 For poisons mingled by the *Pagan* king,  
 Infected ev'ry stream, and bubbling spring:  
 Like gloomy *Styx*, or cursed *Acheron*,  
 The black, contagious, troubled wayes roll on.  
 Scarce silver *Siloah* glides above its sands,  
 Whose streams before supply'd the *Christian* bands:  
 But now the swelling *Po*, that mighty stream,  
 To satiate their thirst would scarce sufficient seem;

Nor



172. POEMS on several occasions.

Nor *Ganges*, nor great *Nile*, when all around  
 His rising waves o'erflow their loftiest bound.  
 The tempting thought of cool, unfully'd streams,  
 And bubling springs, the fierce disease enflames;  
 And he who had observ'd some crystal pool,  
 Or down the *Alps* a living torrent roll;  
 Recals the flatt'ring images again,  
 Which still exasperates his fervid pain.  
 The mightiest chiefs, with noble heat inspir'd,  
 Whom neither arms, nor toilsome march had tir'd,  
 Projected now, and gasping on the ground,  
 Unweildly burthens to themselves are found;  
 While inward fires, by slow degrees, exhaust  
 Their vital springs, and manly vigour waste.  
 The steed, late fierce, now scorns his proffer'd meat,  
 And falters in his once imperious gait;  
 His former victories are all contemn'd,  
 With martial glory now no more enflam'd,  
 His rich caparisons no more adorn,  
 But as a loath'd, inglorious load are worn,



C A N T. II. viii, ix.

**I**S it a dream? or does my ravish'd ear  
 The charming voice of my beloved hear?  
 Is it his face? or are my eager eyes  
 Deluded by some vision's bright disguise?

'Tis

POEMS on several occasions. 173

'Tis he himself ! I know his lovely face,  
It's heav'nly lustre, and peculiar grace.  
I know the sound, 'tis his transporting voice,  
My heart assures me by its rising joys.  
He comes, and wing'd with all the speed of love,  
His flying feet along the mountains move ;  
He comes, and leaves the panting hart behind,  
His motion swift, and fleeting as the wind.  
O welcome, welcome, never more to part !  
I'll lodge thee now for ever in my heart ;  
My doubtful heart, which trembling scarce believes,  
And scarce the mighty ecstasy receives.



The PETITION.

**Y**OU fairest offspring of immortal love,  
That revel in the fragrant bow'rs above,  
The brightest products of your Maker's skill,  
In visions to the gentle maid reveal  
Your glowing beauties, your celestial charms,  
And free her breast from all the wild alarms,  
The fatal fallies of an earthly flame ;  
Let heav'n alone the reigning passion claim,  
At once unfold the sparkling scenes of joy,  
The raptures which your happy hours employ ;  
While crown'd with mirth, with love and sacred song,  
Eternal years unclouded dance along.

Describe

174 POEMS *on several occasions.*

Describe the glitt'ring natives of the skies,  
Their rosy bloom, soft smiles, and radiant eyes;  
With all your skill the favour'd nymph allure,  
And from the arts of mortal race secure:  
Be she your constant, your propitious care!  
O grant my wish, and hear the friendly pray'r!



VERSES *presented to her Royal Highness*  
*the Princess AMELIA, at Marlborough,*  
*June the 18th, 1728.*

**Y**E sylvan shades, ye fair enchanting seats,  
Of peace and guiltless love the soft retreats,  
Be all your flow'ry elegance display'd,  
To charm, with nature's pomp, the royal maid.  
Let ev'ry prospect wear a lively grace,  
Clear as the blooming beauties of her face.  
Ye various plants, your fragrant tribute bring,  
The painted product of the lovely spring.  
Ye whisp'ring breezes, and refreshing gales,  
That fly, with downy wings, along the vales,  
Take the soft music of *Amelia's* name,  
Breathe it to ev'ry list'ning grove and stream.  
Let nature show a pleasure unconfin'd,  
And speak the sense of *Hertford's* gen'rous mind.

DEVOUT



DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

SOLILOQUY I.

**E**TERNAL Maker, hail! hail pow'r divine!  
The heav'ns and earth, the day and night are  
thine.

Matter and form to thee their being owe,  
From thee, their great original, they flow:  
When yet the mingled mass unactive lay,  
Thou gav'st it motion by thy quick'ning ray;  
Chaos and night thy pow'rful mandate heard,  
And light, and glorious order, soon appear'd.  
If thou but hide thy face, the creatures mourn,  
But life and pleasure with thy smile return.  
Thy gentle smile dependant nature cheers,  
Revives its hopes, and dissipates its fears.  
The earth and skies thro' various changes run;  
But thou, whose wond'rous being ne'er begun,  
Can'st ne'er thro' all eternity decay,  
While time's swift flood bears all things else away.  
By thy direction, the fair orbs above,  
In perfect order, thro' the ether move;  
And all that's lovely, all that's pure below,  
Immediately from thy bright essence flow.  
Fountain of life! from thy immortal flame  
All ranks of intellectual beings came:  
Our maker thou, our great original,  
We own thy right, and thee our father call.

SOLILOQUY II.

CELESTIAL love, my ever-charming theme,  
Ten thousand blessings rest upon thy name!  
From the divinity thou hast thy source,  
And God himself attests thy wond'rous force.

SOME angel, speak in your immortal strain,  
How love does o'er th' immense creator reign;  
But, oh! that glorious truth what angel can explain?  
You saw him quit the pleasures of the sky,  
And veil the glories of the deity;  
You saw him born, and wond'ring heard him weep,  
Wond'ring you saw the world's protector sleep;  
You saw him wander here despis'd, unknown,  
Without a place, to rest his head, his own;  
You knew his grief and inward agony;  
You saw the heav'nly lover bleed and die.

VICTORIOUS love, how infinite thy pow'r!  
How great thy triumph on that solemn hour!  
The sun, the moon, and sparkling stars on high,  
Stood witness to the vanquish'd deity.

STRIKE up your golden harps, ye sons of light,  
Some mighty genius the vast song indite;  
And, oh! ye sons of men, unite your voice,  
Let all the ransom'd tribes on earth rejoice;  
Ye ransom'd tribes, peculiarly from you  
Unbounded thanks, and endless praise are due.  
Triumph and shout, begin th' eternal strains,  
To him that dy'd, but now for ever reigns;

To him that lov'd, and wash'd us in his blood,  
And made us kings, and chosen priests to God:  
For worthy is the lamb, that once was slain,  
Of praise and blessing in the highest strain.

S O L I L O Q U E III.

WHATEVER various turns my life shall see,  
Of downy peace, or hard adversity;  
Let smiling suns shine on my prosp'rous ways,  
Or low'ring clouds obscure my gloomy days;  
The praises of my God shall still employ  
My tongue, and yield my thoughts perpetual joy:  
For he is all my glory, all my boast,  
Be ev'ry name but his for ever lost!  
My trust alone is his almighty name,  
All other aids my tow'ring thoughts disclaim.  
In God, my glorious Saviour, I'll rejoice,  
And still exalt him with my grateful voice.  
His angels, he himself surrounds the just,  
And guards the saints who in his promise trust.  
O taste and see, how blest, how highly blest  
Are they who on his boundless mercy rest!  
He, with indulgent care, their wants supplies,  
And guides their steps with ever-watchful eyes;  
His gracious ears are open to their pray'r,  
And hear, with soft compassion, all their care;  
When darkness and despair their steps surround,  
Their gentle guide and succour he is found.  
Mercy and truth, thro' all his gracious ways  
To human race, shine with distinguish'd rays.  
O let my tongue on the blest subject dwell,  
The wonders of his love to men and angels tell!



178 POEMS on several occasions.

Angels and men their glad assent shall join,  
And mix their loud applauding notes with mine.

S O L I L O Q U Y. IV.

Too low my artless verse, too flat my lays,  
To reach thy glory, and express thy praise ;  
Yet let me on my humble reed complain,  
And mourn thy absence in a pensive strain ;  
My own soft cares permit me to rehearse,  
And with thy name adorn thy humble verse.  
The streams shall learn it, and the gentle breeze  
On its glad wings shall waft it thro' the trees.  
The list'ning nymphs, instructed by my flame,  
Shall teach their hearts to make a nobler claim ;  
The swains no more for mortal charms shall pine,  
But to celestial worth their vows resign.  
The fields and woods the chaste retreats shall prove  
Of sacred joys, and pure, immortal love ;  
And angels leave their high abodes again,  
To grace the rural seats, and talk with men.

S O L I L O Q U Y V.

By sighs, by gentle vows, and soft complaint,  
Deluded lovers all their suff'rings paint ;  
Their joys in smooth similitudes they dress,  
And all their grief in flowing words express ?  
But what are flowing words ? how poor, how vain,  
These high celestial ardors to explain !  
Can human sounds such wond'rous things unfold,  
As angels warble to their harps of gold ?  
O teach me all your sweet, melodious art,  
To breathe the tender dictates of my heart !

To

To talk — of what — for you alone can tell  
 What minds enflam'd with holy transports feel.  
 You feel them, when you touch th' immortal strings,  
 And gaze, and love, and talk immortal things;  
 When ev'ry blissful shade, and happy grove  
 Repeat the sound, and softly breathe out love.

SOLILOQUY VI.

O SPEAK! and in the music of thy voice  
 My soul shall antedate immortal joys;  
 The tempting calls of sense shall all be drown'd  
 In the superior sweetness of that sound:  
 Nature and studious art would strive in vain  
 To reach the charms of that victorious strain.  
 O let me hear thee but in whispers break  
 Thy silence, and in gentle accents speak!  
 Such accents as ne'er ravish'd mortal ears,  
 Such as the soul in calm retirement hears;  
 When from external objects far away,  
 Her highest pow'rs the call divine obey:  
 That voice that to ineffable delights,  
 From mortal things the willing mind invites;  
 More charming than the notes which angels play,  
 When they conduct a dying saint away;  
 While raptur'd he resigns his parting breath,  
 And smiles on all the solemn pomp of death.

WHEN wilt thou speak, and tell me thou art mine?  
 O how I long to hear that word divine!  
 When that transporting sound shall bless my ear,  
 Fly fullen grief, and ev'ry mortal care;

180 POEMS *on several occasions.*

Fly days, and hours, and measur'd time, with speed,  
And let the blest eternity succeed!

'TILL then the rolling orbs my love shall hear,  
And let the whole creation lend an ear.  
Witness, ye crystal streams, that murmur'ing flow,  
For you the secret of my passion know;  
Ye fields, ye glades, and ev'ry shadey grove,  
The sweet retirements, and delights of love,  
I call you all to witness to my flame,  
For you have learnt the dear inspiring name;  
In gentle echoes you have oft reply'd,  
And in soft breezes thro' the valleys sigh'd;  
The valleys, mossy caves, and open lawn,  
The silent ev'ning, and the chearful dawn;  
Thou moon, and ev'ry fair conspicuous star,  
Whose silver rays the midnight horrors cheer;  
And thou bright lamp of day, shalt witness prove,  
To the perpetual fervor of my love.  
To heav'n and earth my tongue has oft confest,  
And heav'n and earth my ardor can attest.  
Angels, for you the solemn truth can tell,  
And ev'ry pious midnight sigh reveal;  
You feel the warmth of this celestial flame,  
And blest, with me, the dear transporting name  
Be witness that my raptur'd vows aspire,  
To the high theme of your immortal lyre.

BUT oh! my life, my hope, to thee alone  
I strive to make my ardent wishes known;  
To thee alone, to thee I would reveal  
My tender cares, to thee I dare appeal.

Thou



Thou that dost all my secret soul behold,  
Peirce all its depths, and ev'ry veil unfold,  
Ev'n thou, my glorious judge, thy self shalt prove  
Th' eternal witness of my truth and love.

S O L I L O Q U Y VII.

CELESTIAL gift, by heav'n alone inspir'd,  
And not by man, in all his pride acquir'd,  
What wonders hast thou done? thy sacred force  
The skies obey, and nature turns her course.  
At thy command the sun has backward fled,  
Th' astonish'd moon stood still with silent dread.  
If thou but speak, the raging winds obey,  
The waves divide, and leave an open way;  
Thy potent breath dissolves the rock, and brings  
From solid marble, softly-bubbling springs;  
At thy request mortality is fed  
From heav'n's high store-house, with celestial bread;  
Thy wide commands no limits can confine,  
Whate'er omnipotence can do is thine.

S O L I L O Q U Y VIII.

W H Y does the sun with constant glory burn?  
Why does the day to guilty man return?  
To guilty man, whose insolence and pride  
The glories of th' eternal sun would hide?  
Why do the stars with nightly splendor shine,  
While mists from hell obscure the light divine?  
Back to your fountain turn your lucid streams,  
To holier regions lend your gentle beams.

O LET me weep in some sequester'd shade,  
 Whose dark recess no light shall e'er invade;  
 Where mortal joys shall offer no relief,  
 To intermit the just, the serious grief.  
 O could my tears the publick vengeance stay,  
 And yet suspend the desolating day!  
 But see it comes! the threat'ning tempests rise,  
 Prefaging darkness gathers in the skies.

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## S O L I L O Q U Y IX.

FROM thee, my God, my noblest pleasures spring,  
 The thoughts of thee perpetual solace bring.  
 How does my soul, from these exalted heights  
 Contemn the world, and all its poor delights!  
 And wing'd with sacred rapture, pass the rounds  
 Of circling skies, and all created bounds!  
 Celestial prospects, visions all divine,  
 Unfold their glories, and around me shine.

THUS let me live, nor hear, nor see, nor know  
 What mortals, in their madness, act below.  
 Be thy refreshing consolations mine!  
 And I the world, with all its boasts, resign,  
 Deluding shews, I give you to the wind,  
 My soul a nobler happiness must find.

## S O L I L O Q U Y X.

IF e'er again I find my soul's delight,  
 With love's soft fetters I'll restrain his flight;

And

POEMS on several occasions. 183

And e'er I with the darling treasure part,  
The sparks of life shall quit my trembling heart :  
That life, which soon would prove a tiresome load,  
Without the charming hopes to find my God.  
O thou that dost my panting breast inspire  
With all the ardor of celestial fire,  
Thee I must find, or in the search expire !  
In vain the tempting world its glory shows,  
All it can give would yield me no repose ;  
Renounc'd at once let all its proffers be,  
My bliss shall be completely full in thee :  
Here is my rest, my vain pursuits are o'er ;  
Here let me fix, and never wander more.

S O L I L O Q U Y XI.

No change of time, nor place, shall change my love,  
Nor from my God my stedfast thoughts remove.  
The flatt'ring world, with all its tempting art,  
Shall never blot his image from my heart.  
Should hell, with all its stratagems, combine,  
They could not quench an ardor so divine :  
Their false allurements, nor their proudest rage,  
Shall e'er my resolution disengage.  
Pleasure shall court in vain, and beauty smile,  
Glory in vain my wishes would beguile.  
The persecutor's rage I would not fear ;  
Let death in all its horrid shapes appear,  
And with its keenest darts my breast assail ;  
When breath, and ev'ry vital spring shall fail,  
The sacred flame on brighter wings shall rise,  
And unextinguish'd reach its native skies ;



184 POEMS on several occasions.

With an eternal force the heav'nly fire  
Shall to its bright original aspire.

S O L I L O Q U Y XII.

DANCE on, ye hours, on soft and downy feet!  
Roll swift, thou ling'ring sun, and let us meet!  
Come, ye blest moments, with a sprightly grace!  
Let the gay period shew its smiling face!  
What is the day? what is its useless light,  
Unless it shews me that transporting sight?  
No beauteous object smiles below the skies,  
To charm my thought, and fix my longing eyes;  
Celestial excellence my eyes inspires,  
And kindles in my breast immortal fires.  
Thou bright, unrival'd object of my love,  
To thee alone my soft affections move;  
Thine are my rising hopes, my purest fires,  
My noblest wishes, and sublime desires.

S O L I L O Q U Y XIII.

YE happy minds, that free from mortal chains,  
Possess the realms where boundless pleasure reigns,  
That feel the force of those immortal fires,  
And reach the bliss, to which my soul aspires;  
Who meet, unveil'd, that radiant majesty,  
Of which, to gain one transient glance, I'd die;  
I charge you, by the boundless joys you feel,  
My tender cares to my beloved tell;  
Make all th' aspiring inclination known,  
In such high strains as you describe your own;  
In such exalted numbers as explain  
The sacred flames which in your bosoms reign;

When

When all the heights of ecstacy you prove,  
 And breathe the raptures of immortal love.  
 O tell the glorious object, whom I prize  
 Beyond the chearful light that meets mine eyes,  
 Beyond my friend, or any dearer name,  
 Beyond the breath that feeds this vital frame,  
 Beyond whate'er is charming here below,  
 Beyond the brightest joys that mortals know,  
 Beyond all these, O tell him that I love !  
 Tell him what anguish for his sake I prove ;  
 Tell him how long the hours of his delay,  
 And what I suffer by this tedious stay ;  
 Tell him his absence robs my soul of rest,  
 While cruel jealousy torments my breast.  
 O let him know that my distracted mind  
 No real joy, while he withdraws, can find ;  
 That all my hopes are center'd in his love,  
 How lost without it, how undone I prove !  
 Tell him that nothing can that loss repair,  
 Nor help the soul that dismal stroke to bear,  
 Nothing ensues but grief, and black despair :  
 Nothing beyond my soul could undergo ;  
 'Tis death ! 'tis hell ! 'tis all unmingled woe !

S O L I L O Q U Y XIV.

O STAY, thou sacred object of my love,  
 Nor from my longing eyes so soon remove !  
 Stay yet, nor let me lose thy charming sight !  
 Stay till the midnight shadows take their flight !  
 Stay till the morning star's illustrious ray  
 Awakes the dawn, and leads the blushing day !

Stay

186 POEMS on several occasions.

Stay till the sun unveils his golden light,  
And joyful birds their early songs recite;  
Return, my life, or let me follow thee!  
The world affords no solace now for me.  
With thee I ev'ry smiling hope forego,  
And in thy absence no delight can know;  
Thou, thou art all my happiness below!

SOLILOQUY XV.

Come, gentle death, release my struggling soul  
From those dull fetters which her flight controul!  
Less eagerly the hireling waits the close  
Of the long, tedious day, to find repose.  
A pilgrim here in this detested clime,  
I rove and sigh away the ling'ring time.  
O come, thou wish'd for messenger of peace!  
The prisoner longs not more for a release;  
The wretch that under painful bondage groans,  
With less concern his misery bemoans.  
How shall I bless the hour that sets me free,  
And gives my soul her native liberty!  
With eager joy I'd bid the world adieu,  
And with contempt its parting glories view;  
To mortal vanities I'd close mine eyes,  
Led on by sacred love I'd upward rise,  
And in a moment reach the blissful skies.

SOLILOQUY XVI.

ON *Libya's* burning sands, and trackless waste,  
Or *Zembla's* icy coast let me be cast;  
On some bleak shore, or solitary den,  
Far from the path, and chearful haunt of men:

However



However sad and gloomy be the place,  
 Let me but there behold thy smiling face ;  
 The wildest cave a paradise would be,  
 Celestial plains, and blissful groves to me.  
 Danger, and solitude, and lonesome night,  
 At thy propitious presence take their flight.  
 Beauty, in all its soft variety,  
 And love, and crowding joys attend on thee.  
 Immortal life springs up, where-e'er thou art,  
 And heav'nly day breaks in from ev'ry part.  
 Thou moon, ye stars, and thou, fair sun, adieu!  
 I ask no more thy rising beams to view ;  
 For oh ! the light himself, with rays divine  
 Breaks in, and God's eternal day is mine.

S O L I L O Q U Y XVII.

BE hush'd, ye gentle pow'rs, of harmony,  
 Whatever soothing sounds in nature lie !  
 Whatever art, thro' all her wide controul  
 Of changing notes, has found to touch the soul,  
 Be hush'd for ever ! while my thoughts attend  
 That voice which might ev'n hell itself suspend,  
 Lull all its anguish, calm its fiercest pains,  
 Open its gates, and loose th' infernal chains ;  
 That sacred voice, whose efficacious sound  
 Gave motion to the spheres, and set their tuneful  
 round.

O let those charming accents from above  
 Breathe down celestial harmony and love !  
 Eternal joys on the smooth current roll,  
 And boundless pleasure overwhelms my soul.

188 POEMS on several occasions.

Ye angels, I resign your tuneful choirs,  
Nor envy seraphim their golden lyres.

S O L I L O Q U Y XVIII.

THE angels call, they call me from above,  
And bid me hasten to the realms of love ;  
My soul with transport hears the happy doom,  
I come, ye gentle messengers, I come!

YE minstrels of the palaces above,  
Who consecrate your golden lutes to love ;  
When I am entring on the dreary plain,  
Death's dismal realms, touch the melodious strain ;  
The charming sound shall ev'ry care beguile,  
And make the seats of desolation smile.  
My soul prepar'd by holy ecstasy,  
Shall learn and join the chorus of the sky.  
Tho' yet a stranger to the sacred fire,  
The heights of love that your high strains inspire ;  
Some kindling sparks within my bosom move,  
Which shall improve in the gay worlds above.

WHEN these material clouds shall be dispell'd,  
And God in perfect excellence reveal'd ;  
These eyes shall see thee then, and bless the sight,  
And in thy presence view immortal light ;  
See beauty in its heav'nly pride unveil'd,  
And wisdom's boundless treasures unseal'd ;  
See thee in sparkling majesty ador'd,  
Extol'd and own'd the universal Lord.

S O L I

SOLILOQUY XIX.

Y<sup>E</sup> soft complaints, and tender sighs,  
That from my anxious bosom rise,  
Take wing, and reach the distant skies.  
Your gentle eloquence may move  
The sacred object of my love  
To heal the anguish of my breast,  
Of God forlorn, and robb'd of rest.  
But oh! what sighs, what soft complaint  
My grief and wild distress can paint?  
What lover's pains can equal mine,  
While at thy absence I repine?  
Without thee pleasure is no more,  
I die till thou my bliss restore.  
At once thy lovely face reveal,  
And all these gloomy fears dispel.  
My lov'd Redeemer! let that name,  
Which does thy tenderness proclaim,  
Let that thy soft compassion move,  
And waken all thy former love.  
Thou taught'st my infant lips thy name,  
And didst my first desires enflame:  
Recal the kindness of my youth,  
When first I gave my plighted truth;  
Ev'n then I felt the fire divine,  
My young affections all were thine.



## S O L I L O Q U Y XX.

FAIR *Eden* lost, my fancy oft renews,  
 And still with grief the beauteous scene reviews.  
 But oh! nor verdant plants, nor painted flow'rs,  
 Nor crystal rills, sweet shades, nor fragrant bow'rs  
 Excite my envy; these I could resign,  
 Nor for the tree of life itself repine:  
 The nobler bliss, in high converse to rove  
 With friendly angels, thro' the happy grove,  
 Content I would forego; but oh! I mourn  
 Delights that ne'er to guilty man return,  
 Delights that guilty man could never boast,  
 Since the blest age of innocence was lost;  
 Among the trees with God himself to walk,  
 And in sweet converse to his Maker talk:  
 The scenes of paradise appear'd more fair,  
 Nature rejoic'd, and heav'n itself was there.  
 O highly-favour'd, hail! how blest thy fate!  
 How much unlike thy future wretched state!  
 O highly-favour'd, hail! the angels cry'd,  
 The echoing skies in chearful sounds reply'd.  
 Roll back, thou sun, and bring those glorious views,  
 Those envy'd joys! 'tis these my soul pursues.

## S O L I L O Q U Y XXI.

To thy high praises be my lips unseal'd,  
 And in chaste strains celestial love reveal'd.  
 O thou bright cause of this celestial flame!  
 In sacred rapture let me speak thy name;  
 That name which ev'ry fullen care beguiles,  
 That dear-lov'd name still breath'd with heav'nly smiles;  
 That

That makes the wildest storms of passion cease,  
And fills my breast with unmolested peace.  
How much I love thee, thou alone canst tell,  
On thee, on thee my thoughts for ever dwell.  
To all but thee my joys, my hopes are lost;  
How fair thou art to what the world can boast!  
When I but meet a smile from thy bright eyes,  
Nature in all her blooming glory flies;  
And let the whole creation disappear,  
I have enough; for God himself is here!

S O L I L O Q U Y XXII.

I'LL spend the silent hours in vows to thee,  
Nothing shall come betwixt my God and me.  
No other image shall my soul employ,  
No earthly pleasure, no unholy joy.  
From all the charms of sensual objects free,  
My spirit disengag'd shall spring to thee.  
The whole creation I at once resign,  
I ask no more, be thou, great God, but mine.  
'Tis thou alone shalt fill my thoughts, to thee  
All my desire in its full height shall be.  
Be thou my portion, my eternal lot,  
And be the world in ev'ry form forgot;  
In silence, undisturb'd with pomp and noise,  
Let me be swallow'd in immortal joys.  
Full in my view place all the bliss above,  
The scenes of pleasure and eternal love;  
From op'ning heav'ns let streaming glories shine,  
And thy sweet whispers tell me thou art mine.

DEVOUT

DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

*In blank verse.*

SOLILQUY I.

**O** THOU! to whom the fairest angel veils  
 With folded wings, the beauties of his face,  
 'Tis thee, 'tis thee alone my wishes seek:  
 For thee I'd break the fondest ties below,  
 Forget the names of amity and love,  
 And ev'ry gentle blandishment of life.

TURN away the veil that hides thy face,  
 And holds the glorious vision from my view,  
 Pity the agonies of strong desire,  
 And stand in open majesty confest!  
 If when a few short moments are expir'd,  
 And this frail substance to its dust returns,  
 If thou wilt then unfold thy lovely face,  
 And in the heights of excellence appear;  
 Why wilt thou not indulge a moment's bliss,  
 Disclose one beam of thy unclouded light,  
 To chear the joyless gloom of mortal life?

FORGIVE the fond impatience of my soul,  
 Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,  
 No entertainment in this lonesome world;  
 'Tis all a dismal solitude to me.

S O L I



SOLILOQUY II.

WHERE am I? surely paradise is round me!  
My soul, my sense is full of thy perfection.  
Whatever nature boasts in all her pride,  
The blooming fragrancy of thousand springs  
Are open to my view; and thou art all  
The charming, the delicious land of love.

I KNOW not what to speak! for human words  
Lose all their pow'r, their emphasis and force;  
And grow insipid when I talk of thee,  
The excellence supreme, the God of gods.  
Whate'er the language of those gods, those pow'rs  
In heav'nly places crown'd; however strong,  
Or musical, or clear their language be,  
Yet all falls short of thee; tho' set to strains  
That hell would smile to hear, and wild despair,  
Discord, and mad confusion stand compos'd  
In fix'd attention to the charming song.

WHEN wilt thou blow away these envious clouds,  
And shew me all the dazzling scenes within?  
Those heav'ns of beauty and essential glory;  
Those sights which eyes of mortals never saw,  
Nor ear has heard, nor boldest thought conceiv'd.  
What will these wonders prove? how shall my pow'rs  
Be to their full capacity employ'd  
In ecstasy and love? how shall I rove  
For ever thro' those regions of delight,  
Those paths where joy ineffable leads on  
Her smiling train, and wings the jocund hours.

COME, ye triumphant moments! come away  
 Thou glorious period! where I fix my eyes;  
 For which I hourly chide the ling'ring course  
 Of sun, and moon, and ev'ry tardy star.  
 Thou end of all my grief, the happy date  
 Of care, and pain, and ev'ry human ill!

## S O L I L O Q U Y III.

ABSOLVE the penance of mortality,  
 And let me now commence the life divine.  
 I sicken for enlargement — Where's the bar?  
 Thy spirit is not straitned, thou canst raise  
 Thy creature to what eminence thou wilt.  
 Unmerited the brightest ranks above  
 Receiv'd their flame and purity from thee.

I DARE not article with the Most-High,  
 Nor boast, but of my wants and indigence.  
 Let me be poor, necessitous and low,  
 Or any thing that thou mayst be advanc'd!  
 If I must glory, let me glory here,  
 That I can make no claim, nor ask reward.  
 O be thy goodness free! give like thy self,  
 And be thy own magnificence the rule!  
 Still undiminish'd from thy endless store,  
 Eternal bounty cannot lessen thee.

WHY shouldst thou bound thy self, and check the  
 course  
 Of thy own glorious nature; which is all  
 O'erflowing love, and pure beneficence?

'Tis thy delight and glory to dispense  
Treasures of wisdom, life, and heav'nly love  
To souls that pine and languish after thee.

O THOU canst never lavish out thy store!  
The sun, that from his radiant exaltation  
Looks down, and blesses universal nature,  
Nor from the meanest worm keeps back his rays,  
That sun is but a feeble type of thee.

MILLIONS of happy spirits draw in life  
And pleasure from thy smiles; yet still the springs,  
The fresh, the ever-rising springs of joy  
Unwasted flow — Thou to thy glorious self  
Art all-sufficient, the sum, the plenitude  
Of thy own bliss; and canst thou not supply  
The utmost wishes of created minds?

SOLILOQUY IV.

LET God himself, to whom I dare appeal,  
Let God, my glorious judge, be witness here!  
Unfold my inmost soul, for thou shalt find  
No rival form, no image but thy own.  
So sure I love thee, I would stake my bliss,  
My immortality on this high truth.

Is this existence real, or a dream?  
Is light, is life, or is the sacred name  
Of virtue dear? Do I love happiness?  
'Tis sure I do! and oh! 'tis full as sure  
I love my God. If this is not a truth,



196 POEMS on several occasions.

I do not breathe, I have nor hopes, nor fears,  
 I know not where, I know not what I am,  
 But wander in uncertainty and doubt.  
 If this is not a truth, why have I shut  
 My eyes on all the beauty of the world?  
 Why have I stopp'd my ears to ev'ry call  
 Of glory and delight? why do I shun  
 The paths of pleasure? why despise the joys,  
 The entertainments of society?  
 And lost to all in solitary shades  
 Give up my hours, and ev'ry thought to thee?  
 My God, I cry, the treasure of my soul,  
 Give me my God, and let the world forsake me!

My whole enjoyment in thy love consists;  
 Nor earth, nor heav'n, nor the high heav'n above,  
 Abstract from thee, can furnish out a bliss,  
 To entertain these infinite desires:  
 No, thou art all the solace of my life.  
 Shouldst thou but say thou hast no pleasure in me,  
 Lo! here I am — but oh! the most undone  
 And wretched thing that the creation names.  
 For I must love thee still; howe'er thou deal'st with me,  
 Still I must love thee for thy own perfections,  
 And languish for thee thro' eternal years.

SOLILOQUY V.

CAN some fond lover, by the charming force  
 Of mortal beauty held, invoke the groves,  
 The fields, the floods, and all the sparkling stars  
 To witness his unshaken truth and love;

While

POEMS on several occasions. 197

While the frail object of his boasted faith  
Fades like a painted flow'r, and is no more :  
And shall my heart, with heav'nly love inflam'd,  
Grow doubtful, while I swear eternal truth  
To the prime excellence, beauty divine ?  
Shall I protest with caution ? shall my tongue  
Speak with reserve, and yield but half assent ?

No ; let me find the most pathetic form ;  
Beyond the obligations men have known,  
Beyond all human ties ; solemn as when  
Some mighty angel lifts his hand on high,  
And by the living God attests his oath.

Thus let me bind my soul — and oh ! be witness,  
Ye shining ministers (for you surround,  
And sanctify the place where holy vows  
Ascend to heav'n) be witness when we meet  
Upon th' immortal shores, as soon we must,  
Be witness ! for the solemn hour draws near ;  
That solemn hour, when with triumphant joy  
Or exquisite confusion, I shall hear  
Your approbation, or your just reproaches :  
Your just reproaches if you find me false ;  
If this fond heart, ensnar'd by earthly charms,  
Shall break its faith, and stain the sanctity  
Of plighted vows and consecrated flames.

O THOU ! to whose all-seeing eye my soul  
Lies all unveil'd, to thee I dare appeal :  
If thou art not my chief, my only joy,

198 POEMS on several occasions.

Let sacred peace for ever fly my breast,  
 And rest become an endless stranger there.  
 Let no harmonious sound delight mine ears  
 If thy lov'd name is not the sweetest accent,  
 The most transporting music they convey.  
 Let beauty ne'er again attract my eyes,  
 Shut out the sun, and ev'ry pleasant thing  
 Its rays disclose, if e'er I find a charm  
 In nature's lovely face, abstract from thee.  
 Let all my hopes, my gayest expectations  
 Be blasted, when they are not plac'd on thee.

O! I might speak a bolder language still,  
 And bid thee cut off all my future hopes  
 Of heavenly bliss, if thy transporting smiles  
 Are not the emphasis of all that bliss.

S O L I L O Q U E VI.

THESE eyes have never seen thy lovely face,  
 No accent of thy voice has reach'd my ear,  
 And yet my heart's acquainted well with thee;  
 To thee it opens all its secret store  
 Of joy and grief, and whispers ev'ry care.

I've known the names of father, husband, friend;  
 But when I think of thee, these tender ties,  
 These soft engagements vanish into air.

AMIDST the gentlest blandishments and charms,  
 The smiles and flatt'ring boasts of human things,  
 My soul springs forward, and lays hold on thee;

Calls



POEMS on several occasions. 199

Calls thee her only portion and defence,  
Nor knows a thought of diffidence or fear.

LET nature fail, let darkness hide the stars,  
And cover with a fable veil the sun;  
Unchang'd and fix'd the truth of God remains,  
Nor knows the least decay.— Here let me rest,  
With full assurance and unshaken faith.

O THOU unbounded, self-sufficient being!  
How rich am I! how happy! how secure!  
How full my portion in possessing thee!  
One gentle, one transporting smile of thine,  
Thou darling of my soul! contains more wealth  
Than this, or thousand brighter worlds can boast.  
'Tis thou thy self art my immediate bliss,  
My paradise, my everlasting heav'n!

SOLILOQUY VII.

I LOVE thee — Here the pomp of language fails,  
And leaves th' unutterable thought behind;  
The eloquence of men, the muses art,  
Their harmony and tuneful cadence sinks.  
Whatever names of tenderness and love,  
Whatever holy union nature knows,  
Are faint descriptions of celestial fires.

BUT oh! may sinful breathing dust presume  
To talk to thee of love and warm desires?  
To thee! who sit'st supreme enthron'd on heights  
Of glory, which no human thought can reach?

200 POEMS on *several occasions.*

Shall wretched man, whose dwelling is with dust,  
That calls corruption his original,  
And withers like the grass, shall he presume,  
With heart and lips unsanctify'd, to speak  
On subjects, where the holy seraphim  
Would stop their lutes; and with a graceful pause  
Confess the glorious theme too great for words,  
For eloquence immortal to express.

YET I must aim at subjects infinite,  
For oh! my love-sick heart is full of thee.  
In crowds, in solitude, the field, the temple,  
All places hold an equal sanctity;  
While thy lov'd name in humble invocation  
Dwells on my tongue, and ev'ry gentle sigh  
Breathes out my life, my very soul to thee.

S O L I L O Q U Y VIII.

FOUNTAIN of love, in thy delightful streams  
Let me for ever bathe my ravish'd soul,  
Inebriated in the vast abyss,  
The plenitude of joy; where all these wide,  
These infinite desires shall die away  
In endless plenty, and complete fruition.

O MY dear God! have I a single joy,  
A thought of happiness, remote from thee?  
Am I at rest? tho' thou has crown'd my years  
With smiling plenty, and unmingled peace.  
Is not the joy, the solace of my life  
Summ'd in thy smiles, and center'd in thy love?

WHAT is this vain, this visionary scene  
Of mortal things to me? my thoughts aspire  
Beyond the narrow bounds of rolling spheres.  
The world is crucify'd and dead to me,  
And I am dead to all its empty shows;  
But oh! for thee unbounded wishes warm  
My panting soul, and call forth all her pow'rs,  
Whate'er can raise desire, or give delight,  
Or with full joys replenish ev'ry wish,  
Is found in thee, thou infinite abyss  
Of ecstasy and life! — How my free soul  
Expatiates in these wide, these boundless joys!  
How am I lost to ev'ry thought but thee,  
Forgetting ev'n my self, forgetting all  
But thee, my glorious, everlasting theme!

THOU wilt, thou must return upon my soul,  
'Till death; and after death, while I exist,  
Ages, ten thousand ages I will fix  
My full attention on thy bright perfections.

SOLILOQUY IX.

O BLOW these clouds away, and let me see  
Those distant glories that attract my love!  
I must be satisfy'd, these longings quench'd,  
These infinite desires must find an object;  
Or thou hast made thy noblest work in vain.

THE beasts are happy; they attain the end  
Appointed for them by the course of nature,  
They reach whate'er their senses can enjoy,  
Nor



202 POEMS on several occasions.

Nor seek, nor apprehend superior bliss;  
Insensible of thee, whose potent word  
Call'd out their various clans from empty nothing;  
Yet unacquainted strangers to thy name,  
Not knowing higher good, they are at rest.

BUT man, capacious of immortal bliss,  
Pursues, unseen, an object infinite;  
And only there can find the rest he seeks.

SOLILOQUY X.

MY great Redeemer lives! I know he lives!  
I feel the sacred, the transporting truth  
Exulting in my soul: He lives to plead  
My cause above (unworthy as I am!)  
He there appears to intercede for me.

MY record is on high, and the blest Spirit  
With gentle attestations pleads within;  
Divine the voice, 'tis all celestial truth,  
I yield my glad assent; triumphant hope,  
And heavenly consolations fill my soul.

I MUST, I will rejoice; 'tis God himself  
Is my exceeding joy: he kindly smiles  
And heav'n and earth look gay; while all the clouds  
That conscious guilt spread o'er my shudd'ring soul  
Vanish before those reconciling eyes.

YE pow'rs of darkness, where are all your threats?  
Speak out your charge, the black indictment read?  
I own the dreadful, the amazing score;

But

But who condemns, when God does justify?  
 Who shall accuse, when freely he acquits;  
 He calls me blest, and what malignant pow'r  
 Shall call the blessing back? who shall reverse  
 What the Most-High has said? — Nor life, nor death,  
 Nor depth below, nor endless height above  
 Shall part me from his everlasting love.

S O L I L O Q U Y. XI.

WHERE are the boasts of nature? where its pride,  
 When reason looks within with humble view,  
 And sanctity of judgment measures out  
 My conduct by the perfect laws of God?

BUT oh! let not my crimes recorded stand  
 Before thy sight, nor call me to account,  
 Thou righteous judge; for who can answer thee?  
 Can mortal man be just? can he be pure  
 Whose dwelling is with flesh? If thou shouldst pry  
 Into my secret guilt, I am undone;  
 But if thou pardon the unnumber'd score,  
 The glory will be thine, whose clemency  
 Can know no bounds; for thou art uncontroul'd,  
 And absolute in all thy ways: no rule  
 But thy own perfect nature limits thee,

I SINK, this empty shadow pays thee homage,  
 And vanishes to nothing; thou art all.  
 I am but vanity; this is my share;  
 I am content; be thou alone advanc'd!  
 Thy grace is free, thy favours unconfind:

What-

204 POEMS on several occasions.

Whate'er my pride can boast, my righteousness  
Can never profit thee — The saints above,  
The highest angels stand not unreprouch'd,  
Nor spotless in the presence of thy glory.

O DO not strictly mark my num'rous crimes,  
Nor ask what I deserve, but what becomes  
The grandeur of thy name, thy glorious nature,  
Thy clemency, and gentle attributes :  
Act thou up to th' heights of grace divine,  
And be the glory and salvation thine !

S O L I L O Q U Y XII.

WHEN will the journey end? this weary race,  
This tedious pilgrimage of life be o'er?  
'Tis guilt, 'tis error, shades and darkness all !  
Some hellish snare attends on ev'ry step,  
And I shall stumble, fall, and be undone ;  
If thou one moment leave thy trembling charge,  
And trust me to my self, my treach'rous heart  
Will give up all the boundless joys to come,  
The smiles of God, the raptures of his love,  
For toys, for trifles, dross and empty dreams.  
My foes are watchful ; and my foolish heart,  
Too credulous, unguarded and secure,  
Gives easy entrance to the fatal arts  
Of those infernal pow'rs that seek my ruin.

BUT thou canst break the snare ; and hitherto  
The Lord has help'd, be thine alone the praise !  
O leave me not at last to bring reproach,  
Or cast a blemish on thy holy ways.



Thou know'st my folly, impotence and guilt,  
 What darkness, what depravity controuls  
 My nobler pow'rs; how when my rising thoughts  
 Would fix on thee, this mortal part withstands.

O BRING my soul from this detested prison,  
 Enlarge it, and my tongue shall speak thy praise!

S O L I L O Q U E XIII.

C O M E to my longing soul, that I may know  
 My union with thee in immortal love:  
 This is the secret language of my heart.  
 I dare appeal to thee, my awful judge,  
 Whose eyes can penetrate my inmost thought;  
 Thou art my first desire, my warmest wish:  
 These restless motions, these repeated sighs  
 Are all addrest to thee; at thee I aim,  
 In these imperfect flights, these upward views,  
 These frequent glances at the distant stars;  
 Fain would they pierce beyond the azure veil,  
 And gaze at those transporting sights within.

P U T out your gaudy lights, ye rolling spheres!  
 Could I but see the brighter worlds beyond,  
 I should with joy bid sun and stars adieu,  
 With all the beauteous scenes their beams display.

I'm tir'd, I'm sick of all these trifling things,  
 The show, the vain amusements of the world;  
 Thou art my only joy. Again my soul  
 Attests its first, its early, glorious choice,  
 Under

206 POEMS on several occasions.

Under my hand: behold, my present judge,  
For thou art here a witness to my truth;  
Under my hand I take thee for my portion,  
My present bliss, and all my future hope.

I CAST reproach on ev'ry lower good,  
And look with scorn on transitory things;  
Divide them where thou wilt; 'tis thou thy self  
Thy smiles, the full fruition of thy love  
My panting soul pursues: not all the pomp  
Or pleasure of the skies, abstract from thee,  
Could make me blest, or fill these large desires.

SOLILOQUY XIV.

THE hour must come, the last important hour,  
O let me meet it with expecting joy!  
Nor let the king of terrors wear a frown,  
Nor bring unwelcome tidings to my soul.

WHEN all the springs of life are running low,  
And ebbing fast in death; when nature tir'd,  
Trembling and faint, gropes thro' the gloomy vale,  
Nor human aid can give the least support;  
Then may the cordials of eternal love  
Pour in divine refreshments on my soul;  
Then let him smile, whose gentle smiles could cheer  
The shades of hell, and scatter all its gloom.

FORGET me not in that important hour;  
Recal these earnest sighs, look kindly o'er  
The long recorded file of humble pray'r

Sent

Sent to thy gracious feat. Thou, who at once  
Dost past, and present, and the future view,  
Give back an answer in that fullen moment,  
When all things else shall fail. — No sound of joy,  
No sight of beauty, no delightful scene  
Shall ought avail; nor sun, nor sparkling stars  
Shall yield one gentle, one propitious ray,  
To gild the fatal dusk, or cheer the soul.

THEN let the sun of righteousness arise  
With dawning light, and be the prospect clear  
Beyond the dismal gulph; let darting beams  
Of glory meet my view — Be hell defy'd,  
On that triumphant day: O let me give  
A parting challenge to infernal rage,  
And sing salvation to the *Lamb* for ever!

SOLILOQUY XV.

THOU lovely object of my utmost hope,  
Whate'er my soul stretch'd to its vast extent,  
And wide capacity of bliss can grasp!  
I would be from this moment free from all  
Terrene delight, and joy in God alone.  
Here I might still expatiate in the realms  
Of boundless bliss, and drink the springs of life  
Unfully'd at the native fountain head.

O THOU that by a soft, but certain band  
Of everlasting love hast drawn my soul;  
Continue the attraction, bring me near,  
Nor let us part for ever! — What words can paint  
The



208 POEMS *on several occasions.*

The horrors of that doom, that should divide  
My soul from all its bliss? accurst division!  
O be it ne'er my lot! Let dark oblivion  
Extinguish this frail spark of entity,  
Blot me, in mercy blot me from existence,  
Rather than blot me from the book of life!

WHAT pangs, what agonies would shake my soul  
To take a last, a sad farewell of thee;  
The rage of love, an everlasting fire,  
Must prey for ever on the softest sense,  
And feeling of the soul --- Rather let loose  
Thy mighty hand, and crush me into nothing;  
At least efface thy image from my heart,  
Those traces of an excellence divine.  
Tormenting view! if ne'er to be enjoy'd,  
Let me forget thee, and forget my self;  
Lose all remembrance of thy favours past,  
Nor e'er recal to mind those blissful hours,  
Spent in a sweet communion with my God.

SHOULD these transporting scenes return in view,  
I sure shall curse my self, defy the saints  
That in thy temple dwell, and see thy face:  
Perhaps, this tongue (O emphasis of woe!  
The lowest depth, the horror of damnation!)  
Perhaps, this tongue urg'd with infernal rage,  
With impious blasphemies may wound thy name;  
That dear, adorable, transporting name,  
That name imprinted on my inmost soul,  
That now is all my joy, my final hope!

S O L I

SOLILOQUY XVI.

DRAW me, O draw me! then with eager haste  
Unweary'd I shall run the sacred paths  
Thy word directs; but if unmov'd by thee,  
A lump of dull unanimated clay  
As well might rise, and mean the lofty sky;  
As well these cold, these senseless stones may wake,  
May find a living voice, and call thee father.

I LIVE, I move, but as thy quickning pow'r  
Exerts itself, and animates my being;  
And longer than thou draw'st, I cannot move.  
For I am weak and vain, my nature sunk  
From its primæval rectitude and grace,  
Helpless and destitute of all that's good:  
But thus I humbly cast my self on thee,  
Imploring succour at thy gracious hands;  
Imploring wisdom, to evade the wiles  
Of my infernal foes, that hourly watch  
My steps, to tempt them into fatal inares,  
And labyrinths of darkness. — Take my hand,  
And gently lead me in the dang'rous road  
Of mortal life, this gloomy pilgrimage.  
My great directing light, if thou withdraw  
I wander, and inevitably perish.  
And oh! 'tis endless ruin, deep perdition;  
A loss (distracting thought!) a loss that ne'er  
Thro' everlasting years can be repair'd;  
The loss of God, and all the boundless joys,  
Th' immortal rapture that his presence gives.

## SOLILOQUY XVII.

MINE eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd  
 The wonders of thy face; and yet unseen  
 Thou dost attract and raise my warmest love.  
 I live in thee, in thee alone am blest;  
 Thou art my darling thought; my soul exults  
 It boasts in thee, and triumphs all the day!  
 That thou art happy gives me perfect joy;  
 I am at rest in thee — Let kingdoms sink,  
 Thou dost ordain their fall; or let them rise,  
 Thy pleasure is fulfill'd. Be thou supreme!  
 Be absolute! — I join my glad assent,  
 With all the prostrate angels round thy throne,  
 Unquestion'd be thy will! for thou art just,  
 And righteous all thy ways. Be thou ador'd  
 For ever in the heights of majesty!  
 Thy grandeur fills me with a just contempt  
 For all the pomp on earth; that thou art fair  
 (O how divinely fair!) gives fresh delight  
 And transport to my soul. — How I rejoice  
 To find thee still beyond similitude,  
 Still rising in superior excellence  
 To all the lovely things thy hands have made:  
 Ev'n seraphim in their immortal bloom  
 Those morning stars, the first-born smiles of heav'n  
 If once compar'd with thee, their brightest charms  
 Would fade away, and wither in thy sight.



SOLILOQUY XVIII.

I WILL not leave thee; bid me not be gone;  
Repulse me not, for I will take no nay.  
As thou dost live, I will pursue thee still,  
Nor e'er let go my hold: I'm fix'd on this,  
To wrestle with thee till I gain the blessing.  
I cannot be deny'd; thy word is past;  
'Tis seal'd, 'tis ratify'd; thou art oblig'd,  
Engag'd, confin'd by thy own clemency,  
And spotless truth, to listen to my call.

I COME, I enter by the strength of faith  
The holy place; thro' the atoning blood  
I kneel, I humbly worship at thy seat:  
My great request is to obtain thy grace,  
Thro' my Redeemer's merits. Here's the way  
By which I would approach thy sacred throne.  
O let me never meet with a repulse,  
While I invoke thee by that charming name;  
That name in which is center'd thy delight,  
That name which at thy own command I use;  
Nor can it be in vain — Thy word is past;  
Nor can't thou vary, or deny thy self,  
And change thy purposes, like fickle man.

THE earth shall change her form, the shining skies  
Shall lose their light, and vanish into shade;  
But not a tittle of thy sacred word  
Shall fail the hopes of them that rest on thee.

BE gone, ye impious, unbelieving fears!  
 I am a sinner, freely 'tis confess,  
 Unmeriting the least regard from thee;  
 But here the riches of thy grace will shine;  
 To thee immortal honour will arise,  
 When such a worthless wretch as I shall stand  
 Acquitted by an act of sov'reign will  
 Before thy gracious sight; cleans'd from my guilt  
 By a Redeemer's blood, that healing balm  
 For all the wounds within. — In heav'nly strains  
 My lips shall tell the story of thy grace;  
 Ages shall in a long succession roll,  
 While the blest theme employs my joyful tongue:  
 Unbounded gratitude shall swell my soul,  
 And all its nobler faculties enlarge.

## S O L I L O Q U Y XIX.

VANISH my doubts, and let me give the glory  
 Due to th' eternal name, by stedfast faith,  
 Hope against hope, believe above belief!  
 For he that said, is able to perform:  
 His word annihilates, his word creates;  
 And he can open the eternal stores,  
 And pour ten thousand blessings on my head.

WHY should'st thou bound thy self? why should'st  
 thou stay  
 The sacred byass of thy glorious nature?  
 For thou art love supreme, essential love.  
 Ev'n my unworthiness can be no bar.

Shall

Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,  
And check the progress of almighty grace?  
Shall dust and vanity obstruct the course  
Of thy omnipotence, and spoil the boast  
Of free, of absolute benignity?

LOVE is thy life, in its transcendent height  
And full enjoyment; thy eternal thought,  
In boundless wisdom, mark'd it as the end  
Of all thy glorious works; and it shall rise  
Triumphant and victorious over all  
The obstacles that seem to check its course;

IN this transporting, amiable form,  
The mild, the gentle glories of thy nature,  
Let me behold and meet thy gracious smiles:  
Here I can triumph, here my hopes run high;  
They know no bounds, but infinitely free  
Grasp all a blest eternity contains.

S O L I L O Q U Y XX.

O GOD of ages! view my narrow span,  
Behold how short a period thou hast set  
The limits of my life! how like a shade,  
A passing cloud my vain existence flies!  
Yet all my boundless hopes, my future views  
For endless ages on this narrow span,  
This little rivulet of time depend:  
And oh! how fast the gliding current flows!  
Nothing retards its everlasting course;



214 POEMS *on several occasions.*

Ev'n now my hasty moments pass away,  
For ever, O for ever they are gone

I DIE with ev'ry breath ; no calling back  
The nicest point of all my vain duration,  
'Tis past beyond retrieve ! — but oh ! there rest  
Eternal things on this important point.  
This span of life, this short allotted span  
Is all I have to manage for the stake  
Of an immortal soul ; the glorious weight  
Of heav'nly crowns and kingdoms are suspended,  
And oh ! if lost, can never be recalled.  
This *now*, this fleeting transitory *now*,  
Contains my all ; and yet this awful truth  
Sits lightly on my soul, and faintly moves  
My drooping pow'rs to action.  
Yet there's a strict account that must be made,  
When the great day, the day of reck'ning comes.  
The solemn hour draws nigh, nor sleeps my doom ;  
'Twill soon decide my everlasting state,  
And no appeal will ever be allow'd.

S O L I L O Q U Y XXI.

O THOU ! whose glorious, whose all-seeing eye  
Marks all the dubious paths that lie before me ;  
Who from my mother's womb hast been my guide,  
And led me thro' the various turns of life ;  
Conceal not now thy self in darksome shades,  
But let me clearly know thy sacred will,  
To guide me thro' the wild, uncertain scenes  
Of mortal life, and let not hell deceive me ;

For

For I am wholly thine ; thou know'st I am  
Devoted to thy fear. For this my soul,  
Whose secrets thou canst tell, appeals to thee,  
Oh ! thou dost see my thought's most distant aims,  
And art my glorious witness, how sincere,  
How perfectly my will's resign'd to thine.

BEHOLD me here attending thy commands,  
With low submission oh ! behold me here,  
List'ning to catch the whispers of thy voice ;  
In humble silence I attend the sound,  
And wait thy sacred orders. — O determine,  
Determine all my steps, and mark my path  
For I am blind, and bent to vanity.  
The pow'rs of hell conspire with my own heart  
To lead me on to sin and fatal snares :  
But leave me not in the last darksome tracks,  
The closing part ; let that be all serene ;  
Let that be spent in works of love and praise,  
To fit me for the ecstasies above.

As the ascending sun new glories gains,  
'Till at bright noon he shines in full perfection ;  
Thus let me reach the highest point of virtue,  
As far as frail mortality can rise :  
Then let me set in glory, and in smiles.  
*Victoria* let me sing : Be thine the crown,  
Be thine alone, redeeming grace, the praise !

216 POEMS on several occasions.

S O L I L O Q U Y XXII.

I HAVE thy word, thou canst not call it back,  
I have thy oath, by thy own glorious name  
Attested and confirm'd — Lord, 'tis enough!  
My unbelieving fears are all subdu'd.

G O D of my pious fathers! who didst set  
Thy love on them, and chuse their worthless race;  
Ev'n me, of all thy family the least,  
To magnify thy own peculiar grace:  
For thy prerogative is absolute,  
And uncontroul'd thy will; whate'er has pleas'd  
Thy own unerring counsel thou hast done.

O T H I N K on all thy kind and gracious words;  
And what thy mouth hath spoken let thy hand  
In ev'ry point fulfil, let nothing fail!  
For thou art rich in grace, though I am poor  
In merit, and can nothing claim from thee.  
I dare not plead a debt; yet thou hast sworn,  
Sworn by the glory of thy holiness,  
That thou wilt not in any wise deceive me.  
Thou all things canst; ev'n my unworthiness  
Can be no bar, no obstacle to thee:  
It is not what I am, but what thou art,  
And what thy gracious influence can effect.

C A N dust and ashes plead desert before thee?  
The height of holiness and majesty  
Can view no merit in the clay he form'd.

But



But oh! what bounds has goodness infinite?  
 What limits shall almighty love confine?  
 Who works in all things as his counsel guides,  
 Mov'd by his own benignity; the spring,  
 The everlasting spring, from whence arise  
 All the bright schemes, and well-contriv'd designs  
 That love in its omnipotence could form.

YE heights ineffable, ye wond'rous ways,  
 Ye glorious mysteries, ye trackless paths  
 Of the great sov'reign of the earth and skies;  
 Whate'er I am, whate'er I hope, thro' all  
 Futurity, in ev'ry blissful scene,  
 The fountain must be free, unbounded grace.

S O L I L O Q U E XXIII.

Lo here I stand divested of the world!  
 I give its empty glories to the wind:  
 Forfaking all that mortals covet here,  
 I come to thee, attesting thy great name,  
 That thou art singly in thy self my hope,  
 Renouncing all things else, my full delight.

LET me be banish'd to some place remote,  
 Where no created thing could give me joy:  
 Let me have sweet communion there with thee,  
 Breathe on me there the fragrance of thy love,  
 Those ever-blooming sweets, and let me hear  
 Immortal music, harmony divine  
 In thy transporting voice: Be this my lot,  
 And give the laughing world their jovial choice.

How

218 POEMS on several occasions.

How poor, how empty all its joys compar'd  
To those sublime, to those exalted pleasures  
That break upon my soul, when thou dost smile!

A TIME will come (O haste the blissful day!)  
When I shall see thy lovely face unveil'd ;  
When these blest eyes shall recreate their views  
With visions all divine, the dazzling scenes  
Of uncreated excellence and light.

BUT now I love thee distant and unseen,  
I feel a flame which these created things  
In all their pride and studied elegance  
Can never gratify ; should they assume  
The graces of the skies, the highest bloom  
Of charms immortal, and unfading life ;  
Yet these are not my God,

SHOULD angels open the eternal scenes,  
And stand reveal'd before my wond'ring eyes  
In all their pomp of splendor and perfection ;  
Or if beyond them there are fairer forms,  
Beauties un-nam'd, and unreveal'd to men ;  
Where-e'er creation ends, the distance still  
Is infinite from that for which I pine.

SOLILOQUY XXIV.

WHERE fly my wishes ? what aspiring views  
Are these that animate my tow'ring hopes ?  
What boundless aims does my ambition take ?

'Tis

'Tis God himself, the great eternal God,  
That spread the heav'ns, and kindled all the lights  
That roll on high, 'tis he is all my bliss!  
My soaring thoughts can take no lower aim,  
Thither alone my bold desires ascend.

YE splendors unconceiv'd, ye joys unknown,  
Ye sights that mortal ken has ne'er explor'd;  
O when in dazzling pomp will you unfold  
Your fair transporting prospects to my soul?  
This low creation gives me no delight;  
The brightest objects sicken on my sense.  
The sun and stars emit their chearful rays  
In vain: in vain to me the beauteous spring  
Her blooming sweets diffuses thro' the air;  
In vain her gay variety, her pomp  
Of party-colour'd beauties she displays:  
Nothing can recreate my drooping thoughts,  
Or fill the boundless vacancy within.

WHEN shall I close my eyes on mortal things,  
And bid these dark, these guilty seats adieu?  
Break from this prison, drop this hated chain,  
And spring with full enlargement to my God?

S O L I L O Q U Y XXV.

THE solemn hour draws near, when I must stand  
Before the holy, the tremendous judge  
Of all the earth, whose quick, all-searching eye  
Views all the dark recesses of my soul;  
Those secret, those impenetrable deeps

To



220 POEMS on several occasions.

To mortal search unknown, the close disguise,  
The specious flatteries, whose soothing wiles  
Impose, with fair delusions, on my thoughts.  
I know not what I am; mistaken views  
And partial judgment hide me from my self.

O THOU that know'st my heart! disclose its  
depths,  
Take off the specious, the deceiving mask,  
And shew me to my self. I am undone,  
If here mistaken, flatter'd and deluded  
With empty hopes, and airy expectations:  
An error here will prove eternal ruin,  
Remediless despair — O gracious Lord!  
Avert the sad presage, the fatal doubt;  
Nor leave me in this comfortless suspense.  
If I shall see thy glorious face in peace,  
If I shall meet the beatific light,  
And view that glorious vision all unveil'd,  
If those bright hopes are not a vain delusion,  
O seal the blissful, the transporting truth  
With sacred demonstration to my soul;  
Dispel these cruel, these tormenting doubts,  
With one propitious ray! for oh! my care  
Is of important weight; 'tis vast eternity,  
'Tis boundless glory hangs on the event.

O COULD I know my worthless name is writ  
Among the chosen race; that in the book  
Of life (transporting thought!) eternal love,  
And sov'reign grace has mark'd my glorious lot!

WHERE-

WHERE-E'ER thou giv'st, the blessing must be  
 free  
 And undeserv'd; for who among the ranks  
 That shine about thy throne can plead desert?  
 Who has presented thee with benefits,  
 That he should proudly claim a recompence?

SOLILOQUY XXVI.

SWEET name of Jesus! in whose syllables  
 The animating pow'rs of harmony,  
 The soul of music dwells; thou shalt inspire  
 My sweetest numbers on the immortal strings,  
 The golden harps of heav'n — My only hope:  
 I have no other refuge from the storm,  
 No rock for shelter, no refreshing shade,  
 No calm retreat to rest my weary soul.

THOU Saviour of the sinful race of men!  
 For whom descending from the heights of glory,  
 From songs, from triumphs, and the loud applause,  
 The shoutings of ten thousand times ten thousand,  
 Myriads of shining hosts, thy bright adorers,  
 Thou deign'st to quit them all, and veil the form  
 Of radiant god-head in a cloud of flesh.

YET hast thou seen the travail of thy soul,  
 The purchase of thy blood? or is that blood,  
 (Tremendous thought!) or is that blood prophan'd,  
 Thy grace rejected, and thy love despis'd?

WHY

222 POEMS on several occasions.

WHY shines the sun? why are the stars unseal'd?  
 Why spreads the moon her mild indulgent beams  
 To cheer the midnight shades? Why keeps the spring  
 Her annual round, and with her vital sweets  
 Perfumes the seasons for a miscreant race,  
 Ungrateful and profane! that dares blaspheme  
 The awful God of nature, and of grace.

SOLILOQUI XXVII.

How slowly moves the sun? how dull the wheels  
 Of nature? Roll along, ye planets, fly  
 In shorter rounds, and measure out my day,  
 This tedious day, this interval of woe!

I WAIT with longing looks, and mark the skies,  
 As men impatient for the breaking morn.  
 This world has nothing worth a careless thought;  
 I have no treasure here, 'tis all above,  
 And there my heart in fix'd attention dwells.  
 With just disdain I cast a languid look  
 Around the vain creation; then repine  
 And half pronounce those various products evil,  
 Which God himself approv'd, and call'd them good:  
 Yet independent of the sov'reign bliss,  
 They yield no solace, give me no repose.

WHAT have I here to hold my soul from thee?  
 To entertain me one short, fleeting hour?  
 I have no friend on earth, and none would have.  
 I'm grown a stranger here, my heart disowns



Acquaintance here ; I'm sick of this vain world,  
Its tiresome repetitions load my sense :  
The sun's bright eye, in all its circuit, views  
No equal entertainment, none to hold  
My heart in these inhospitable realms.

YET if I must a stranger here remain,  
O condescend to visit these abodes,  
And speak in frequent whispers to my soul !  
Let me converse with thee, and hear thy voice ;  
Retir'd from men in some wild solitude  
My hours would sweetly pass, nor seek delight  
Beyond that heav'nly bliss ; there I could rest  
Superior to the turns of human things.

THESE eyes no more should view the impious ways  
Of human race ; these ears no longer hear  
The daring blasphemies that loudly rage  
Against that gracious mediating pow'r,  
That keeps avenging thunder from their heads.

O LET me die in peace, dismiss me hence !  
I'm but a sojourner, a stranger here ;  
Wand'ring thro' darksome ways and gloomy wilds,  
Beset with hellish snares, and oft betray'd  
By a deceitful, treach'rous heart within :  
Tir'd with perpetual toil I cast my eyes,  
To yonder peaceful worlds, and long for rest.

SOLILOQUY. XXVIII.

O THOU whose wisdom leads the countless stars  
In constant order thro' their shining course,  
And sets the blazing sun his annual race!  
All nature owns thy law; the raging winds,  
And foaming billows in their swelling pride  
Reluctant sink at thy commanding voice.

BUT I with prostrate homage at thy feet  
Devote my will obsequious to thy sway.  
I have no choice, no conduct, no design,  
No wav'ring wish that I can call my own;  
For I am wholly, absolutely thine:  
And as the potter turns the ductile clay  
Am I in thy almighty forming hands.  
O thou canst mould and fashion ev'ry thought,  
My passions turn, and make me what thou wilt:  
Thy hand can trace the characters divine,  
And stamp celestial beauty on my soul.

CREATING Spirit, speak the potent word,  
Let there be light! and cloudless day will rise.  
Dispel the clouds of ignorance and sin,  
Banish whate'er opposes thy designs  
Of love and grace, and freely work thy will.

CONFORM'D to thee, the harmony divine,  
My soul would find the most exalted bliss.  
Were there no future hell, no penalties  
To guard thy righteous laws; were there no heav'n  
No

No sparkling crowns to recompence the just ;  
 Yet would my thoughts approve thy pure com-  
 mands,  
 And find exalted pleasure in the rules  
 Thy sacred word enjoins. Could I but reach  
 The rectitude I wish, in serving thee  
 I meet a full reward, and gain the first,  
 The great design for which I had a being :  
 I breath'd at thy command ; and 'tis the boast,  
 The glory of my life, to live for thee!

S O L I L O Q U Y XXIX.

My God, support me in that gloomy hour,  
 When nature droops, and death's impending shade  
 With fatal darkness hovers o'er my head ;  
 When honour, pleasure, wealth, and mortal friends  
 Shall prove but empty names, unmeaning sounds  
 And lying succours to my fainting soul ;  
 While hell with all its complicated rage  
 Shall raise its last effort to break my peace.

REBUKE the tempest then, and let thy voice  
 In gentle accents bid the storm subside ;  
 And dart a beam of glory on my soul,  
 When shiv'ring on the darksome verge of life,  
 She trembles at the first uncertain step,  
 That sets her on the strange, eternal coast ;  
 Where all is new, amazing and unknown,  
 Nor ever yet conceiv'd by human thought,  
 In all its energy and liveliest flights.



226 POEMS on several occasions.

THEN be the shore or gloomy, or serene,  
On which the spirit freed from earthly chains  
Shall set her dubious foot to meet her judge;  
Whose doom will be exact, impartial, just;  
And oh! when past, unchangeable and fix'd.

ETERNITY! amazing dreadful word!  
Eternity! in vain I would explore  
Thy distant bounds; my wand'ring thoughts are lost,  
I know not where to fix, 'tis all confusion.

SOLILOQUY XXX.

ALMIGHTY love, thou great mysterious theme,  
What eloquence of man can talk of thee?  
What thought has fathom'd thy eternal depths,  
Or measur'd out thy lengths? What angel's wing  
Has reach'd thy heights? What seraph's flowing song,  
In all the pow'rs of heav'nly harmony,  
Can paint thy charms, and to the ravish'd soul  
Unfold thy beauties in their native light?

THOU art the splendor of the face divine,  
The bliss of angels, the delight of saints,  
The life, the triumph, and the happiness  
Of him in whom the springs of joy remain.

O WHEN with smiles ineffable, with looks  
That dart eternal ecstasy and life,  
And all the peace of paradise unfold,  
Wilt thou, my God, shine on my raptur'd soul?

When

When shall I meet their quick'ning influence,  
And see that glorious vision all unveil'd?  
The fairest copies of creating pow'r,  
Where with transcendent art thy skilful hand  
Has drawn bright beauty in her heav'nly prime,  
Will fade before the splendor of thy face.

S O L I L O Q U Y XXXI.

WHAT shall I speak? how celebrate thy praise!  
What language use to paint my gratitude?  
The boldest words would poorly speak the sense  
Of what my soul experiences within.

O HOW thou dost attract my warmest thoughts!  
How am I lost to all delights, but those  
That from thy love proceed! how vain this world,  
How empty all its low delights, compar'd  
To those divine, those pure, exalted joys,  
That sparkle on my soul, when thou dost smile!

AND yet I see but darkly thro' the cloud,  
And catch a glimm'ring ray with eager eyes;  
While thou dost keep the fuller glories back,  
And hide the sacred splendor of thy throne.

O TURN the veil aside! I can but die:  
Shine out, and let the dazzling light o'ercome  
The pow'rs of nature — Thus I would expire,  
Thus yield my spirit up in ecstasy.

228 POEMS on several occasions.

IF this must be deny'd ; yet come, my Lord,  
Let me have such communion with thee here,  
As faints in holy raptures have enjoy'd ;  
Such as may kindle up the life divine,  
Imprint the image of thy holiness,  
And feed the heav'nly flame ; 'till dead to sense,  
And all the false attractions of the world,  
I live alone completely blest in thee.

S O L I L O Q U Y XXXII.

O LET me shrink to nothing in thy sight,  
And lay the boasts of nature at thy feet !  
Be all my pride abas'd to lowest dust,  
There lie whate'er my vanity calls worth.  
Corruption, misery and guilt is all  
I have to boast ; this is indeed my own,  
My rightful claim, my just inheritance.

BUT hence thy praise shall spring, thy glories rise :  
My indigence shall raise thy triumphs high.  
A wond'rous instance of forgiving love,  
In its divine magnificence display'd,  
I shall for ever stand : for ever stand  
A monument of free, unbounded grace,  
That chose a wretch like me to show its pow'r ;  
That triumph'd in its own victorious strength,  
O'er ev'ry opposition hell could raise.

How wond'rous are thy ways, almighty love !  
How much above the narrow thoughts of men !  
Lord, whence is this to me ? to me, so vile,



So guilty, so unworthy of thy grace ?  
 When thousands pass unbridled to perdition,  
 O why am I thus graciously restrain'd ?  
 'Tis thou hast done it by thy sov'reign right,  
 And who shall ask thee why ?

WHAT can I speak ? I must be silent here,  
 Or lost in wonder, breathe imperfect sounds ;  
 Yet read my thought, the gratitude, the praise  
 I would return --- for human language fails.

S O L I L O Q U Y XXXIII.

BLEST Jesus ! 'tis thy name to which I trust  
 My noblest interest, my superior hopes ;  
 Thou covert from the storm, a hiding place  
 From the black tempest of avenging wrath !  
 I see my guilt, but this augments the debt  
 Of gratitude and love ; I see my guilt,  
 But see it cancell'd by redeeming blood.

TRANSPORTING thought ! how shall I speak my  
 joy ?

In what gay figures paint the ecstasy ?  
 O may'st thou reign exalted and ador'd,  
 Ador'd on earth as in the highest heav'n !  
 With all the shouting myriads round thy throne  
 I join my grateful voice --- Ye glitt'ring crowds,  
 Receive a mortal militant below  
 To your triumphant choir ; with you I'll bless  
 My great Redeemer's name --- transporting name !  
 'Tis graven on my heart, 'tis deep impress,

230 POEMS on several occasions.

Immortal is the stamp ; nor life, nor death,  
Nor hell, with all its pow'rs, shall blot it thence.

THOU joy of angels, the desire of nations,  
The hope, the glorious hope of all mankind !  
What shall I speak ? what gentle language use,  
When thou art my transporting tender theme ?  
The tongues of angels cannot reach a strain  
Too solemn, too pathetic to express  
The charming sentiments I feel for thee.

How dear thou art, how precious to my soul,  
'Tis thou alone can'st tell — O fairer far  
Than all thy wond'rous works ! what excellence  
Bears thy similitude ? Thy father's image,  
The plenitude, the brightness of his glory.  
The eloquence of heav'n is far below  
Thy worth ; for thou art infinite perfection,  
The fulness of the godhead dwells in thee.  
Thine is the pow'r, the kingdom, and the glory ;  
All, all is thine in the high heav'ns above,  
On earth, and in the deep.— May ev'ry tongue  
In blessing thee be blest ; may blessings fall  
In torrents on their heads that plead thy cause ;  
Smile on their active piety and zeal,  
Strengthen their hands, and fortify their hearts.  
With peace divine and holy consolation.  
Let them appear bright as the vig'rous sun,  
When tow'ring from his clear, meridian height,  
He fills the spacious firmament with glory.

POEMS on several occasions. 231

So let them prosper, while thy vanquish'd foes  
In humble homage bow beneath thy feet.

FROM sea to sea be thy great empire spread,  
And let the utmost isles thy glory see :  
The eastern kings their incense then shall bring,  
And sweet *Sabaa's* groves shall bloom for thee.

SOLILOQUY XXXIV.

Look down, with pity, gracious Lord, look  
down,  
From thy unbounded heights of happiness,  
On me a wretched, but a suppliant sinner.  
Thy times are always ; mine will soon be past,  
And measur'd out ; while thine are still unchang'd :  
In boundless life, and undiminish'd bliss  
Thou sitt'st secure ; while all created things  
In a perpetual motion glide along,  
And ev'ry instant change their fleeting forms.

O BE not slack to hear ! my time is wing'd,  
See how my fun declines ! 'tis sinking fast,  
And dying into darkness ; the night is near,  
The fatal night of death, when I shall sleep  
Unactive in the damp and gloomy grave.

THIS is th' important hour, the hour of grace  
And offer'd life ; salvation hangs upon it.  
Nor let my importunity offend thee,  
'Tis now, 'tis now or never I must speed ;  
This day, this hour, this fleeting moment's more



232 POEMS on several occasions.

Than I can boast, or truly call my own;  
Ev'n now it flies — 'tis gone — 'tis past for ever!

BUT oh! the strict account I have to give  
Remains uncanceled; yet my pardon stands  
Perhaps unseal'd, or not to me confirm'd,  
Regard my anguish while I call aloud  
For mercy, and a signal of thy love.  
Before I die, O let my longing soul  
Receive an earnest of its future bliss!

S O L I L O Q U Y XXXV.

BE thou alone advanc'd! — If there's a thought  
Of favour plac'd on me, let it be all  
Devoted to the Lord. May'st thou stand high  
In ev'ry heart, tho' I am wholly lost  
In dark obscurity — Be thou advanc'd!  
This is my noblest, my superior end,  
My great design, my everlasting view.

O BE thy interest safe, thy cause secure!  
Whatever clouds hang on my future hours  
I pass them all, thy sacred will be done!  
I am of no importance to my self,  
Be thou alone exalted! All my soul  
Bows to thy grandeur, offers ev'ry thought  
Of love and honour, friendship and esteem  
To thee; whatever kind impression's rais'd  
In any heart for me, let it be thine!

ALL glory be to thee! 'tis justly due;  
Mine is but borrow'd at thy gracious hands;  
My light is but a faint reflected ray,  
From thee its sacred source — O may it guide  
My soul with constant energy to thee!

THOU art my boast, my treasure, and my joy!  
Content with thee, in solitary shades  
I am at rest, nor miss the vain delights  
This world can give, or with deceiving shews,  
And lying visions, promise to my hopes.

MINE eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd  
The wonders of thy face; and yet unseen  
Thou dost attract and raise my warmest love:  
The cause is all divine, above the reach  
Of reason's boldest and most daring flight.

S O L I L O Q U Y. XXXVI.

O FAIREST of ten thousand! whose bright smiles  
Enlighten heav'n, and open paradise  
In all its blissful and transporting scenes,  
Vouchsafe me but a short, a transient glimpse  
Of thy fair face, if I can gain no more.

FORGIVE the fond impatience of my heart,  
Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,  
No entertainment in this lonesome world;  
'Tis all a dismal emptiness to me.

HENCE

234 POEMS on several occasions.

HENCE all ye clouds, ye separating shades,  
Which hide his charming face ! Ye days and hours  
Dance on your speedy course, and let us meet !  
Rise thou bright morning star, the joy of heav'n,  
The beauty and the pride of paradise,  
The bliss of angels, their eternal theme,  
While in high transports they enjoy thy smiles !

I MUST talk on, the glorious subject warms  
My wid'ning soul ; I feel immortal life,  
And taste the joys of heav'n — Thou art my heav'n,  
The land of light and love, my fullest hope !  
I have no other wish in all the round  
Of endless years. Thou from the morning's womb  
Hast still the dew, the fragrant dew of youth.  
Eternal bloom sits smiling in thy looks,  
Heav'n opens in the splendor of thine eyes,  
And streams in torrents of eternal light.

THY voice is music, harmony it self  
In its transporting charms — Ye golden harps  
Which angels tune, for ever silent lie ;  
Let me but hear my Lord's sweet, gentle voice,  
Breathing celestial solace to my soul,  
And peace ineffable, the peace of God.

SOLILORY XXXVII.

O JESUS ! let eternal blessings dwell  
On thy transporting name ; let ev'ry tongue  
In heav'n and earth conspire, above, below,

Where.



Where'er creation stretches out its bounds ;  
 Let them with me unite to praise my King,  
 My Lord, my Life, my gracious Ransomer !  
 Who bought my soul from hell at the high price  
 Of his own sacred blood ; amazing love !  
 Unutterable grace ! Here let me fix  
 My soul in an eternal ecstasy.

LET me be wholly thine from this blest hour.  
 Let thy lov'd image be for ever present ;  
 Of thee be all my thoughts, and let my tongue  
 Be sanctify'd with the celestial theme.  
 Dwell on my lips, thou dearest, sweetest name !  
 Dwell on my lips, till the last parting breath !  
 Then let me die, and bear the charming sound  
 In triumph to the skies. — In other strains,  
 In language all divine, I'll praise thee then ;  
 While all the Godhead opens in the view  
 Of a Redeemer's love — Here let me gaze,  
 For ever gaze ; the bright variety  
 Will endless joy and admiration yield.

LET me be wholly thine from this blest hour.  
 Fly from my soul all images of sense,  
 Leave me in silence to possess my Lord.  
 My life, my pleasures flow from him alone,  
 My strength, my great salvation, and my hope.  
 Thy name is all my trust — O name divine !  
 Be thou engraven on my inmost soul,  
 And let me own thee with my latest breath,  
 Confess thee in the face of ev'ry horror

That

236 POEMS on several occasions.

That threat'ning death or envious hell can raise;  
'Till all their strength subdu'd, my parting soul  
Shall give a challenge to infernal rage,  
And sing salvation to the Lamb for ever.

To him, my glorious Ransomer, I'll sing;  
To him my heart shall gratefully ascribe  
The crown of conquest, his unquestion'd right:  
While list'ning angels pleas'd shall hear me tell  
The wonders of his love, the strange event  
Of his surprizing grace. — Transporting theme!  
Where shall the song begin? — Turn back the rolls  
Of vast eternity — still, backward still  
The dazzling records turn — Where shall I find  
The glorious point? where fix the shining date  
When everlasting love design'd my bliss?

S O L I L O Q U Y XXXVIII.

THOU who canst make a passage thro' the sea,  
And find a way amidst the rolling waves;  
Thou who canst open wide and none can shut,  
Unfold the gates of brass! break all the bars  
Of opposition! let the mountains sink,  
And ev'ry valley rise to level plains!  
Be darkness light, and let the smiling sun  
Of righteousness, the bright, the morning star  
Arise in all the glories of the Godhead!

SHINE out, and let the clear distinguish'd rays  
Convince thy proudest foes, and chear the hopes  
Of those that love thee, love thee, tho' unseen;  
Whose

Whose wounded ears now bear the loud reproach  
Of thy insulting foes, whose fainting hearts  
Bleed in the wide dishonours of thy name.

O. REND the skies! divide the firmament!  
Break the long standing pillars of the earth!  
Let the hills tremble! let the forests flame,  
To make thy greatness known! Be thou confest!  
Be thou in full Divinity reveal'd!  
And let the wreck of nature grace thy triumph!

S E T open wide the everlasting gates!  
Ye heav'nly arches, lift your heads on high,  
And let the king of glory in the pomp  
Of majesty ineffable descend!  
The nations then shall own thee for their God,  
And ev'ry tongue confess th' almighty judge.

W H E N shall these eyes behold that welcome day,  
That glorious, happy, long-expected period?  
When shall my voice join with the gen'ral shout  
Of nations, languages, and tribes redeem'd?  
When shall I hail the triumphs of that day,  
When thou shalt rise in the full heights of glory,  
Darken the sun, confound the brightest star,  
Blaze in the splendor of the Deity,  
Thy Father's image perfectly exprest?

T H E N shall the loud, the universal shout,  
'Tis finish'd! echo thro' the wide creation;  
Loud triumphs found, and hallelujahs ring,

The



238 POEMS on several occasions.

*The glory, the dominion is the Lord's,  
And God omnipotent shall reign for ever.*

S O L I L O Q U Y XXXIX.

THY word is past, look on these sacred lines,  
This heav'nly volume ; here, great God, is writ  
The records of thy truth, thy ancient works  
The bright memorials of thy pow'r and love ;  
To thy immortal honour, to the joy  
Of ev'ry saint, they stand collected here.

CONFIRM thy promis'd grace, which I have  
made  
My boast, my triumph and peculiar aid.  
O make me not asham'd ! for I have spoke  
With confidence undaunted for thy name,  
Thy honour and approv'd veracity.  
And now I come distrest, and looking round  
On human helps in vain ; these lying aids  
Excite my scorn, I view them with contempt.  
Counsel and wisdom, friendship's gentle voice  
Is a deceitful sound : I dare not rest  
Below the skies for guidance or protection ;  
On thee alone, and not on erring man  
I cast my self : O kindly guide my steps  
In all the paths of righteousness and peace !  
On thee alone, the everlasting rock,  
On thee alone I rest ; my father's God,  
My mother's early trust, to thee I look,  
O let my soul rejoice, rejoice in God,  
Boast in his truth, and triumph all the day

In

In his almighty name, and gracious aid !  
Be his veracity and truth my song !

THERE is no help, no confidence below :  
But who relies on thy almighty arm,  
A sure defence shall find ; who on thy word  
Securely rests, shall never be deceiv'd.

CAN the Most-High repent ? can he recal  
His sacred oath, and make his promise vain ?  
O that be far from thee, the truth divine,  
Th' eternal rectitude, whose plighted word  
Stands firmer than the basis of the earth !  
And when its mighty pillars to the depth  
Of their foundations sink, when yonder skies,  
Grown old, shall crack thro' all their crystal orbs ;  
Thou undecay'd in endless equity,  
In glory and unspotted truth shalt shine.

SOLILOQUY XL.

I CALL not you that on *Parnassus* sit,  
And by the flow'ry banks of *Helicon*,  
Circle your brows with fading coronets ;  
While some romantic hero you adorn  
With lying epithets, and airy praise :  
Or some fantastic lover's fate rehearse  
In notes that with a soft, enticing art,  
A charming, but pernicious magic draw  
The chastest minds from virtue's sacred paths.

240 POEMS on several occasions.

Too long inspir'd by these unhappy flames,  
 In rural shades I sung the boasted pow'r,  
 And own'd the false divinity of love ;  
 Reclaim'd, no longer I your aid implore,  
 But you, celestial muses, I invoke.  
 Ye muses, who above the lofty sky  
 Sit crown'd with wreaths of never-fading light,  
 And on your silver lutes immortal songs,  
 Along the blissful streams that warbling flow,  
 With soft inimitable skill recite ;  
 Assist me, while with an advent'rous flight  
 To everlasting glories I aspire ;  
 While *He*, the first almighty cause with you  
 In flowing numbers I attempt to sing.  
 From him, like you, I took the vital ray,  
 Him, as the spring of my existence, praise ;  
 Tho' not with you, his happier race, allow'd  
 To view the bright unveil'd divinity.  
 By no audacious glance from mortal eyes  
 Those mystic glories are to be profan'd :  
 Yet safely we may in reflection meet  
 His scatter'd beams, and find in all his works  
 The God in shining characters imprest.

I TRACE him round me now with vast delight,  
 Among the lavish springs that proudly roll  
 Their silver riches o'er the painted meads :  
 Here spreading into broad transparent lakes,  
 Smooth as the face of heav'n they silent flow ;  
 The sparkling sun the beauteous surface gilds,

Which



Which double glory to the sky reflects:  
 Here under close impending shades they creep;  
 And roll along complaining to their shores:  
 The verdant meadows, and extended plains;  
 In all their pride and springing beauties drest,  
 The winding valleys and ascending hills,  
 The mossy rocks, the bow'rs and lofty groves;  
 The ev'ning close, and chaunt of various birds,  
 The sportive wind, and softly whisp'ring breeze;  
 Consenting all acknowledge thou art far  
 More lovely and surpassing fair than they.

THY glory in her silent course the moon,  
 And nightly lamps in their obscure sojourn,  
 The morning star with its bright circlet crown'd;  
 And early blushes of the day reveal.

THE circling sun thy glory manifests:  
 Whether ascending from the eastern wave,  
 With glancing smiles he cheers the dewy fields;  
 Or mounted to the zenith's lofty height,  
 He blazes with transcendent glory crown'd;  
 Or down the steep of heav'n he rolls amain  
 And ends his flaming progress in the sea;  
 From east to west thy greatness he proclaims,  
 And thro' his radiant kingdoms spreads thy praise.

THOU rid'st upon the wild, tempestuous wind,  
 And flying storms obey thy pow'rful voice;  
 Sublime on clouds thy dark pavilion's set,  
 With shades and gloomy majesty involv'd.

242 POEMS on several occasions.

THY hands the pointed lightnings lance around,  
While peals of thunder shake the firmament:  
At thy approach the kindling forests smoke,  
And from their base the trembling mountains start;  
The rivers ebb and flow at thy command,  
Observe their wonted course, or run reverse;  
At thy rebuke the frightened waves divide,  
And with stupendous motion backward roll  
Their crystal volumes to their inmost springs.

THOU all things canst --- thy mighty mandates  
heard,  
Necessity and nature are no more;  
Th' obedient elements dissolve their league,  
And wonderful effects attest the God.

THUS far we trace thee by unerring lights,  
But what thou art beyond is still unknown;  
We launch in vain into the deep abyss,  
Thro' vast infinity thou fly'st our search.

SOLILOQUY XLI.

YE lagging months and years, take swifter wings,  
And bring the promis'd day, when all my hopes  
Shall be fulfill'd; when that resplendent face,  
Which yonder folding clouds conceal, shall dawn  
With everlasting smiles, smiles that inspire  
Immortal life and undecaying joy.  
Blest period! why art thou so long delay'd?

Stretch

O stretch thy shining wings, and leave behind  
The lazy minutes in their tedious course!

I CALL in vain; the hours must be fulfill'd,  
And all their winding circles measur'd out;  
In grief and wild complaints I yet must wait  
The day, and tell my sorrows to the winds;  
Forlorn I thro' the gloomy woods must stray,  
And teach the murmur'ing streams my tender theme:  
The woods and streams already know my grief,  
And oft are witnesses to the mournful tale;  
While the pale moon in silent majesty  
Her midnight empire holds, and all the stars  
In solemn order on her state attend.

Thou moon, I cry, and all ye ling'ring stars,  
How long must you these tedious circles roll!  
When shall the great commission'd angel stay  
Your shining course, and with uplifted hand  
Swear by the dread unutterable name,  
That time shall be no more?

Then you no more shall turn the rolling year,  
Nor lead the flow'ry spring, nor gently guide  
The summer on with all her various store;  
Great nature then thro' all her diff'rent works  
Shall be transform'd, the earth and those gay skies  
Shall be no more the same! A brighter scene  
Succeeds, and paradise in all its charms  
Shall be renew'd; but far the blissful state improv'd,  
And fit for minds to whom the mighty maker



244 POEMS on several occasions.

Shall give the glorious vision of his face,  
Unveil'd and smiling with eternal love.

O INFINITE delight! my eager soul  
Springs forward to embrace the promis'd joy  
And antedates its heav'n. The lightsome fields,  
And blissful groves are open to my view,  
The songs of angels and their silver lutes  
Delight me, while th' Omnipotent they sing.  
On all his glorious titles long they dwell,  
But love, unbounded love, commands the song;  
Their darling subject this, and noblest theme.  
Here let my ravish'd soul for ever dwell,  
Here let me gaze, nor turn one careless look  
On yonder hated world, here let me drink  
Full draughts of bliss, and bathe in boundless floods  
Of life and joy, here let me still converse.

It cannot be! mortality returns.  
Ye radiant skies, adieu! ye starry worlds,  
Ye blissful scenes, and walks of paradise!  
I must fulfil my day, and wait the hour  
That brings eternal liberty and rest.

YET while I sojourn in this gloomy waste,  
And trace with weary steps life's doubtful road:  
Permit me, ye gay realms, permit me oft  
To visit you, and meditate your joys.  
Whether my part in this great theatre  
Be joyous or severe, let the fair hopes,  
The charming prospect of eternal rest

Be

Be present with my soul, mix with my joys,  
And soften all my intervals of grief.

SOLILOQUY XLII.

I WILL not let thee go without a blessing;  
By thy great name I enter my protest  
Never to leave thee, till I see thy word  
Accomplish'd to my vows, till thou with full  
And cloudless demonstration to my soul  
Reveal thy promis'd grace — Regard my sighs,  
My secret pantings to be near to thee!  
Wilt thou for ever fly my earnest search,  
Shut out my pray'r, and keep this painful distance?

WHERE is the obstacle, the fatal bar,  
The curst partition, that divides my soul  
From all its joys? 'Tis sin, detested sin!  
From hence arise these separating clouds,  
These fullen shadows that conceal thy face,  
And darken all the prospect of my bliss.

BUT thou the fair, the bright, the morning star,  
Canst with thy darting glories chase these shades,  
And break the thick, the complicated night.  
In great forgiveness thou wilt raise thy name;  
And much forgiven, I shall love thee much,  
And stand a glorious instance of thy grace:  
Where sin abounds, its lustre shall abound.  
My grateful heart and tongue to praises run'd,  
Shall tell with transport the amazing heights  
Of love, of wisdom, of redeeming grace.

# 246 POEMS on several occasions.

Jesus! my only hope, my advocate,  
My gracious mediator, O defend  
My trembling guilty soul, from all the storms  
Of wrath divine! be thou a hiding place,  
A covert from the wind, a safe retreat  
From all the terror of avenging pow'r,  
And justice infinite! Thy blood can cleanse  
My deepest stains, and purify my soul  
From all its native, and contracted guilt;  
In that clear fountain of immortal life  
Let me be cleans'd and thoroughly sanctify'd.  
I come a helpless, miserable wretch,  
And throw my self, and all my future hopes  
On mercy infinite; reject me not,  
Thou Saviour of the sinful race of men!

A P A R A



A PARAPHRASE on CANTICLES.

*In blank verse.*

A DIVINE PASTORAL

*August, 1735.*

CHAPTER I.

*S. H. E.*

**O** COME! and with thy balmy kisses sooth  
These holy languishments, and let thy breath  
With vital fragrance chear my drooping pow'rs:  
Not spicy wines with their delicious scent,  
And cordial flavour, so revive the soul.

THY name is music! when I mention thee  
Celestial sweetness fills the ambient air:  
The list'ning virgins find the heav'nly charm,  
Confess thy worth, and catch the sacred flame.

**O** DRAW me with the soft, resistless bands  
Of gentle love, and I will follow thee  
To those fair chambers where my gracious king  
With royal banquets feasts my longing soul,  
And seals his truth in sacramental wine:  
But who can paint the rising ecstasy

248 POEMS on several occasions.

His presence gives, while on his charming face  
Sit smiling beauty, and immortal love?

HAVE I deserv'd this grace? my conscious heart  
Forbids the guilty boast; for I am Black  
As *Kedar's* tents; expos'd at burning noon  
The sultry sun has stain'd my native hue.  
But who shall ask my glorious lover why  
His favours, thus unmerited, are plac'd?

CONDUCT me, thou more dear to me than life!  
Conduct me where thy snowy flocks are fed,  
In verdant meads among the living springs  
That gently wind around their flow'ry banks;  
There let me shelter'd in the cool recess  
Of some delightful shade repose at noon,  
Nor ever from thy sacred pastures stray  
In paths unknown, nor hear a stranger's voice.

H E.

THOU fairest object that the world can boast!  
Keep near the shepherds tents; thy little kids  
May there securely feed, and safely rest,  
Follow the bleating of my harmless flocks,  
And mark their foot-steps on the grassy plain.

WHAT artless graces on thy mein appear!  
Not *Pharaoh's* manag'd steeds with easier state,  
In golden reins, the royal chariot draw.  
Where-e'er I gaze, new beauties charm my sight.  
The sparkling pendants on thy blushing cheeks

More

More warmly glow, while from thy lovely neck  
The circling chain new blandishment receives,

YE nymphs of *Salem*, with your nicest art  
Prepare the nuptial vest: On braided gold  
Let silver foliage round the border thine.

S H E

WHILE at his royal board the heav'nly king  
Vouchsafes to entertain his joyful guests,  
Let all my spikenard yield its rich perfume:  
But oh! what sweetness like his rosy breath?  
Not myrrhe new bleeding from the wounded tree,  
Nor blest *Arabia* thro' her spicy groves  
Such fragrance blows. He all the silent night  
Shall lean his head upon my peaceful breast.

As clust'ring camphire, with a livelier green  
Distinguish'd, in *Engedi's* vineyard stands,  
Thus with peculiar charms thy heav'nly form  
Surpasses all the pride of human race.  
Not half so bright the eyes of doves as thine,  
Their lustre all similitude exceeds:  
Description faints, when I would talk of thee.

BUT I shall praise thee in a loftier strain,  
When in the blissful bow'rs above we meet:  
Those glorious mansions rais'd by skill divine,  
Where crown'd with peace and ever-verdant youth,  
The jocund hours dance on their endless round.



CHAPTER II.

H E.

**A** BLOOM like thine the vernal rose displays  
On Sharon's flow'ry lawn; so pure a white  
The fragrant lilly of the valley wears:  
As these among the rambling briars shine,  
My fair excels the daughters of the land.

H E.

My prince distinguish'd with superior charms  
Out-shines the brightest of the sons of men;  
As some tall tree, with golden apples crown'd,  
Stands eminent, the glory of the grove:  
Beneath his cooling shade reclin'd I fate,  
And sooth'd my taste with the delicious fruit.

Me to his house of banquetting the king  
With gracious smiles invites, and o'er my head  
The banners of immortal love displays;  
Its sacred myst'ries unfolded there,  
Emblazon'd, shew the triumphs of his grace.

With flowing bowls from life's eternal spring,  
And heav'nly fruits refresh my fainting soul;  
For I am sick of love. — O let me lean  
My drooping head upon thy downy breast;  
While thy left arm supports me, let thy right  
Kindly infold me in a chaste embrace.

H E.

*Y* E KEEPER of my vine, *H. E.*  
**JERUSALEM's** fair daughters, that attend  
 The princely bow'rs, I charge you by the hinds,  
 The nimble roe-bucks, and the sportive fawns,  
 (Your sylvan joys) I charge you not to wake  
 My sleeping Love, nor break her golden rest. *M.*

*Among the hills he dwells, and softly  
 By purchase of right, and voluntary vow.*  
*S. H. E.*  
**W**HAT heav'nly music steals upon the dawn?  
 'Tis my Beloved's voice! behold! he comes,  
 Light as a bounding hart along the hills;  
 Now thro' the lattice darts his radiant eyes,  
 And in this gentle language calls me forth.  
 ' Arise, my charmer! see! the morning breaks  
 ' In rosy smiles; the wint'ry storms are gone,  
 ' The fragrant spring, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd  
 ' Leads on her jovial train; the feather'd race  
 ' In artless harmony unite their strains,  
 ' While cooing turtles murmur in the glade;  
 ' The pregnant fig-tree shoots, the purple vine  
 ' With promis'd clusters cheers the pruner's hope;  
 ' Nature in all her vernal glory shines:  
 ' Arise, my Fair! arise, and come away!'

*WAS right, when on my restless bed I thought  
 For he had said, when he was in the land of the living.*  
**F**ROM the cool grotto's of the marble rock  
 Come forth, my Dove, display thy lovely face,  
 And let thy charming voice delight mine ear;  
 Thy voice is music, harmony divine,  
 And in thy face celestial beauty smiles.

YE keepers of my vineyard, spread the toils  
To catch the wily foxes, that destroy  
The swelling clusters rich with purple juice.

S H E.

My lord is mine, and I am wholly his  
By purchas'd right, and voluntary vows.  
Among the lillies he delights to walk,  
Himself more fragrant, and more fair than they!

O STAY! nor leave me, 'till the morning rays  
Break from the east, and dissipate the gloom:  
Then if I must a while thy absence mourn,  
Swift as the hart on *Becher's* airy hills  
Return again, and bless my longing eyes.

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### CHAPTER III.

S H E.

'T WAS night, when on my restless bed I fought,  
But fought in vain the partner of my cares;  
For he was now withdrawn: In soft complaints  
I breath'd my grief, but there was no reply.  
With haste I rise, and thro' the spacious streets  
Distracted rove; at last, the nightly watch  
I met, but they no consolation give.

Not



Not far from them my weary feet had gone,  
 E'er the bright object of my love appear'd;  
 Eager I clasp'd him in my folded arms;  
 Then gently drew him to my mother's house,  
 The sacred seat where first our mutual flames  
 With solemn vows, and holy rites were seal'd.

VIRGINS of Salem, by the forest roe,  
 And skipping fawn, I charge you not to wake  
 My slumb'ring Lord, nor break his soft repose.

SEE! where he comes from his sequester'd bow'r,  
 And with celestial fragrance fills the air,  
 Perfum'd with all the aromatic cost  
 That rich *Sabea's* spicy groves produce:  
 Such sweets in clouds of holy incense rise,  
 When eastern odours on the altar smoke.

THE regal bed a valiant guard surrounds;  
 Threescore the boldest sons of *Judah's* race,  
 With each a sword girt on his manly thigh,  
 To free the night from terror and alarm.

KING *Solomon* with wond'rous art prepar'd  
 A chariot blazing with imperial cost:  
 The frame was polish'd wood from *Lebanon*,  
 Its pedestals of gold, in equal height  
 The silver pillars rose, the gay support  
 Of purple curtains, proud with *Tyrian* dye,  
 The seat beneath was softly pav'd with love.

DAUGHTERS

DAUGHTERS of *Salem*, see the *Hebrew* king  
Crown'd with the beauteous wreath his mother plac'd  
About his temples, on that happy day  
When bridal rites completed all his bliss.  
With solemn vows, and holy rites were seal'd.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

And kissing him, I charge you not to wake him  
My flaming sword, the angel's self, forbids.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHAT sparkling language can describe my  
fair?  
Not all the various charms that nature boasts,  
In gay similitudes can reach her worth.

LESS mild than her's the eyes of doves appear.  
Her tresses waving to the sportive wind,  
Look like the frisking kids on *Gilgal's* plain.  
In equal rows her teeth appear more white  
Than sheep new shorn wash'd in the crystal brook.  
Her lips like threads of scarlet: When she speaks  
In sweetest sounds the melting accents flow.  
Her rosy cheeks glow thro' the flowing curls,  
Like ripe pomegranates blushing on the tree.  
Like *David's* lofty tow'r her graceful neck,  
Circl'd with gems, as that with glittering shields.  
Her breasts, the seat of innocence and truth,  
Harmless and white as twins of gentle roes,  
Which in some fragrant spot of lillies feed.

TILL

'TILL the celestial morn with golden beams  
Dispels the gloom, and clears the dusky sky,  
I'll hasten to the hills of frankincense,  
And dropping myrrhe; while thro' the silent shades  
Refreshing gales their balmy breath diffuse.

How fair thou art! how spotless in my sight!  
Return, my Love, from *Lebanon* with me  
To *Shenir's* groves, and *Hermion's* flow'ry plain.  
Look from the top of *Amana*, nor fear  
The spotted leopard, or the lion's range.

A THOUSAND graces lighten in thy eyes;  
In pleasing chains thy captive I am held,  
My Spouse! my Sister! — If beyond these names  
Of chaste affection, there are dearer ties,  
Still thou art more to me! My ravish'd heart  
Dwells on thy heav'nly beauties, and prefers  
Thy love to all the joys of sprightly wine.  
Not honey dropping from the luscious comb  
Exceeds the sweetness on thy balmy lips,  
The vernal scents of *Lebanon* perfume,  
Thy flowing vest with aromatic dews.

A GARDEN well enclos'd, a fountain seal'd  
From all unholy and profane access,  
Such is my Love to me: As fertile too,  
As some fair orchard crown'd with ev'ry plant  
Grateful in taste or smell. — Thro' verdant leaves  
The large pomegranate's ripen'd scarlet glows,

While



256 POEMS on several occasions.

While spikenard, cassia, frankincense and myrrhe  
 Their humid odours yield : The golden bloom  
 Of saffron spreads its treasures to the sun;  
 But thou art sweeter than the flow'ry spring,  
 Or blest *Arabia* when her spices blow ;  
 Thy mind unfully'd as the crystal streams  
 That plenteous flow from tow'ring *Lebanon*.

AWAKE, thou north, ye southern breezes rise,  
 With silken wings your balmy vapour spread,  
 And open ev'ry aromatic bloom !  
 While my Beloved with his presence glads  
 The sylvan scenes, and tastes my pleasant fruits.



CHAPTER V.

COME, my lovely Sister and my Spouse !  
 Those spicy groves, and ever-blooming bow'rs  
 Invite me often to their happy shades ;  
 Balsamic odours and delicious fruits  
 With various plenty entertain me here.

COME, my friends, the banquet is divine !  
 Indulge your taste, and recreate your souls  
 With heav'nly food, and consecrated wines.

S H E.

S H E

UNWELCOME slumbers steal upon my sense,  
I sleep, but still my list'ning fancy wakes.

'Tis my beloved speaks, I know the voice :

• My fair, my undefil'd ! he gently cries,

• Unbolt these envious doors ; 'tis I that call

• For entrance here : My locks with drizly dews,

• And falling moisture of the night are fill'd.

• My vesture's off, my cruel tongue reply'd,

• How can I put it on ? My feet new-wash'd

• How can I groping thro' the dark defile ?

STILL at the door my injur'd lord attends,

While on the lock his busy fingers move :

Touch'd with a soft remorse, at last I rise,

Flew to the door ; but while with eager haste

The fasten'd lock I search'd, sweet smelling myrrh

From ev'ry bolt its precious moisture shed ;

The rich perfume my lover's hands had left.

With joyful speed the passage I unbarr'd,

But found my visionary bliss was gone.

My soul with anguish melted when he spoke,

And now with wild distraction sees her guilt.

I call'd in vain, for there was no reply,

In vain I search'd, for he was now withdrawn :

Then pensive wand'ring thro' the silent streets

The watchmen found me, and with cruel scorn

Reproach my honour and unblemish'd name.

The scoffing centry took away my veil.

BUT you, bright maids of Salem, I adjure  
By your own chaste affections, if you find

258 POEMS on several occasions.

My lord, with all your tender eloquence  
Relate the anguish of my love-sick heart.

VIRGINS.

INFORM us then, thou fairest of thy sex!  
For whom those melting tears are shed in vain;  
Tell us with what peculiar excellence  
Superior to the race of men he shines.

S H E.

AMONG ten thousand he distinguish'd stands.  
A spotless white with rosy blushes stain'd  
Adorns his face, bright as a cloudless morn,  
With crimson flush'd. In shining curls his hair  
Flows graceful down, black as the raven's plumes.  
His eyes, the eyes of doves, serene and mild.  
A vernal bloom upon his youthful cheeks  
And balmy lips perpetually resides.  
To what shall I his matchless hands compare,  
And snowy fingers? whence the circling gems  
Receive more grace and lustre than they give.  
His well-shap'd legs in just proportion rise  
Like marble pillars on a base of gold.  
Majestic and complete his form appears,  
As tow'ring *Lebanon* with cedars crown'd.  
Persuasion dwells upon his charming tongue,  
And eloquence divine: When-e'er he speaks  
My soul with ecstasy attends the sound.  
He's altogether lovely! — This is he,  
My friend, my life, and my eternal bliss!



CHAPTER VI.

VIRGINS.

**T**HOU prime of beauty! tell us where to find  
Thy absent Lord; to what sequester'd shade  
Does he retire? that we may seek him there.

S. H. E.

**T**HE fertile gardens are his pleasing haunts:  
With balmy scents and juicy fruits regal'd,  
On flow'ry beds he takes his sweet repose.

**T**HO' absent now, my well-belov'd's mine,  
And I am his: Immortal love has join'd  
Our constant hearts; nor place, nor endless lengths  
Of time shall e'er the sacred union break.

H. E.

**S**EE here she comes! — but how divinely fair!  
Should *Tirza* with its lofty turrets rise,  
Or *Salem's* golden spires the landscape paint,  
A finer prospect in her face I view.  
Should armies march along in pompous ranks,  
With ensigns spread, and glitt'ring spears advanc'd,  
Her glances, yet more conqu'ring rays would dart. —  
O turn away thy bright resistless eyes!  
They overcome me with their piercing light.

**A**s *Gilead's* rising top with flocks adorn'd,  
Thy temples thus the curling tresses grace.

260 POEMS on several occasions.

Not sheep, new-wash'd, with snowy twins appear  
More white and equal than thy polish'd teeth:  
Nor half so fair the ripe pomegranate's blush,  
As that which glows upon thy blooming cheek.

UNNUMBER'D beauties grace *Judea's* court,  
And royal maids their sov'reign's will attend:  
But thou art one selected from the rest,  
Thy mother's blooming joy and only care.  
The queens and virgins saw thy matchless form,  
Approv'd thy charms, and blest thee with their smiles.

THY lovely aspect, as the morning clear,  
Fair as the silver moon, but darting light  
More warm and splendid than the mid-day sun!  
Thy mien majestic, as the pompous show  
Of armies in a proud triumphant march!

ALONG the spicy groves and flow'ry vale,  
Delighted with their various sweets I walk'd,  
Survey'd the springing plants, the curling vines,  
And fair pomegranates in their luscious bloom,  
But oh! the blest surprize, when unawares  
Thy lovely form among the trees I saw:  
Wing'd with desire my hasty steps out-flew  
*Amminadib's* light chariots in their speed.

RETURN, my charming *Shulamite*, return  
With me to those inviting shades again;  
Our joys the same as when two armies join'd  
In peaceful leagues forget their hostile claims.

CHAPTER VII.

H. E.

**T**HOU lovely offspring of a princely race,  
How graceful is thy mien ! Thy slender legs  
With buskins ty'd of ornamental cost !  
What just proportion shines in ev'ry part !  
What artful hand such excellence can trace !

Like summer harvests fruitful, and as fair  
As silver lillies in their snowy pride.  
Her breasts like twins of young unspotted roses  
Her neck an iv'ry column fitly plac'd.  
But what can match the splendor of her eyes !  
Not *Hesbon's* limpid current, when the sun  
Reflected sparkles on the crystal wave,  
As *Lebanon's* high palace, op'ning wide  
In dazzling prospect to the distant hills,  
Such perfect symmetry her features boast,  
As *Carmel's* top with plenteous verdure crown'd,  
Her head a flowing length of shining hair  
With silken ringlets decks. — Th' enamour'd king,  
Held by her beauty, in the gallery stays.

How fair thou art ! how fashion'd for delight !  
Thy stature like the shapely palm, thy breasts  
Like swelling clusters of the juicy vine :  
I'll climb the palm, and with its verdant boughs  
My joyful temples crown ; the juicy vine  
Shall with its swelling clusters please my taste.

THE



262 POEMS on several occasions.

THE vernal sweetness of thy rosy lips  
The ambient air perfumes ; while in thy voice  
Celestial music charms my list'ning ears :  
Thy voice would stay th' invading sleep of death,  
And with immortal rapture fill the soul.

WHAT joy can equal this transporting thought,  
That my beloved's mine, and I am his !  
Come, let us to the peaceful village haste,  
There lodge at night ; and at the early dawn  
With thee I'll range the solitary fields,  
Observe the vineyards, how their branches shoot,  
How in its prime the fresh pomegranate glows ;  
These pleasing scenes shall tender thoughts inspire,  
Improve our joys, and sooth the heav'nly flame.  
Come, let us hasten to our country-seat,  
The blooming season in its prime appears ;  
The mandrakes at our gates perfume the air ;  
Within, what choice autumnal plenty yields,  
Or early springs produce, fruits new and old  
Of pleasing taste are all reserv'd for thee.



CHAPTER VIII.

COULD I call thee by a brother's name,  
That tender title would indulge my bliss ;  
While unrestrain'd by thy superior claims

POEMS on several occasions. 263

P'd lead thee to my mother's rural seat,  
And with domestic kindness treat thee there,  
With spicy wines and sweet pomegranate's juice ; I  
Then leaning on thy bosom gently rest, A palace  
While thou shouldst fold me in a chaste embrace! H

Y E virgin train, I charge you not to wake  
My sleeping lover from his soft repose.

COM E lean, my fair, on this supporting arm,  
The care to guide thy gentle steps be mine,  
Along this gloomy forest's winding paths. H  
These pleasing scenes the pleasing thought revive, B  
When first thy mother brought thee to my arms ; W  
Beneath a spreading tree's delightful shade A  
I saw, and rais'd thee from the lowly ground. W

FOR ever blest be that auspicious hour,  
And may the soft impression ne'er be lost !  
O set me as a signet on thy heart !  
For love is strong as death, and jealousy  
Relentless as the grave ; and mine's a flame  
That streams, that swelling fountains cannot quench, I  
Nor all the ocean's boundless stores allay. O

I HAVE a sister yet obscure and young,  
A helpless orphan ; let my gracious prince  
With pity think on her defenceless state.

H E.

264 POEMS on several occasions.

H E.

It worthy of our royal grace she prove,  
A palace rich with silver roofs we'll raise,  
Enclos'd with doors of cedar for her guard.

S H E.

SUCH was the favour, so divinely free,  
That first with gentle and propitious eyes  
Beheld my humble charms, and rais'd me thus.

H E.

His vineyard *Solomon* to keepers lets;  
But mine, entrusted to no hireling's hands,  
With pleasing toil employs my busy hours,  
And is my constant, my peculiar care.  
With thee, my Love, conversing in the shades  
The downy moments wing'd with pleasure fly;  
Still I could listen to thy charming voice:  
Thy fair companions too instructed hear  
Thy gracious words, and catch the heav'nly sound.

S H E.

My lord! my life! my soul's eternal bliss!  
Haste to my longing arms! fly like the roe,  
Or bounding hart on *Bathor's* spicy hills!

